NEW ENGLAND IN LETTERS

R. R. WILSON

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By

RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON

Author of "Rambles in Colonial Byways"

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FOREWORD

THE present volume records a series of pilgrimages to the New England scenes and places associated with the men and women who have helped to make our literature, though brief its chronicle, one of our most precious heritages. The story of each author's life and work is told as far as possible in connection with its environment, and it is hoped that in this way the reader will be brought to a closer and more intimate knowledge of those who though dead yet live in the messages they have left for their fellows. The preparation of these pages has been for the author a source of delight: if they give pleasure to those into whose hands they fall he will feel that his labor has abundant reward.

R. R. W.

To

Thomas Wentworth Higginson

WHO IN

HALE AND HONORED AGE BINDS A FRUITFUL PRESENT

TO A HEROIC PAST

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Chapter I

Through Longfellow's Country

WHEN it was ended there was reason to rejoice that the pilgrimage here recorded had its beginning in Portland, for Longfellow, best beloved of our poets, was born in the beautiful old town by the sea, cherished it beyond any place on earth and sang its charms in some of his sweetest verse. Here, as a youth, amid scenes upon which the eye never tires of feasting, he drank in the undying beauty of nature, and with it the lessons of love, patience and resignation which were the master influences in his literary career. One has but to read "My Lost Youth," "The Sea Diver," "The Skeleton in Armor," "The Lighthouse," and his other poems of the sea to know how abiding recollection of his boyhood home helped to shape the children of his fancy.

Portland honors Longfellow's memory in more than one graceful and appreciative way. There is a statue of the poet in the western end of the city, and the house at the corner of Hancock and Fore Streets where, in

1807, he was born is visited every year by a throng of pilgrims. It is still in a fair state of preservation, but the neighborhood has deteriorated since Longfellow's father lived in it, and it now wears an unkempt and slovenly air. Longfellow passed his youth in the house on Congress Street known as the Longfellow mansion and often mistaken for his birthplace. This house was bequeathed by his sister in 1901 to the Maine Historical Society upon condition that it should be kept in its present form, as a memorial to Longfellow and his family. Built in 1785 by General Peleg Wadsworth, grandfather of the poet, it was originally two stories high, a third being added in 1826; but it has undergone no alteration since the latter date, though it stands now in the heart of the business quarter of the town.

Portland was also the birthplace of Nathaniel Parker and Sara Payson Willis — "Fanny Fern" — and for the latter its beauty and charm were precious memories until her death. She tells us in her touching "Story About Myself" that while writing the book in widowed poverty her thoughts went back to her childhood home. She had often, in the olden time, wandered in the woods about Portland with her mother, who "always used to pluck a leaf of the fern to place in her bosom for its

sweet odor." Living over again the vanished days, she said to herself: "My name shall be 'Fanny Fern,' little dreaming that anybody would ever know or care anything about it." "Many long days after this," she writes in another place, "I visited my birthplace, Portland. I wandered up and down the streets of that lovely, leafy city and tried to find the church where good Dr. Payson used to preach. Then, too, I wanted to see the house where I was born, the house where he laid hands of blessing on my baby forehead when it was purple with what they thought was the 'death agony.' But where it was that the little flickering life began I could not find out."

Others have since discovered what she tried in vain to learn. On the site of a neat cottage at 72 Franklin Street once stood the house in which Nathaniel and Sara Willis were born. Their pious yet militant father was the founder of the Portland "Argus," and underwent imprisonment for his too caustic comments on the doings of his neighbors. James and Erastus Brooks were also Portland editors in their youth; and so was Seba Smith, one of the drollest of our early humorists, while there James G. Blaine tried his 'prentice hand at journalism. Another Portland editor of the old days,

and one native to the soil, was John Neal, a prolific and gifted maker of books, who needed only the power of concentration to have left an enduring mark upon the literature of his time.

Portland also claims as her own Nathaniel Deering and Isaac McLellan, "poet of the rod and gun"; Ann S. Stephens and Elizabeth Payson Prentiss, whose once popular novels still find readers, and Elizabeth Akers Allen, whose "Rock me to Sleep, Mother," won for its author sure if slender fame; while Eliza Oakes, though born in another part of Maine, lived for a number of years in Portland, and there became the wife of Seba Smith. This gifted and beautiful woman was the first of her sex in this country to appear as a public lecturer, and among the first to speak from a pulpit. Sixty years ago her popularity was at its flood, and her writings in prose and verse carried her name to other lands. Men pass away, however, and their idols with them, and long before old age she had disappeared from public view. Her death in 1892 was notable chiefly because it reminded a busy and careless world that such a woman as Eliza Oakes Smith had ever lived.

While Longfellow was still a boy in Portland, Nathaniel Hawthorne came to dwell in another part of

the same county. The latter was fourteen years old when, early in 1818, he was taken by his widowed mother to live in a house built for her by her brother in the town of Raymond, now as then a secluded, forest-girt hamlet, reached by a twenty-mile drive from Portland through the lovely valley of the Presumscott, or by an equal journey from the railway station at the southern end of Lake Sebago. The house occupied by the Hawthornes, a large two-storied wooden structure, was subsequently remodeled into a church. Though Mrs. Hawthorne and her daughters remained three or four years at Raymond, the son at the end of a twelvemonth was sent to school in Salem, and two years later he entered Bowdoin College. He returned, however, to spend his yearly vacations in the wilderness, and these visits compassed some of the most gratefully remembered experiences of his life.

Hawthorne, at a later time, spoke of Raymond as the place where "I first got my cursed habit of solitude"; yet he always relished solitude, and, he declares in another place, "I lived in Maine like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed." During the long days of summer he roamed, gun in hand, through the great woods; and during the moonlight nights of

winter he would skate for hours all alone upon Lake Sebago, with the deep shadows of the snow-clad hills on either hand. Now and then, when he got too far away from home to return, he would seek shelter in some logger's cabin, and there pass the night, warmed by a roaring wood-fire, watching the silent stars. "I ran quite wild," he wrote in 1853, "and would, I think, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling-piece, but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakespeare and 'The Pilgrim's Progress' and any poetry or light books within reach."

Though Bowdoin when Hawthorne entered it in 1821 was a struggling institution of slender resources, it numbered poets and statesmen among its undergraduates, for his fellow-students included Longfellow and Franklin Pierce. Both of these men became his lifelong friends, but the one of his classmates who stood closest to him was Horatio Bridge, his chum and inseparable companion. Bridge, who afterwards served with distinction in the navy, seems earlier even than the embryo writer himself to have divined his true calling. "If anybody," Hawthorne wrote him in later years, "is responsible for my being an author, it is your-

self. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blackberries in study hours under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trout in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering river-ward through the forest — though you and I will never cast a line in it again — two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things the faculty never heard of, or else it had been worse for us — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

Hawthorne's college room was 17 Maine Hall, one of the three dormitories of brick and stone which flank Bowdoin's wide-spreading campus. There remains no other visible memorial of his residence at Brunswick, though the site of the inn he describes in "Fanshawe" is marked by an elm. The presence of Longfellow, on the other hand, is felt in more than one corner of the old college town. The poet's room when a student was 27 Winthrop Hall; upon his return to Bowdoin in 1829

to become professor of modern languages he made his home in the house now occupied by General Joshua L. Chamberlain at the corner of Maine and Potter Streets; and at 23 Federal Street, an elm-shaded thoroughfare running from the Androscoggin to the college campus, one finds the house to which he brought his bride.

Mary Potter had been a schoolmate of Longfellow in their native Portland, and tradition has it that on the young professor's returning to the town after three years' absence in Europe, whence he had gone to fit himself for his duties at Bowdoin, he saw her at church and was so struck with her beauty and grace as to follow her home without venturing to accost her. But on reaching his own house, one of his biographers tells us, "he begged his sister to call with him at once at the Potter residence, and all the rest followed as in a novel." The husband was twenty-four and the wife nineteen years of age when they began married life in the Federal Street house — a two-storied wooden structure of the type so often seen in New England, but still attractive under its goodly elms. The main portion of the house has a porch in front with the entrance hall behind it and a hall window above. Four windows on either

side light corresponding rooms, and a large ell extends backward from the main house to the edge of a small bluff, marked by two old pine trees.

Longfellow has left us a pleasant picture of his study on the ground floor of the main house. "I can almost fancy myself in Spain," he writes on a June day in 1831, "the morning is so soft and beautiful. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon my study floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild briar and the mock orange. The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of the doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun." Such was the nook in which Longfellow laid the corner-stone of his fame. Here he gave final form to his "Outre Mer" and his translation of the "Coplas of Jorge Manrique," and in a Brunswick shipyard found the material and impulse to write "The Building of the Ship." But his connection with Bowdoin came soon to an end. He left it in 1834, on the way to his long professorship at Harvard, and, save for

an occasional visit in after years, the scene of his early labors knew him no more.

Sixteen years after Longfellow's departure from Bowdoin Calvin E. Stowe joined its faculty as professor of divinity, and with his wife, Harriet Beecher, took up his residence in a house at 63 Federal Street, soon to become historic as the birthplace of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe's father was Lyman Beecher and Henry Ward Beecher was her brother. She had passed her early married life in southern Ohio, on the border line between the free and slave States, and her experiences had bred an interest in the anti-slavery agitation which was shared to the full by her husband. Thus, when they settled in Brunswick, both were distressed at the apathy with which their new neighbors regarded the abolition movement, and it was not long before the wife conceived the idea of writing some sketches that should give the world a picture of slavery as she had seen it. One day while looking over a bound volume of an anti-slavery magazine she read an account of the escape of a slave and her child from Kentucky over the ice of the Ohio River. This was the first incident of a story that swiftly assumed shape in her mind, and for the model of Uncle Tom

she took the husband of a former slave employed in her own family.

The scene of Uncle Tom's death, in which the pathos and dramatic force of the story reach a climax, was the first put on paper. This came to her mind while attending communion service in a Brunswick church. She went home and at once wrote out the chapter with such effective truth as to capture completely the sympathies of her children. After that the story took form rapidly, and, when the opening chapters were submitted to the "National Era," an anti-slavery journal published in Washington, the editor at once accepted it for serial publication. It was enthusiastically received from the outset, and without delay John P. Jewett, a young Boston publisher, offered to issue the whole in book form. His offer was accepted, and in March, 1852, the first edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came from the press.

Its success was immediate and without parallel in literary history. Ten thousand copies were sold in a fortnight; for months eight great presses were kept constantly at work; and in America alone 300,000 copies were sold within a year. Nor was its popularity limited to the author's own country; still less was it the

success of a day. The book had an enormous sale in Europe, and after half a century is still read in scores of different languages. Its moral and political effect in bringing home to the people of the North the true meaning of slavery is now a commonplace of history. Mrs. Stowe was always of the opinion that the story had been written through her quite as much as by her, and an incident related by her biographer shows that this belief became more unquestioning with the years. While at Sag Harbor shortly before her death, an old sea-captain came up to shake hands with her, saying:

"I am glad to meet the woman who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"But I did not write it," answered the white-haired old lady as she shook the captain's hand.

"You didn't!" he ejaculated in amazement. "Why, who did then?"

"God wrote it," was the reply. "I merely did his dictation."

"Amen," said the captain reverently, as, hat in hand, he walked thoughtfully away.

The birthplace of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a house very like that to which Longfellow brought his bride,

save that it lacks the porch mentioned in the case of the other. It was owned in earlier days by John Titcomb, a professor of odd jobs, and a well known figure in the Brunswick of his time, to whom Mrs. Stowe makes frequent and humorous reference in her letters. Her occupancy of the Titcomb house ended in 1852, when her husband left Bowdoin to become professor of sacred literature at Andover Theological Seminary. Maine, however, gave being to one of her later stories, that charming idyl, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," which borrowed its setting from an island near Brunswick, where the author spent many summer months.

It is a roundabout journey from New Brunswick to Waterford, but it leads through many a stretch of charming scenery, and it takes one to the birthplace and grave of Charles Farrar Browne, the droll and whimsical genius best known to folk of his own time as Artemus Ward. Waterford lies among the foot-hills of the White Mountains, and under the very shadow of Mount Tir'm, so named, according to local tradition, from the Indians, who in climbing its steep sides were wont to say, "Tire um Injuns." Its site, a level plain known as Waterford Flat, affords room for only a small number of buildings, and in this hamlet of five score

inhabitants, on an April day, in 1834, Charles Farrar Browne entered life. His birthplace was destroyed by fire many years ago, but the two-storied house, painted white with green window-blinds, in which he passed the greater part of his boyhood, still stands, under sheltering elms, on the north side of the village green.

Browne's father died when he was only thirteen years old, and a little later the son left Waterford to make his own way in the world. He often returned, however, to this hamlet among the hills, and, as he grew in fame, his visits to Waterford became occasions of social interest in which all of the people of the place had part. Those who remember him will tell you that he extended his hand to every child and greeted all he met as neighbors and friends. Only one door was he known to pass. Some rich relatives of his mother who held aloof from him when he was a poor printer and most needed their friendship, were now fain to offer him the hospitalities of their home, but he never called to accept them. Browne had a wanderer's love for his birthplace. When dying in England, at the early age of thirty-three, he made request that his body be brought to Waterford for burial, and it now lies beside those of his parents, brothers and sister in the little village cemetery. A

granite monument at the left of the family plot bears simply the word "Browne," but on the plain white headstone which marks the grave of the gentle humorist is inscribed the legend — "His memory will live as a sweet and unfading recollection."

The burial garth in which Browne takes his rest borrows its name of Elm Vale from a farm christened and long owned by Robert Haskins, the uncle of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and there in the days of his youth the sage of Concord passed many happy hours. Robert Haskins, of Boston, born in 1774, at the age of twenty-three took to wife Rebecca, daughter of the Reverend William Emerson, of Concord. The same year the town of Waterford hired the Reverend Lincoln Ripley to minister to the spiritual needs of its people. His brother was the second husband of Mrs. Haskins' mother, and it was his settlement in the community that in 1802 brought Robert Haskins to Waterford, where he established the first store in the town, becoming also a farmer and manufacturer. He settled first in a locality known as Plummer Hill, but later established the Elm Vale homestead which long stood just across the road from the cemetery of the same name. Shaded by mighty elms, the house erected by Haskins was built

of pine from primeval trees, and when it was burned there disappeared a splendid example of the house-building of three generations ago. Here when a young man and even in his mature years Ralph Waldo Emerson visited his aunts, Mrs. Haskins, and her maiden sister, Mary Moody Emerson. But he came to Elm Vale only once after it had passed into the hands of strangers, and then, its interior having been much changed, he would not enter the old house. He asked leave, instead, to visit the orchard, where he filled his pockets with apples, and then returned to his carriage. Elm Vale never saw him again.

The morrow of his visit to Waterford found the writer among the New Hampshire hills at the birthplace of Daniel Webster. The records tell us that Webster's father, a Puritan of stern and sterling character, served under Wolfe in the French war, and later was a captain in the Revolutionary army. A few years before the War of Independence, he received a grant of land in the then remote wilderness along the Merrimac River, and in what is now the town of Salisbury erected a log-cabin, with no other white man's habitation between it and the Canadian border. The elder Webster, who was twice married, commemorated his second union by building

a one-story frame house hard by the log-cabin of the first days. Daniel was born in this house, which still exists as the wing of a later structure a few rods from its original location. Its former site is now marked by a huge boulder, and by the side of the latter is a tall staff, from which a flag floats on pleasant days.

Near the boulder is a well, shaded by an elm tree which was planted in 1768 by Webster's father. For sixty summers the son, at regular visits, sat beneath its spreading branches and looked upon the fields his father's labors had wrested from the wilderness. The Salisbury farm is situated about two miles from the subsequent homestead of the Websters in South Franklin. It has few fertile spots. Granite rocks are everywhere visible, and give an air of barrenness to the scene. Yet standing upon the spot the thought is strong within one that these "crystal hills gray and cloud-topped" among which Webster was cradled, and the rough pastures in which he grew to man's estate left their quickening impress upon the majestic physical and mental stature which gave him a foremost place among great Americans. One also loves to think that among these wild hills he wooed the gentle-natured woman who became his wife and the mother of his children. Win-

some Grace Fletcher was a school-teacher in Salisbury, not far from Webster's birthplace, when the young lawyer with the great dark eyes took her heart and life into his keeping. Tradition has it that he one day assisted her in disentangling a skein of silk. Then taking up a piece of tape, he said:

"Grace, cannot you help me to tie a knot that will never untie?"

"I don't know, Daniel," was the blushing answer, "but I am willing to try."

The knot was tied, and until her death twenty years later hers was the most gracious influence in her husband's life, her memory remaining with him as a benediction until the end.

It is a delightful drive on a summer's morning from Salisbury to the shaded town of Hanover, the seat of Dartmouth College, whose chief boast is that it was Webster's alma mater. Ambition for his children was the controlling motive in the later life of Captain Ebenezer Webster, and he strained his scanty means to the utmost to give his youngest son the best education within reach, first at Exeter Academy and later at Dartmouth. In 1797, Daniel, a slender lad of fifteen, entered the latter institution, then in its struggling infancy.

Desperately poor, despite his father's sacrifices, his four years in college were years not only of hard labor, but of struggle against obstacles that would have balked a weaker spirit. When a friend sent him a recipe for greasing boots, he hastened to thank him. "But," he wrote, "my boots need other doctoring, for they not only admit water, but even peas and gravel-stones." His college days, nevertheless, were happy ones, and his classmates were wont in after years to recall his singular charm of presence and his rapid progress in the studies he liked — Latin, literature and history. They also recalled that he was ambitious to lead even then, and that, all things considered, he was the most remarkable of the undergraduates of his time. "If anything difficult was to be done," writes one of them, "the task was laid upon Webster."

The visitor to Hanover comes upon more than one interesting reminder of the college days of this "mighty man in the moulding process." During his freshman and sophomore years Webster was an inmate of the house of Humphrey Farrar, which yet stands near the corner of Main and Lebanon Streets, and during his junior year he occupied the south chamber of what is now known as the McMurphy house at the corner of

Main Street and Webster Avenue. He lodged during his senior year in Dartmouth Hall, the oldest of the college buildings, and tradition has it that his was the room then and now numbered 1, northwest corner of the third story. Webster was graduated from Dartmouth in 1801; and that until the end it held a warm place in his affections is attested by his oft-repeated visits to Hanover in after years and by the noble service which he rendered the college in one of the greatest of his triumphs at the bar. Nor are those which have to do with Webster the only cherished associations Hanover and Dartmouth offer to the lover of books and bookmen: James Freeman Clarke was born in the town, and Rufus Choate and George P. Marsh were graduated from the college, where Oliver Wendell Holmes and Arthur Sherburne Hardy were professors in the morning of their careers.

The writer's way when he left Hanover led through Concord and the countryside hamlet of Amherst to Portsmouth by the sea. Concord guards the dust of Franklin Pierce and of that stout apostle of freedom, John P. Hale, but the pleasant town claims a place in this chronicle by reason of its memories of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and of that singular genius, who, born plain

Benjamin Thompson, lives in history as Count Rumford. It was in a fine old house yet standing in South Spring Street, Concord, not, however, on its original site, that Emerson wooed and wed Ellen Louisa Tucker, the beloved wife of his youth so soon to be taken from him by death, while the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum in Hale Street helps to keep fresh the romance of Thompson's early manhood.

The wealthiest man in the Concord of colonial days was Colonel Benjamin Rolfe, who in 1764 built for himself a noble dwelling. Five years later, at the age of sixty, he took to wife the daughter of the minister of the town, a comely maiden of half his years. Then the colonel died, and when in 1772 Thompson, a handsome stripling in the flush of his youth, came to Concord to teach school the widow promptly lost her heart to him. He was nineteen and she was thirty-three, but the tiny god of love mocks at disparity in age as well as at locks and keys. So the young schoolmaster and the widow were married at the end of a brief courtship, and took up their abode in the mansion of the old colonel, where was born their only child, Sarah Thompson, afterwards Countess of Rumford. When the Revolution broke Thompson chose the side of the King, and in 1775 fled

to England. The remainder of his long career, a career of brilliant and practically unbroken success, belongs to the history of science and political economy in Europe. He never lost interest, however, in his native land and when, in 1791, he was, for his scientific work, raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, he chose for his title that of Rumford — the early name of the town where he had won his bride, and where his first advancement had come to him

The Count's wife who, as he often declared in after years, "had married him rather than he her," never followed him across seas, but shortly after her death, in 1792, their daughter joined her father in Europe, and when, in 1814, he, too, passed away, was allowed to take the title of Countess. After long residence in France and England, the Countess of Rumford, in 1844, returned to America. Eight years later she died in the house in which she was born, and which, with an adequate fund for its support provided in her will, — the death, in 1809, of her childless step-brother, Paul Rolfe, had made her a rich woman, — now serves as an asylum for poor girls. Though Count Rumford's fame has been somewhat dimmed by the years, and for his countrymen blemished by what many of them would

term his political apostacy, the fact remains that it was founded upon scientific labors of the first importance, while the clear, forcible English of his essays, which are models of their kind, entitles their author to high rank among America's early men of letters. Those who have read them will not deny the fine old mansion in which Thompson's career may be said to have begun a place among our literary landmarks.

A prophet is too often without honor in his own country, but the chief boast of the folk of Amherst is that there Horace Greeley passed his boyhood. The house in which the founder of the New York "Tribune" was born on a May day in 1811 is a story-and-a-half cottage of old-fashioned farm style still in a fair state of preservation, and is situated some four miles back from the village. It stands now as then in a lonesome and unfrequented region on a farm of eighty acres of as rocky and unproductive land as can be found in all New England. Yet to the writer its bleak aspect seemed in keeping with the somber life story of its whilom owner, Zaccheus Greeley. The career of that sturdy but unsuccessful laborer instanced the helplessness of the human thistledown before the winds of fate. Industrious and willing, but ever a failure, he

struggled with debt from youth to old age, nor did his troubles end until his son came to man's estate and managed to ease his declining years.

When the boy Horace was ten years old the Greeley family was sold out of house, lands and goods for debt, and left Amherst to begin the wanderings which ended finally in western Pennsylvania. Before that, however, the younger Greeley had given proof of the intense love of knowledge and of the mental and moral endowment that were to make him with the passage of the years the strongest individual force in the journalism of his time. It is, as has been noted, a subject of pride to the people of Amherst that in their town the great editor first saw the light, and aged residents are quick to declare that during his lifetime all of his former townsmen borrowed from him their political opinions. Above the front door of the old homestead is now posted the legend: "In this house Horace Greeley was born." The present owner told the writer that it is often sought by visitors, despite the fact that it lies so far removed from the beaten lines of travel.

Portsmouth is an old town as things are reckoned on this side of the sea, and, though its glory has in a measure departed, one feels as he saunters along its broad,

quiet, tree-girt streets that it has known how to grow old in a graceful and becoming way. Time was when it carried on an extensive trade with the West Indies, and promised as a maritime port to eclipse both Boston and New York. It was this promise of future greatness that, in 1807, shortly after his admission to the bar, drew Daniel Webster to the town, where during nine years of fruitful labor he grew into greatness as a lawyer and gained the transcendent power of speech which made him supreme among the orators of his time. Portsmouth holds few intimate reminders of Webster's residence in the town, for the fire which visited it in December, 1813, laying bare a tract fifteen acres in extent, destroyed his home and library. However, the gambrel-roofed cottage to which he brought his bride yet stands in Vaughan Street, and he must often have been a guest in many another old house spared by the years. One of these borrows added interest from the fact that it was in his last days the summer home of Francis Parkman, the historian.

This is the Wentworth mansion at Little Harbor, in the outskirts of Portsmouth, a picturesque rambling pile which time and change have touched with gentle hand. The visitor approaches it by a lane, which wind-

ing through pine woods and outcropping ledges of rock touched off in summer with juniper and flaming sumach, leads at last to a field on the end of a point in the bay, and past a few old apple trees, to the mansion standing close to the waterside. Built in 1750 by Benning Wentworth, for more than a quarter of a century royal governor of New Hampshire, the old house, with its many angles and gables, its quaint rooms connected in the oddest manner by unexpected steps leading up and down, and its one spacious high-studded apartment where the governor's council used to meet, remains nearly as its first owner left it.

One has but to cross the threshold of the door to step into the colonial period, and to be a witness, in fancy, of the romantic episode turned to account by Longfellow in the last series of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" — the marriage of Governor Benning Wentworth with Martha Hilton, a union very like that of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid. Martha Hilton, so runs the story, was a Portsmouth waif who when still "a thin slip of a girl" went to live as a servant with Governor Wentworth in this mansion looking out to sea. She grew with the years into one of the fairest of women, and the governor, a lonely widower, fell in love with

and resolved to marry her. Accordingly, keeping his own counsel, he invited a number of his friends, the Reverend Arthur Brown among them, to dine with him on his birthday. The dinner ended and pipes and tobacco laid before the company, Martha Hilton, garbed as became a great man's bride, glided into the room, and stood blushing in front of her master and his guests. Then the governor, rising from his seat,

"Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown:
'This is my birthday; it shall likewise be
My wedding day; and you shall marry me.'"

"To whom, your excellency?" asked the rector.

"To this lady," was the answer of the governor, as he took Martha Hilton by the hand. The reverend gentleman hesitated, knowing the humble footing Martha had held in the household, but his host would brook no delay. "As the chief magistrate of New Hampshire," cried the governor, "I command you to marry me." This order was not to be disobeyed, and so the pretty serving-maid became Lady Wentworth. She proved, moreover, a faultless wife, and gave the governor so much happiness during the short span of life that remained to him that he left her his entire

estate. One regrets to add that her second husband, a retired colonel of the British army, who bore the name of Wentworth but was in no way related to the first, speedily wasted her fortune in high living, and then died, tradition has it, by his own hand.

The mansion at Little Harbor is now owned and occupied by J. T. Coolidge, Jr., whose wife was the daughter of Francis Parkman. There, as already stated, the historian at the close of his life passed many summer days, perhaps the happiest and most peaceful of his heroic and fruitful career. There also, it should be added, he wrote a part of "Montcalm and Wolfe," and finished "A Half Century of Conflict," with which he brought to a close the labors of a lifetime.

Chapter II

Wanderings in Whittier Land

Benjamin P. Shillaber and James T. Fields were natives of Portsmouth, and a house yet standing at 23 Court Street was the birthplace of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Celia Thaxter was also born in the old town, but passed most of her days on the Isles of Shoals, nine miles out at sea from Portsmouth. The writer on a sunny summer morning boarded a small steamer on the Portsmouth water-front, and, passing pleasant Kitteryside, where stands the stately house built by Sir William Pepperell, hero of Louisburg, gained the open sea and made for Appledore, the largest of these isles. There are nine of them in all, tips of sunken mountains that bristle with danger for sailor-folk approaching them at night or in a fog, and no after-comer can tell their story half so well as Celia Thaxter has told it with her own poetic pen.

She was but five years old when in 1840 her father, Thomas B. Laighton, chagrined at some disappointment in his hope of a public career, resolved to withdraw

forever from the world, and, accepting the position of lighthouse keeper at White Island, the one of the isles most remote from the mainland, went there to live with his wife and children. Thence, at the end of six years, he removed with his family to Appledore, of which he became the owner. There his daughter Celia, with her brothers, her books and the sea for comrades, grew toward womanhood. She was barely fifteen, however, when she was borne away by a husband, a man of education and gentle birth, who had come as a missionary to the fishermen on the adjacent island, called Star. Thereafter the mainland was her home, but for more than thirty years she returned to spend each summer on Appledore.

A growing throng of vacation-time visitors, meanwhile, made discovery of Mrs. Thaxter's island retreat, and her cottage, with windows looking out on the breezy sparkling sea, became as the years went on the meeting-place of a devoted circle of choice spirits, who selected themselves rather than were selected from the vast number of persons who frequented the great house of entertainment conducted by her brothers. Yet there was another side to the life of this gifted and beautiful woman — her never-ending efforts to contribute to the

comfort of the humble folk about her — and this is illustrated from a leaf in her book on the Shoals. During a long, dreary storm two men had come in a boat to Appledore, asking for help. "A little child," she writes, "had died at Star Island, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I had watched the making of that little chrysalis, and at night the last nail was driven in and it lay across a bench, in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless boards. I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geraniums, and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sorrowfully outside, and the rain poured against the windows. Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the little light shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves. I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know; the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it, as if to say, with a caress,

'Sleep well! Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here forever where I stand.'"

In June, 1894, Mrs. Thaxter returned for the last time to Appledore. A few weeks later death came to her, as she had often voiced the wish that it would come, almost without warning; and on a quiet afternoon in the late summer her brothers and those nearest to her bore her body to its burial on her island, within sound of "the sad, caressing murmur of the wave that breaks in tender music on the shore." The writer found her grave a mound of blossoms, the care of loving hands, and standing beside it he was made to feel that with the silent singer all was well.

The Isles of Shoals have also their memories of John Greenleaf Whittier, for one of the Quaker poet's pleasures in the last years of his life was an occasional visit to Appledore. Fond of the comfort of a large hotel, "he liked," writes Mrs. Fields, "to make arrangements with a group of his more particular friends to meet him there; and when he was well enough to leave his room, he might be seen in some carefully chosen corner of the great piazzas enjoying the keenest happiness in the society of those dear to him." Now and

then he would pass whole days in Mrs. Thaxter's parlor, often for hours taking no part in the conversation around him, and the friend just quoted adds a welcome glimpse of the comradeship of the white-haired bard and his sister singer.

It was the Sabbath and Whittier, sitting patiently in the corner of the pretty room, had wearied of the idle talk of the idle people who had been drifting in and out during the day, and longed for something that would move those about him to higher levels. Suddenly, as if the idea had struck him like an inspiration, he rose, and taking a volume of Emerson from the library, he opened to one of the discourses, and handing it to Celia Thaxter asked her to read it aloud, saying he thought all would like to hear it. "After she had ended," says Mrs. Fields, "he took up the thread of the discourse, and talked long and earnestly upon the beauty and necessity of worship — a necessity consequent upon the nature of man, upon his own weakness, and his consciousness of the Divine spirit within him. His whole heart was stirred, and he poured himself out toward us as if he longed, like the prophet of old, to breathe a new life into us. I could see that he reproached himself for not having spoken out in this way before,

but his enfranchised spirit took only a stronger flight for the delay."

It is a short sail, and, on a summer afternoon, a pleasant one from Appledore to Newburyport, where Whittier's fledgling efforts as a poet found their way into print. Newburyport might sit for its portrait as an ideal seaport town. It lies on a ridge at the mouth of the Merrimac, which here widens into a noble harbor. Cross streets run down the hillsides to this harbor, while High Street, the main thoroughfare of the town, stretches parallel with the river for more than six miles, shaded all the way by ancient elms and lined with rich farms and pleasant residences that have wide meadows and orchards behind, and sloping lawns in front. And always the sound of the sea is heard by dwellers in the town, while at every turn one comes upon reminders of the long departed days when wealth and splendor made their home here, and the merchants, whose florid faces, preserved for us by Smibert and Copley, bespeak familiar acquaintance with good cheer, sent their ships and captains to trade in all of the Seven Seas.

Newburyport, moreover, holds an honored if modest place in the history of thought and letters. Here Theophilus Parsons, "great and venerable name," was

born and bred, and, studying law with him, Rufus King and John Quincy Adams passed their early manhood. Here George Whitefield, of whom Buckle wrote, that if oratory was to be judged by its effects he was the most eloquent man since the apostles, died in a house yet standing at 9 School Street, and here he takes his rest under the pulpit of the Old South Church at the corner of School and Federal Streets, where for nearly a hundred years there has stood a marble monument to his memory. Cornelius C. Felton, scholar and college president, was born in Old Newbury; George Lunt, a poet of no mean pretensions, was a native of Newburyport; here Harriet Livermore, the devoted missionary whom "Snowbound" celebrates, was born; here Richard Hildreth began his work as a historian; and here John Pierpont wrote his best verse, as did Hannah Gould and Lucy Hooper in later years.

Caleb Cushing, a man who like Bacon took all knowledge for his kingdom, was born in Salisbury, just across the river from Newburyport, and died in a stately house set in spacious grounds at 63 High Street. James Parton, the historian, also passed his last years in the town, and at the corner of High and Oakland Streets one comes upon the roomy house fronted by a wide

stretch of lawn in which he wrote his master work — the "Life of Voltaire." Yet another author once a resident of Newburyport is Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who, when filling a Unitarian pulpit in the town, lived at 15 Pond Street in a house small and plain to the point of bareness, but whose beautiful outlook must have compensated its occupant for what it lacked in size and comfort.

A dozen years after Colonel Higginson had left Newburyport and the pulpit, there was submitted to James Russell Lowell, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," a sparkling and original story of Paris life. The author, hitherto unknown to fame, was Harriet Prescott, a young woman living in Newburyport. Lowell, deeply impressed by the story when he read it in manuscript, was at first inclined to regard it as a clever translation from the French; but Colonel Higginson, who knew the author and had helped to develop her budding talents, became responsible, when she appealed to him, for its originality. Then the story was accepted, and when it appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," early in 1859, it made the author's reputation.

Six years later Miss Prescott, who meanwhile had published "Sir Rohan's Ghost" and "The Amber

Gods," became the wife of Richard S. Spofford, a lawyer of Newburyport, and in due course of time they made their home on a picturesque island in the Merrimac, midway between Newburyport and Amesbury. There they lived for many years, and there the wife now a widow still makes her home in summer. One would have to go far to find a more charming retreat. Great pine trees on one side of the quaint old house in which Mrs. Spofford dwells and the river rushing past on the other make its seclusion complete, while the romance and poetry of sky and stream, of wood and field, which give richness and color alike to her prose and verse, are a part of her island's very atmosphere. The writer when he beheld it for the first time gave thanks for the chain of circumstances which made it a poet and story-teller's abiding-place.

Mrs. Spofford and her original and delightful art still belong to the present and the future. There is, however, one figure from Newburyport's past which seems a living presence to the latter-day visitor — that of William Lloyd Garrison, who was born here and here spent the first twenty-one years of his life. Garrison's modest birthplace yet stands at 3 School Street, flanked on one side by the vestry of the Old South Church and

on the other by the house in which Whitefield died. Time has taken the school-house on the Mall where he obtained, in six months, all the grammar-school education he ever had, but the office of the "Herald," in which he served his long seven years' apprenticeship as a printer, is located now as then at 42 Federal Street, in the second and third stories of a brick building extending from Pleasant Street to Thread Needle Alley. His son writes that he rarely visited the town in later life without climbing its stairs, and that he liked to tell that it was owing to his fondness for Newburyport, and his insupportable homesickness on two or three occasions, when he was sent elsewhere to seek a livelihood, that he ever came to learn the printing business, and to master the weapon which enabled him to carry on his thirty years' warfare against slavery.

Again, four doors removed, one finds at 50 Federal Street the building in whose topmost story was published the "Free Press," the first newspaper founded and edited by Garrison. An early subscriber to the "Free Press," when it appeared in 1826, was John Whittier, a Quaker farmer in the neighboring town of Haverhill. This farmer's nineteen-year-old son and namesake was, in his spare hours, a maker of verses, and a daughter of

the household, feeling confident that some of her brother's poems were as good as those she saw in the poet's corner of the "Free Press," determined to offer one of them to that paper without giving the editor any hint of the source from whence it came. And so Garrison one day found under the door of his office a poem entitled "The Exile's Departure," and signed "W." The piece had been written a few months before, and Mary Whittier had selected it as in her opinion the one most likely to be accepted.

She sent it without her brother's knowledge, and it was, therefore, a great surprise to the young poet when he opened the paper, tossed him by the passing postman, and turned to the column in which poetry was usually placed, to find himself in print for the first time. He was mending fences with his father, and so great was his joy that he had to be called several times before he was fully awake to this workaday world. He finally obeyed his father's command to put up the paper and return to his task, but he could not resist the temptation to take it again and again from his pocket to stare at his lines in print. He has somewhere said that he was sure, such was his amazed delight, that he did not read a word of the poem all the time that he looked at it.

One summer day not long afterward a stranger appeared and asked to see Mr. John Greenleaf Whittier. The visitor was Garrison, to whom Whittier's sister had divulged the secret of the authorship of his verses, and who had come to pay his respects to the new poet. There is no record of what passed between Whittier and Garrison on that long gone summer day, and between the pair and the parents of Whittier; but that they were made to see that there was a future for their boy may be inferred from the fact that within a twelvemonth he was sent to an academy in Haverhill. The end of another year found him fairly launched on his long career as journalist and poet.

It is in these days but a short hour's ride by trolley from Newburyport, across Deer Island, through Amesbury and thence along the north bank of the Merrimac to Haverhill. Three miles east of the latter place the bed of the railway descends into a long wooded valley through which a little stream makes its way southward to the river. Somewhere on the banks of this stream stalwart Thomas Whittier, first of his line in America, built himself a log house, and reared his brood of sturdy sons and daughters. He removed thence in his old age to a point about half a mile higher up the valley,

and there erected another house which remained for the better part of two hundred years the home of his descendants. The site of this second house, in which John Greenleaf Whittier was born in December, 1807, is a spot so isolated that from its erection to the present time no neighbor's roof has been in sight. The house was partially destroyed by fire in 1902, but has been carefully restored on the old lines.

The visitor to the Whittier homestead finds it a low gray structure with two stories in front and the roof sloping down to a single story in the rear. It stands close to the road and is reached by a pathway which of old was swept twice a day. A corner room facing the east was Whittier's study. It remains in the same condition as when he occupied it, and the great fireplace, the warped floor and the antique window panes, the rough uneven ceiling and protruding beams which greet the visitor also kept the poet silent company in boyhood and early manhood. Just across a narrow entryway is the room, unaltered save in minor ways, in which he was born, and thence one passes to the kitchen which was the scene of the winter's evening in "Snowbound." The great chimney running up from this room stands as perfect as when built, and

above the fireplace hangs a bull's-eye watch, such as in the poet's boyhood

> "Ticking its weary circuit through,
> Pointed with mutely warning sign
> Its black hand to the hour of nine."

The Whittier homestead, it is good to know, has been taken in charge by a society devoted to its preservation, and no labor or effort spared to bring about the old appearance of the estate. The rude horse-block holds its long-accustomed place at the front gate, the well-sweep still throws its shadow across the grass in the dooryard, and the barn which faces the farther side of the road keeps the same internal arrangements as in Whittier's boyhood, while behind the house rises Job's Hill, flecked with oak trees under which he often must have played in the vanished days. An orchard occupies the lower slope of this hill, and in its furthermost corner the visitor finds the tiny burial-plot in which Whittier's Quaker ancestors take their rest, the level grass above them unbroken by monument or headstone.

A fringe of trees stretches from the southern side of the orchard to and beyond a rivulet which crosses the road in front of the house on its way to join the County

Brook, the main stream in the valley. Two centuries ago a dam was built across the rivulet for power, but the waters finally cut their way through the rude masonry, and until 1902 the "gap in the old wall" remained as when Whittier wrote of it in his poem, "Telling the Bees." Now, however, the dam has been rebuilt, making a pretty waterfall in the glen through which the rivulet flows. Thence it is a short walk to the site of the little school-house sung by the poet "In School Days." The building was sold and removed many years ago, but there remain faint traces of the foundations, around which still "the sumachs grow and blackberry vines are running," while a faint depression in the greensward yet shows where

> "The feet that, creeping slow to school,
> Went storming out to playing,"

and helps the visitor to call up the picture of the sweet brown-eyed heroine of the country school, the charming child whose gentle heart was pained because she had spelt the word and gone above her boy hero:

> "Still memory to a gray-haired man
> That sweet child-face is showing.
> Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
> Have forty years been growing!

"He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her, — because they love him."

Whittier's life until his thirtieth year was mainly spent in the Haverhill homestead. He was absent from 1828 to 1831, engaged in editorial work in Boston and Hartford, but soon after the death of his father in the latter year he returned to Haverhill and worked the farm, taking his place in the field with the hired hands, and driving his team in the autumn days to Rock Bridge, the head of the tide-water in the Merrimac, to exchange his apples and vegetables for salt fish out of Maine. It was during this period also that, counting the cost with Quaker coolness of judgment, he allied himself to the small and unpopular band of reformers who, led by his friend Garrison, were preaching the gospel of freedom for the bonded blacks. This step involved the sacrifice of all his ambitions, but heart and soul he linked himself to the issue, sending forth one after another poems whose lyric fire stirred and warmed the young hearts of the North, and he lived to witness the triumph of a righteous cause, and to know that his championship of it through long years of poverty and

conflict had brought him nearer to the people than any other poet of his time.

The Haverhill farm was sold in April, 1836, and a few weeks afterward Whittier bought a house at the corner of Friend and Pleasant Streets, Amesbury. His mother, sister and aunt, all three dear to every lover of "Snowbound," kept him company in the migration from Haverhill, and remained members of his household until, one by one, they were borne to their graves on the near hillside where now the poet lies beside them. A very modest affair when Whittier became its owner, the Amesbury cottage grew with his fortunes until it became a two-storied, many-roomed house, designed for comfort and dedicated to a generous hospitality. It stands near the center of the town, and the visitor finds it embowered in trees, many of which were planted by the poet. Like the Haverhill homestead. it has passed since his death into the keeping of a memorial association, made up of Amesbury women, some of whom were for many years personal friends of the poet, and who lovingly preserve it as nearly as possible as it was in his lifetime.

The parlor is at the right of the entrance, and at the left are two smaller apartments long used by the poet

and his mother as bed-rooms. Above the parlor mantel has hung for two and forty years a large oil painting of Mrs. Whittier, recalling to the visitor the words once spoken by the son to a friend, "My home is where my mother's picture hangs"; and at one side of the room stands the ancient ink-stained desk used by the poet from 1836 to 1867, on which all the work of those years was done — his anti-slavery and war poems, "The Barefoot Boy," "Songs of Labor," "Barbara Frietchie," "Snowbound" and many others. Back of the parlor, reached by a small hall and semi-detached from the rest of the house, is the poet's study, the "garden room" of his later years, a sunny, simply furnished apartment which has undergone no change since his death. His favorite rocking-chair still stands before the window from which he loved to survey his garden, with its many fruit trees and its plots for flowers and vegetables, while the carpet, the furniture, the books and pictures, and the newer desk which replaced the old one in the parlor, remain as Whittier left them.

It is a short walk from the Whittier house to the green dome of Powow Hill, a beacon to land and sea for many miles around. Powow Hill was one of the places to which the poet was wont to lead his friends,

and from its summit the eye of the later comer can gradually travel over the scene of nearly all of his famous ballads. Away to the north one can discern the White Mountains and the lovely region of Ossipee and the Bearcamp, where Whittier passed many summer months, while in the nearer distance, more like a cloud than a mountain, rises the isolated cone of Agamenticus. The visitor's glance, passing still to the southward, rests next on the Isles of Shoals, set in encircling blue, and then on the long beaches of Hampton and Salisbury, scene of the "Tent on the Beach" and the "Wreck of Rivermouth." The Boar's Head, a most noble promontory, juts out from Hampton, and thence, still ranging southward, the eye passes over Plum Island and the sand dunes of Ipswich to rest on the headland of Cape Ann and the Gloucester shore, where stood of old the "garrison of Cape Ann." In the distance, inland, nestles Danvers, scene of the "Witch of Wenham"; close to the western horizon lies Haverhill, birthplace of the poet; Wachusett towers in the background, and to the northwest ranges the lofty Pawtuckaway hills, thus completing the circuit.

Such is the rugged, rustic, picturesque land, made up of hillside and valley, croft, meadow and forest, and

rimmed by sand dune and salt wave, which the genius of Whittier has clothed with undying romance. It is all lovingly depicted in his verse, and the visitor to it finds his memory lovingly cherished by those who dwell there. The poet's afternoon of life was filled with peace and sunshine, and of good will and helpfulness to those about him. There was scarcely a resident of Amesbury whom he did not know by name, and they in return knew his kindly salutation and beneficent smile. He loved children, who were always encouraged to swarm about him; his hand was ever open to the poor, who found in it something more lasting than its firm pressure, and people coming to him in grief and trouble went away with hearts made lighter by his counsel. The story is told of a friend, who, pursued by the idea of the sin against the Holy Ghost, felt himself doomed to damnation and sought the poet for comfort.

"And so thee really thinks thee will go to hell?" said Whittier. "Oh, I am sure of it," cried the sufferer. "Does thee hate thy fellow-men?" asked Whittier. "No, no," said his unhappy friend. "Don't thee hate God, then?" came the next question. "I love Him, whatever happens to me," was the answer. "Don't thee hate God, who would send thee to hell, and let

others, who thee knows have led worse lives, go to heaven?" pursued the poet. "No, I am glad of every one that is saved, even if I am to be a castaway," was the quick response. "Now what does thee think the devil will do with thee? How can he use thee — one who loves the God that condemns him to torment, one who loves his fellow-men, and would keep them out of the clutches of Satan — how can the devil employ thee or endure thee?" The wretched man laughed for the first time in months, and from that moment shook off his morbid terrors.

Whittier did not come into his own as a poet until the Civil War had ended the contest for the abolition of slavery. Then it was that, the long day's labor done,

> "Legends and runes
> Of credulous days, old fancies that had lain
> Silent from boyhood, taking voice again,
> Warmed into life once more, even as the tune
> That, frozen in the fabled hunting horn,
> Thawed into sound,"

and a spirit which had only bided its time found tender and complete expression in the "Tent on the Beach," in "Snowbound," sweetest of all American idyls, and in songs and ballads of rarest grace and charm which gave him a secure place in hearts whose windows would

never have opened to the piping of his more militant muse. Fame and its younger sister popularity came now in full and rounded measure to the aging man, and it was given him to know that the common people who loved the homely yet poetic scenes he sang had come to worship him as a part of them. Thus, as the years sped, the modest house in Amesbury became a Mecca for those who make pilgrimage to the shrines of genius and pure renown.

The years of Whittier's growing fame, however, were also lonely ones, for they took from life many of those nearest and dearest to him. He was never married, and until 1864, when she died, his sister Elizabeth, a woman of gentle loveliness and rare poetic nature, was at the head of his household. His niece then became hostess in the Whittier home, but following her marriage in 1876 he went to Oak Knoll, Danvers, a morning's drive from Amesbury, where, with congenial relatives, he made his home during the greater part of the sixteen years of life that remained to him. The estate of Oak Knoll occupies some sixty acres, all finely laid out and adorned, and the roomy house which now became the poet's abiding place stands upon an eminence in the midst of a wide park. Winding driveways lead up to

it from the road, and noble trees, in clumps and singly, shade the encircling lawn. There are also orchards of apples and pears, a garden flanked with grape vines, and near the eastern piazza of the house a flower garden where Whittier delighted to work on pleasant mornings with rake, hoe and broom.

The house at Oak Knoll, which has undergone no change since the poet's death, fronts the south, and has a couple of noble verandas, with pillars twenty feet high. Its rooms are large and sunny, and have those aids to cheerfulness — open fire-places, broad hearths, and shining andirons and fenders. Whittier's study, a sunny room with a delightful outlook, a wide fire-place, and a glass door opening upon the veranda, was especially built for him in a corner of the house, and here he penned his later poems. Friends have given us more than one delightful glimpse of the white-haired singer in his last days at Oak Knoll, with its perfect freedom and tender care. There were no clouds in the western sky as the sunset of his life burned slowly down. The end came in the early autumn of 1892, not at Amesbury or Danvers, but at Hampton Falls, N. H., while he was staying with the daughter of an old friend — the saintly woman who inspired one of the most

spiritual and beautiful of his poems — "A Friend's Burial." He lies beside his kin in the Quaker burial-ground just without the town of Amesbury. A tall cedar guards his grave, and above it is a low piece of white marble graven with his name, the date of his birth and death, and nothing more.

Among the visitors to Oak Knoll in the closing years of Whittier's life none were more welcome than Mary Abigail Dodge and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward. The elder of these gifted women was born and died in the pretty village of Hamilton, the name of which helped to form her pseudonym of Gail Hamilton, and where her long-time home, crowning a small hill, is pointed out as one of the landmarks of the town. It is a morning's drive from Newburyport to Hamilton, and thence to Andover on the Hill, the home of Mrs. Ward during the earlier years of her career. The way hither carries one past Dummer Academy — the oldest incorporated academy in America — keeping stately company with the mansion house of the colonial governor from whom it takes its name; past the house which was once the home of Theophilus Parsons, and is now shaded by green elms perhaps of his planting; and, a mile or two beyond, past the old home of the Longfel-

lows, a house long abandoned as a dwelling but still held in the family name, and from which the progenitors of the poet removed to Portland.

And so, greeted all the way by places it is worth one's while to see, the pilgrim out of Newburyport comes to Andover, and to the house in which the daughter of Austin Phelps passed her girlhood and early womanhood. Mrs. Ward was born in Boston, but when she was three years old her father became a professor in Andover Seminary and took up the work which ended only with his life. The Phelps house in Andover, familiar to every reader of "Chapters from a Life," is a big, square structure set in handsome grounds on the main street of the town, hardby the site of the original location of Phillips Academy, and across the way from the seminary buildings. Here Mrs. Ward passed a portion of each year until her marriage in 1888, and here many of her best known books, including "Gates Ajar," came into being.

Andover has also its memories of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who lived here from 1853 to 1864 while her husband was a professor in the seminary. The ancient stone house which the Stowes occupied stands in Chapel Avenue, a few steps from the theological seminary,

and, though now used as an inn, remains practically the same as when the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was its mistress. In this house Mrs. Stowe wrote "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "The Minister's Wooing" and other of her books, and received many distinguished visitors from this and alien lands. Thence it is but a short walk to her grave in the tiny burial-garth behind the chapel of the seminary where she sleeps between her husband and the son whose sudden and tragic death brought her the first great sorrow of her life.

The writer mused for a time beside the low mound, rarely in summer without its guerdon of flowers, and then returning to the main thoroughfare of the town boarded a trolley-car which at the end of a short ride set him down before the last home of Anne Bradstreet, whose verse gives her an honored if modest place in our early literary annals. This uncommon woman was the child of Thomas Dudley, who left the stewardship of the Earl of Lincoln's estates in Old England to become first deputy governor and later governor of Massachusetts Colony in the New England then rearing on this side of the sea. She was married when a girl of sixteen to Simon Bradstreet and two years later, with her father, mother and husband, crossed the sea to

enter upon the hard and perilous life of the Puritan pioneer. The Bradstreets helped to establish the settlements of Cambridge and Ipswich, and some time before 1644 claimed a place among the founders of the plantation which became the town of Andover. The first house which they built in Andover was destroyed by fire on a July night of 1666, and in the following year was replaced by the structure which still gives cheery welcome to the wayfarer.

Here Anne Bradstreet passed her closing years, and here she died in 1672 at the age of sixty. Simon Bradstreet removed to Salem soon after his wife's death, and the North Andover house became and remained for thirty years the home of their son. The younger Bradstreet died in 1702, and for more than a hundred years after 1707 the old house served as a manse for the successive ministers of the parish. Then it became the summer home of one of the merchant princes of Salem, and later still housed a boarding-school conducted by Simon Putnam, a famous schoolmaster of his day, who numbered among his pupils Amos Lawrence and that Chandler Robbins who as tenth minister of the Second Church of Boston succeeded Ralph Waldo Emerson in the pulpit of the Mathers. Its

present occupants, lineally descended from one of the first settlers of the town, take honest pride in its history and careful preservation, and, an admirable example of the thorough-going handiwork of the colonial builder, it promises to easily outlast the new century. It faces the old Boston and Haverhill road, a short distance beyond the railway station in North Andover, and just across the way rises the more stately manse which Judge Samuel Phillips built in 1755, and which served in after years first as a boyhood haunt and then as the summer home of his distinguished descendant, Phillips Brooks. Thence a short stroll afield leads one to the ancient burial-ground, hard by the site of the first meeting-house in the town, where it is said Anne Bradstreet's grave was made. This rests, however, on vague tradition. No sign of the grave remains, and, of a certainty, no man knows her burial-place.

It was while a resident of Ipswich that the pious and worthy spouse of Simon Bradstreet wrote most of the verse which Cotton Mather in his "Magnalia" pronounced "a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles." Ipswich was also long the home of Nathaniel Ward, the wise and witty "Simple Cobbler of

Agawam," and so it was with two-fold interest that the writer shaped his return to Newburyport by way of the old town set upon its hills and along its river winding to the sea. Tradition points but vaguely to the site of Anne Bradstreet's Ipswich home, but a tablet set up by the local historical society tells the visitor that Nathaniel Ward's house stood on the east side of the village green, while, more interesting still, in the town's oldest God's Acre he has pointed out to him the grave of the first American ancestor of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The grave is that of Thomas Emerson, a worthy baker from Durham in England who settled in Ipswich while it was yet the Agawam of the first days. Joseph Emerson, son of the Ipswich baker, became the pioneer minister of Mendon, and from him descended in the sixth generation the seer of Concord. No less noble was the issue of Anne Bradstreet and her sturdy Lincolnshire helpmeet, for among their descendants were William Ellery Channing, the elder Richard Henry Dana, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Wendell Phillips — so firmly and deeply did their family tree take root in New World soil.

One other Ipswich landmark claims a word — the site of the old tavern often mentioned by Sewall in his

diary, and at a later time sketched by Whittier, who numbered it among his youthful haunts. This tavern, the latter tells us, was once renowned throughout New England, and drew its guests from the four corners of the commonwealth. Time long since claimed it for its own, but it lives again in the picture limned by the poet, and holds a place in the full sheaf of delightful memories which attend upon a journey through Whittier Land.

Chapter III

The Salem of Hawthorne

Whittier and Hawthorne promise to long remain the most distinctively American of the master figures of our literature; and it was with this thought lending zest to his rambles that the writer shaped his course from the region which inspired the verse of the one to the old town which the genius of the other has painted in somber yet unfading colors. As befitted the moods of the vacation-time idler, however, the route chosen was a roundabout and leisurely one, for it led from Newburyport to Gloucester, Choate Island, Manchester, Beverly Farms, and so through Lynn, Nahant and Marblehead to Salem.

Epes Sargent, Edwin P. Whipple and William Winter were born in the Gloucester of hills and salt breezes and rugged fisher folk; there for many years Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has had her summer home; there within sound of the ocean, on a July day in 1901, the fruitful life of John Fiske came too soon to an end; and thence it is but an hour's sail to the early

abiding-place of Rufus Choate, an island girt about by the waters of Essex River and lying a little way from the mainland, which has been for seven generations in the possession of the family whose name it bears. Rufus Choate was born on this island, on "Tuesday, October 1, at 3 o'clock P.M.," as his father, with the precision of an older time, recorded in the family Bible. Six months later the elder Choate removed from the island to the village of Essex on the mainland, but the old homestead was a favorite resort of the son both in his youth and in the later years which saw him holding a foremost place among the orators and advocates of his time. An arm of the sea flows pleasantly about Choate Island, and a little creek runs up to within a few rods of the old dwelling, built in the middle years of the eighteenth century, which is little changed from what it was in Rufus Choate's boyhood — a two-storied heavy-timbered structure, bare and weather-beaten, but with a cheerful outlook toward the marshes, the sea and the distant shore of Cape Ann.

It is a short cry in these days of interlacing trolley roads from Choate Island to Manchester where, in other years and before fashion had claimed it for its own, the elder Richard Henry Dana, Cyrus A. Bartol and James

T. Fields had their summer homes; and whence a leisurely half hour's drive leads one to Beverly Farms, long the favorite vacation-time resort of Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose modest cottage, with vine-clad verandas, still holds its accustomed place not far from the water side. The doctor passed the summers and autumns of his closing years at Beverly Farms, and here he celebrated most of the birthdays of his old age, "when many came as to a shrine." One of these visitors was William Dean Howells, who has put on record a delightful glimpse of the white-haired Autocrat as cheerily and serenely he waited the silent summons to cease from labor, tasting to the last the flavor of life, and keeping alive the flame of wit which a good fairy lit at his cradle. "He made me think," writes Howells, "of a bed of embers on which the ashes have thinly gathered, and which, when these are breathed away, sparkles and tinkles keenly up with all the freshness of a newly kindled fire." Dr. Holmes passed a part of his last summer at Beverly Farms, but the end, when it came, found him in his Boston home.

Beverly and Lynn also hold their shrines for the literary pilgrim. A two-storied cottage, a little way removed from the main thoroughfare of the former

town, was the birthplace of Lucy Larcom, and in a more pretentious structure yet standing in Cabot Street, Beverly, Wilson Flagg, modest forerunner of Thoreau and Burroughs, entered life. Yet another house near the village common was the first home of the poet and essayist, George E. Woodberry. Half a dozen villas on Lynn's breezy Ocean Road have now and again had for an occupant that poet of many homes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and midway of the same thoroughfare Prescott Place occupies in part the site of the house in which the historian of that name passed the last summers of his life. Prescott, at an earlier time, was for a quarter of a century a summer dweller at Nahant, occupying a roomy villa which, greatly altered in outward seeming, yet stands at Swallow's Cove, and holding an honorable place in a literary colony which included Longfellow, Agassiz and Motley, who there began his history of the Dutch Republic. The dwellings which these men once tenanted have vanished with the years, perhaps the last to go being the Longfellow house, which until its destruction by fire in May, 1896, stood on Willow Road, overlooking Broad Sound and Nahant Bay. This house was built by the poet near the close of his Harvard professorship, and there he spent every

summer for more than a score of years, "building up life," as he was wont to put it, "with solid blocks of idleness." Not all of Longfellow's days at Nahant, however, were idle ones, for there some of his best verse, including "The Bells of Lynn," came into being.

Though quaint old Marblehead numbers neither story-teller nor poet among those native to her soil, she has given to the one a congenial theme in the romantic legend of the tavern maid, Agnes Surriage, and her love for the King's commissioner, Sir Harry Frankland, and to the other the story of Skipper Ireson, wrought by Whittier into the best of all his ballads. A level space in the upper reaches of the town is pointed out as the site of the long-gone cottage where a century and a half ago Agnes Surriage was born and grew to womanhood, beautiful Agnes Surriage who later without the name of wife followed her titled lover across the seas. They were in Lisbon when the great earthquake destroyed that city, and there, at peril of her life, Agnes Surriage rescued her companion from death in the ruins. Touched by her devotion he married her, and the romance which began for the young tavern-maid in Marblehead saw its close in London with the title for its heroine of "My Lady."

Again in the waterside section of Marblehead known as Oakum Bay the curious will find the aforetime home of luckless Floyd Ireson, who for his alleged refusal while skipper of the fishing schooner "Betty," homeward bound from the Grand Banks, to go to the aid of another craft aleak and sinking in a rising storm, was tarred and feathered and haled through the town, not by the women, as Whittier has told, but by the men and boys of Marblehead. Ireson submitted in silence to the disgrace put upon him, only remarking when his sorry progress was ended: "Gentlemen, I thank you for my ride, but you will live to regret it." The skipper spoke as a prophet, for though he remained for years a marked man, shunned and execrated by his neighbors, justice was at last rendered to his memory through the confession of the members of the crew of the "Betty," who, moved by remorse, now declared that Ireson had, indeed, sailed by the sinking vessel, but not before he had commanded and even implored his men to go to the rescue. They had refused to listen, demanding instead that the "Betty" should be hastened home, where later, to hide their own cowardice, they had falsely laid the blame upon Ireson, who silently suffered the injustice and shame, hoping that at the cost of his

own he might keep clean the honorable name of his town. And so the truth finally came out that the vengeance of the community had been vented on an innocent man. Marblehead from that day to this has revered Ireson's memory as that of a martyr. Whittier's ballad contains hardly a particle of literal truth, but that was not the wilful fault of the poet, who founded his verse on a fragment of rhyme he had from an early schoolmate, a native of Marblehead.

The loiterer along the Essex shore orders his affairs wisely if, when leaving Marblehead behind him, he chooses the water route to Salem, for the history of the latter, after Plymouth oldest of New England towns, has had to do at every turn with the deeds and daring of those who go down to the deep in ships, while the tales Salem folk tell the stranger deal most often with the glory of their town in the days when the sea gates of the Orient opened wide to her venturesome captains, and the sovereignty of Massachusetts here first took form in her greatest seaport. Not all of Salem's memories of a splendid past, however, have to do with men and things of the sea. A house numbered 14 Lynde Street was the home of Rufus Choate in the morning of his brilliant career as an advocate, and at

26 Winter Street, a broad, elm-shaded thoroughfare, stands the many-roomed brick mansion built by Justice Joseph Story, and in which his son, William Wetmore Story, poet and sculptor, entered life. William H. Prescott, the historian, was also a native of Salem, Plummer Hall at 134 Essex Street now covering the site of the house in which he was born.

Charles T. Brooks, preacher, poet, scholar and stout apostle of freedom in the days that tried men's souls, was born at the corner of Bridge and Arabella Streets, Salem, and the house numbered 312 Essex Street, a wooden structure dating from the colonial period, was the long-time home of Maria Susanna Cummins, whose career affords material for one of the most romantic chapters in our literary annals. She was the daughter of a Salem lawyer and judge, and expected to make teaching her life work; but the literary impulse possessed her, and after a brief apprenticeship in writing, she published in 1854, at the age of twenty-four, her first sustained effort in fiction. This was "The Lamplighter," a touching love story deeply inspired with religious sentiment, which speedily proved, in the matter of sales, the most successful novel written in America up to that time. Indeed, though the work of an un-

known hand, it won instant and abounding popularity. Forty thousand copies of the book were sold within two months, and before a year's end it had found its way into almost every American household, besides being many times republished in other lands. And it has stood the test of time, for although half a century has elapsed since it first came from the press, it still has a steady sale, and is to be found on the shelves of any well kept book-shop. Miss Cummins afterward wrote and published half a dozen other novels, but none of them attained the success of "The Lamplighter." She died at the early age of thirty-nine.

Another worthy of old Salem was the Reverend William Bentley, who lived and died in the house numbered 106 Essex Street. Dr. Bentley was for thirty-six years the militant pastor of the East Church in Salem, but he was also much more than a preacher of God's word, his labors in varied fields proving him one of the most remarkable men who played a part in affairs during the formative period of the republic. An untiring seeker after knowledge, and a worker who never knew weariness, it is related of him that, besides preparing two sermons every week to the number of more than three thousand, he found time to write upward of

three score works, including observations on theology, astronomy, geology, and other natural sciences, and to perfect himself in a knowledge of twenty-one languages. Nor did these labors tax to the full his capacity for work. He also made leisure to correspond with scholars abroad and to write regularly, first for the "Essex Gazette" and later for the "Salem Register," a weekly review of current events, besides many hundreds of political editorials from the point of view of a sturdy supporter of the Republican or then Jeffersonian party.

President Jefferson was keenly alive to the value of the services of the Salem pastor, and tendered him an important position in reward for them, but he hastened to decline it, being wholly contented with his quiet life-work in Salem. Tradition paints Dr. Bentley as a man of short stature and rotund figure, and of piquant and original ways, whereof more than one amusing anecdote is, after the lapse of many years, still current in the town he helped to make famous. When, on a Sunday morning in 1814, the frigate "Constitution" was driven into Marblehead harbor by a British fleet, Dr. Bentley was conducting services in the pulpit. Word being brought into the church that the ship was in danger, he announced that they could worship God at all times,

but could save the "Constitution" only at the present hour; whereupon, suiting the deed to the word, he doffed his gown, descended from the pulpit, and hurrying to Marblehead, with half of his congregation at his heels, requested to be placed in command of one of the guns of Fort Sewall. The danger at an end, he reappeared in his pulpit in time for the afternoon service, and preached an impromptu sermon from the text, "There go the ships." Dr. Bentley died in 1819 at the age of sixty, and in Harmony Grove cemetery, Salem, takes the rest he so fairly earned.

A New England town of the last century alone could have produced two such widely different and opposing personalities as William Bentley and Jones Very, the poet and mystic, who was born in Salem, and here passed most of the years of his gentle life. It has been truthfully said of Very by one who knew him well that America has brought forth no other man like him. Born in 1813, the son of a sea captain, he made, when a boy, one voyage with his father. His tastes, however, were wholly literary, and upon his father's death, devoting himself to teaching to support the family, he fitted himself for Harvard, and was graduated with high honors. Appointed tutor in Greek, he studied for the

ministry in the Divinity School, but falling into a condition of religious exaltation, he was removed for treatment, and upon his recovery returning to Salem, he there passed the remainder of his days, living always in a peculiarly rapt and religious state.

Very was persuaded that to renounce self absolutely was to be absorbed in Christ, and to become the voice of the Holy Ghost. With him, writes the friend already quoted, "success or failure was a thing of little consequence, for that was in the hands of the Lord. His only concern was to be led by God in all things, great and small, and this he believed he did, and that others might also do it, if they would. He came and went, spoke or was silent, as the Spirit directed him. He was led by the Spirit in all things. Entire submission and absolute dependence constituted his whole religious life, and his religious made the whole of his actual life." The thoughts and deeds thus shaped found expression in a body of verse, gathered into a goodly volume after his death in 1880, which by its spiritual delicacy and simple grace, its deep beauty and natural melody assures to its author a permanent place in the great Temple of Song. Very was born in a dwelling yet standing at the corner of Boston and Essex Streets, but

he lived for many years and died in a quaint little house numbered 154 Federal Street.

None of the Salem landmarks thus far pointed out, however, has the deep and abiding interest that attaches to those associated with the life and labors of Hawthorne. The great romancer's memory, indeed, seems closest to a living presence in Salem. He was born in the town; it was, in the main, the scene of such of his early tales as pretend to any definite location; there he met and wooed the woman who became his wife and the mother of his children; there "The Scarlet Letter" was written, and there was reared "The House of the Seven Gables"; and finally, at the close of his career, he returned to Salem to find the scene of "Doctor Grimshaw's Secret." Thus every corner of the town makes moving, if silent, appeal to the lover of Hawthorne and his work.

First of all, one finds at 27 Union Street, set down amid surroundings which must always have been dull and are now wholly squalid, the house in which on Independence Day, 1804, Hawthorne entered life. This house, built as early as 1700 and bought by his grandfather in 1772, is an eight-roomed wooden structure, with a gambrel roof, a single large chimney, and front

flush with the sidewalk. Save for a modern front door, it is in substantially the same condition as when Hawthorne was born in a room on the second floor, and it promises, unless accidents befall, to survive the century. It is now occupied by a Salem mechanic, whose wife, a woman with a mind and will of her own, resolutely denied the writer a glimpse of the interior.

The loss, however, was not a serious one. Hawthorne's father, a shipmaster, as many of his forbears had been before him, died of fever in a foreign port when the son was four years old; and a little later the widow moved to the roomy, three-storied house, numbered 12 Herbert Street, which, now become a mean appearing tenement, was then owned and partly occupied by her father, Richard Manning. Thereafter, much of Hawthorne's boyhood was passed in this house, and it thus played a far more important part in his life than did the one in Union Street. It remained his home until he was fourteen years old, when his family removed for a time to Maine, and upon leaving Bowdoin in 1825 he came back to dwell in it with his mother and sisters. The Hawthornes resided at what is now 26 Dearborn Street, North Salem, from 1828 to 1832, but then returned to the Herbert Street homestead,

where until 1839 the life of the son and brother was, by choice, one of self-communion and solitude. "I had always a natural tendency towards seclusion," he writes, "and this I now indulged to the utmost, so that for months together I scarcely had human intercourse outside my own family, seldom going out except at twilight, or only to take the nearest way to the most convenient solitude, which was oftenest the seashore. I had few acquaintances in Salem, and during the years I spent there, I doubt whether so much as twenty people in the town were aware of my existence."

Hawthorne's kinsman and biographer contributes some additional touches to this slight picture. "He had little communication," writes Lathrop, "with even the members of his family. Frequently his meals were brought and left at his locked door, and it was not often that the inmates of the old Herbert Street mansion met in family circle." Lathrop adds that the young recluse never read his stories aloud to his mother and sisters, and that his only pastimes were long walks in the dusky hours along the coast, or about the sleeping streets of Salem. During these years of self-imposed solitude Hawthorne was, to quote his own words, "the obscurest man of letters in America." He had under-

taken on leaving college to live by his pen, but small success attended his 'prentice efforts. His first novel, a short romance entitled "Fanshawe," was issued without his name but at his expense in 1828, and the author so repented of his venture that he subsequently called in all the copies that he could and destroyed them. After that he produced a group of short stories bearing title "Seven Tales of My Native Land," which never saw the light, for at last, in a fit of irritation and despair at his luckless efforts to get it published, the young author burned the manuscript.

Success, however, came to him in the end, for when he wrote other stories they one by one gained admission into the magazines and annuals of the day. Some of these were collected and published in 1837 in the first volume of the "Twice-Told Tales," and others afterward found place in a second volume having the same title, and in the "Snow Image." When once these volumes obtained recognition, their author could not complain that his countrymen failed to be solidly proud of him. The sketches collected in the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Snow Image," along with the earlier portions of what now comprise the "American Note-Books," were for the most part written in the Herbert

Street house, the author's study being a room on the second floor under the eaves, looking out on the business of the wharf-streets. "In this dismal chamber fame was won," Hawthorne wrote in 1836. "Here I sit," he recorded in his diary four years later, "in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. Thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some few of them have become visible to the world. If ever I should have a biographer he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed, and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent. And here I sat for a long, long time waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all — at least until I were in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and benumbed. But oftener I was happy, at least as happy as I then knew how to be, or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by, the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth, not, indeed, with a loud roar of acclamation, but rather

with a still, small voice, and forth I went but found nothing in the world that I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and have been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounter with the multitude. But living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart."

When this passage was written, Hawthorne had been for some time a weigher and gauger in the Boston custom house. A year later he quit office-holding to take up his abode at Brook Farm, and after that came his first sojourn in Concord, but in 1845 he returned to his native town, where with his wife he shared his mother's house, and where early in 1846 word came to him that Franklin Pierce and other friends had secured for him the post of surveyor of the port of Salem. Time has wrought small change in the two-storied brick building fronting on Derby Street in which during the next three years the author passed his working hours. The en-

trance is reached by a flight of wide granite steps, and over it towers as of old the enormous American eagle, with bolts and arrows in each of its heavily gilded claws, described in the prologue to "The Scarlet Letter."

The inquiring visitor, and his name is legion, is shown the stencil with which Hawthorne marked inspected goods, together with the desk at which he sat and the room in which he worked, but one seeks in vain for the rows of venerable figures sitting in old-fashioned chairs — the decrepit sea captains, sketched with so much spirit and such exquisite humor in the opening pages of his greatest book. Time has taken the last of them, and they come no more to visit their erst-while haunts at the end of Derby wharf. Hawthorne, it is to be feared, failed to do these old sea rovers full justice. They were, at their best, the mighty men of a splendid era. They carried the American flag to remote lands, where, until their coming, it had been an unknown ensign, and they made their native Salem one of the great seaports of the world. But their glory was fleeting. Salem's commercial importance, even in Hawthorne's time, was dwindling into insignificance, and its custom house had already become a forlorn, vacant-looking place. Time has only

served to accentuate its forlornness, so that the impression the writer brought away from it was a dreary and depressing one; and yet it is the scene of one of the finest bits of writing in our language — proof of the power of genius to turn base metal into pure gold.

Hawthorne, soon after he became surveyor of the port of Salem, removed from the old home on Herbert Street to the house numbered 18 Chestnut Street, then as now the fashionable thoroughfare of the town. His residence there, however, was a brief one, for in 1847 he moved again, this time to 14 Mall Street, where he occupied a three-storied house, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, which, though now more than a century old, is still in excellent preservation. It was to this house that he came on a June day in 1849 to tell his wife that he "had been turned out of office headlong" through the trickery and betrayal of professing friends; and it was in an upper room of the same house that, cheered by his wife's enthusiastic belief in his powers, he sat down a few days later to write "The Scarlet Letter." He had saved nothing from his salary as surveyor, and but for the forethought of his wife in laying aside part of the money given her for household expenses, they would have been penniless. As it was,

sickness and the death of Hawthorne's mother soon swept away these small savings, and they were only rescued from the edge of actual want by a timely and generous contribution from friends.

Such were the conditions under which Hawthorne completed his masterpiece. "I finished my book only yesterday," he wrote in February, 1850, to his friend Bridge, "one end being in the press at Boston, while the other was in my head here in Salem; so that, as you see, my story is at least fourteen miles long . . . My book, the publisher tells me, will not be out before April. He speaks of it in tremendous terms of approbation; so does Mrs. Hawthorne, to whom I read the conclusion last night. It broke her heart and sent her to bed with a grievous headache — which I look upon as a triumphant success. Judging from the effect upon her and the publisher, I may calculate on what bowlers call a tenstroke. But I don't make any such calculation." He did not calculate aright. "The Scarlet Letter" was issued in a first edition of five thousand copies; a second edition followed at once, and its author's fame was at last established.

After visits to Union and Herbert Streets, to the custom house and to Mall Street, the lover of Hawthorne,

set down in Salem, is sure to seek the location of the "House of Seven Gables," where that grim spinster, Miss Hephzibah Pyncheon, opened her shop and kept her pathetic, solitary vigil; but ere his quest is ended he will find to his regret that the Pyncheon house never had existence in wood and plaster, and is to be considered only as a type of the houses built in Salem in the latter half of the seventeenth century. "These edifices," says Hawthorne himself, "were built in generally accordant style, though with such subordinate variety as keeps the beholder's curiosity excited and causes each structure, like its owner's character, to produce its own peculiar impression."

An old house at 54 Turner Street, however, is often referred to as the "House of Seven Gables," and toward it, upon leaving Mall Street, the writer made his way. The structure in question, built about 1662, was for many years the property of the Ingersoll family, relatives of Hawthorne, who was often their guest. Tradition has it that on one of his visits Miss Ingersoll told him that the house had once had seven gables, and taking him to the attic showed him the beams and mortises to prove her statement. Coming down the stairway Hawthorne is said to have repeated, half aloud,

"The house of seven gables. That sounds well," and soon after the romance bearing that title appeared. "The Tales of Grandfather's Chair" are also reputed to have had their origin in the Turner Street house. Hawthorne on one of his visits there complained that he was written out and could think of nothing more. Turning to him and pointing to an old armchair that had long been in the family, Miss Ingersoll said: "Why don't you write about this old chair? There must be many stories connected with it." The suggestion proved a happy one, and from this incident the charming volume published in 1841 is said to have come. It was, moreover, a member of the Ingersoll family who told Hawthorne the story which, given by him to Longfellow, finally took form in "Evangeline."

Though the many-gabled home of the Pyncheons may never have had material form and being, there can be no doubt that an old house at 53 Charter Street, Salem, at the corner of an ancient burial-ground, was in Hawthorne's thought when he created an abode for Doctor Grimshawe, and those Elfland children, Elsie and Ned. His description applies well enough to the Charter Street house as the writer found it. "Doctor Grimshawe's residence," he tells us, "cornered on a

graveyard, with which the house communicated by a back door. It did not appear to be an ancient structure, nor one that ever would have been the abode of a very wealthy or prominent family — a three-storied house, perhaps a century old, low-studded, with a square front, standing right upon the street; and a small inclosed porch, containing the main entrance, affording a glimpse up and down the street through an oval window on each side. Its characteristic was decent respectability, not sinking below the boundary of the genteel. . . . A sufficient number of rooms and chambers, low, ill-lighted, ugly, but not unsusceptible of warmth and comfort, the sunniest and cheerfulest of which were on the side that looked into the graveyard." Dreary the old Charter Street house undeniably is, but for the Hawthorne pilgrim it has much more than an imaginative interest; it was once occupied by the father of Mrs. Hawthorne, and within its walls the author wooed and won his wife.

There is no sweeter love story than that of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Sophia Peabody as they themselves have told it in their diaries and letters. He was thirty-three, she twenty-six, when fate brought them together, made them lovers and put an end for good and all to

the solitary, chilling life he had led for so many years. There was a weary period of waiting between their meeting and their marriage, for she was an invalid and his worldly success had been slight, but stout hearts make true lovers, and in the end all obstacles to a union were swept from their path. And to the husband that union meant, far more than to most men, the beginning of a new existence, for his was not a youth's but a man's love, filling and quickening his whole nature. "Sometimes, during my solitary life in our old Salem house," he once wrote her, while yet they were plighted lovers and he had gone out into the world to become a home-builder, "it seemed to me as if I had only life enough to know that I was alive; for I had no wife then to keep my heart warm. But, at length, you were revealed to me. I drew nearer and nearer to you, and opened my heart to you, and you came to me, and will remain forever, keeping my heart warm, and renewing my life with your own. You only have taught me that I have a heart, you only have thrown a light, deep downward and upward, into my soul. You only have revealed me to myself; for without your aid my best knowledge of myself would have been merely to know my own shadow, to watch it flickering on the wall,

and mistake its fantasies for my own real actions. I walked many years in darkness, and might so have walked through life, with only a dreamy notion that there was any light in the universe, if you had not kissed my eyelids and given me to see." One cannot doubt that these words came from the depths of the writer's being, or that save for his wife and her love his genius never would have found full and perfect expression. Lovers they were from the first and lovers they remained to the end.

Hawthorne took farewell of Salem soon after "The Scarlet Letter" was given to the world. He never again had his home there, and those who would visit his grave must travel many miles from the town made immortal by his pen.

Chapter IV

Emerson and Others in Concord

When Hawthorne married in the summer of 1842 he and his wife went to Concord to live in the quaint, gambrel-roofed house which he was to make famous as the "Old Manse." The present-day pilgrim following in their footsteps finds the quiet hamlet, perhaps, the most interesting of New World towns; and dowered also with a quiet beauty of its own. Though it lies on level ground, those who dwell there have always an uplifting vision of the distant summits of Monadnock and Wachusett; fine old woods and noble elms lend dignity and charm to its open spaces; around and about it beautiful ponds smile at one from their clear basins, while through the green meadows lazily flows the gentle Musketaquid, to give the Concord its Indian name, on its way to join the more restless Assabet and finally, after passing by and through other towns, to lose itself in the broader Merrimac. The old hamlet, moreover, has played a part in history that makes it dear to every student of his country's past. Founded in

1635 by stout Peter Bulkeley, preacher, Puritan and pioneer in one, it sent its sons to fight in all of the colonial wars, and when the greater struggle for independence broke, it was on Concord soil and by the banks of the Musketaquid that "the embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world."

Another century made it the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and it is his memory and influence that are now most potent to draw pilgrims to the old town. The visitor to Concord, for the same reason, is sure to go first to the house in which Emerson dwelt when, at the age of thirty-one, he became a resident of the town of his forefathers, and the place destined to be his own home for life. This house, which stands close to the scene of the fight on the banks of the river, was built for the Reverend William Emerson, the grandfather of Ralph Waldo and pastor of the church at Concord at the opening of the Revolution. An ardent patriot, the Reverend William Emerson in 1776 hastened to join the army at Ticonderoga, but fell ill of fever and died on his way back to Concord. Four years later his widow, who had come as a bride to the Old Manse, when it was a new and fine house, married Dr. Ezra Ripley, his successor in the Concord parish.

The father of Ralph Waldo was the son and namesake of the Reverend William Emerson. After his death in 1811 the Concord parsonage became a second home to his children, their own continuing in Boston and Cambridge until 1834, when, upon his return from his first visit to England, Ralph Waldo, with his mother, took up his abode permanently in Concord. He lived for a year or so at the Old Manse with Dr. Ripley, and there the greater part of his first book, "Nature," was written in the same room where, some years later, Hawthorne began "Mosses from an Old Manse." His residence there ended in the latter part of 1835, when, following his marriage to Miss Lidian Jackson, of Plymouth, he took possession of his own home on the Lexington road, east of the village, and not far from the Walden woods. There, save for his lecture tours and an occasional visit to Europe, he lived until his death. The house was partially burned in July, 1872, but was rebuilt in its former shape and aspect. A plain, square, wooden structure, not without an air of comfort and quiet dignity, it stands now, as in Emerson's time, among trees, with a pine grove across the way, and an orchard and garden reaching to a brook in the rear, while on the southeast the outlook is toward

another and larger orchard, where, until decay compelled its removal, stood the summer-house built for Emerson in 1848 by his friend, Amos Bronson Alcott.

Three years after Emerson took up his residence on the Lexington road he described his mode of life there in a letter to Carlyle. "I occupy," he wrote, "two acres only of God's earth; on which is my house, my kitchen-garden, my orchard of thirty young trees, my empty barn. My house is a very good one for comfort, and abounding in room. Besides my house, I have, I believe, $22,000, whose income in ordinary years is six per cent. I have no other tithe or glebe except the income of my winter lectures, which was last winter $800. Well, with this income, here at home, I am a rich man. I stay at home and go abroad at my own instance. I have food, warmth, leisure, books, friends. Go away from home I am rich no longer. I never have a dollar to spend on a fancy. As no wise man, I suppose, ever was rich in the sense of freedom to spend, because of the inundation of claims, so neither am I, who am not wise. But at home, I am rich — rich enough for ten brothers. My wife Lidian is an incarnation of Christianity, I call her Asia, and keeps my philosophy from Antinomianism; my mother, whitest, mildest, most

conservative of ladies, whose only exception to her universal preference for old things is her son; my boy, a piece of love and sunshine, well worth my watching from morning to night; — these and three domestic women, who cook, and sew and run for us, make all my household. Here I sit and read and write, with very little system, and, as far as regards composition, with the most fragmentary result: paragraphs incompressible, each sentence an infinitely repellent particle."

Emerson's scant two acres grew with the years. "In one of my solitary wood-walks by Walden Pond," he wrote to his brother in 1844, "I met two or three men who told me they had come there to sell and to buy a field, on which they wished me to bid as purchaser. As it was on the shore of the pond, and now for years I had a sort of daily occupancy in it, I bought it — eleven acres, for ten dollars an acre. The next day I carried some of my well-beloved gossips to the place, and they deciding that the field was not good for anything if Hartwell Bigelow should cut down his pine grove, I bought for $125 more his pretty wood lot of three or four acres; and am now landlord and water-lord of fourteen acres, more or less, on the shore of Walden, and can raise my own blackberries." This "field,"

on the north shore of the pond, now become a grove which hides all but a glimpse of the water from the visitor, and a large tract of woodland on the south shore of which he later became the owner, were most often the objective points of the daily walk which Emerson for many years took either alone or in the company of some kindred spirit.

But his afternoon path, after the morning's labor in his library, did not always lead to the shores of Walden. Hawthorne's note-book records that in August, 1842, while returning through the woods from Emerson's house to the Old Manse, he came upon Margaret Fuller reading under a tree in Sleepy Hollow — the little park that has since become a cemetery. As they sat talking on the hill-side, "we heard," he writes, "footsteps on the high bank above us, and while the person was still hidden among the trees he called to Margaret. Then he emerged from his green shade, and behold! it was Mr. Emerson, who said 'there were muses in the woods today, and whispers to be heard in the breezes.' It being now nearly six we separated — Mr. Emerson and Margaret toward his home, and I toward mine."

Though Emerson hitched his wagon to a star, he kept his feet firmly planted on Concord soil, and the

memory of him that abides among his former townsmen is that of one who took an active and healthy interest in the every-day life around him. His son records that he often went to town meetings, and though seldom heard in discussion came home "to praise the eloquence and strong good sense of his neighbors." He liked, the same authority tells us, to converse with horsemen and stage-drivers, "enjoying their racy vernacular and picturesque brag"; and he relished a chat with the fishermen, wood-choppers and cattle drovers whom he often encountered on his walks. There is little doubt, as Holmes has suggested, that Emerson's familiar intercourse with men of sense who had no pretensions to learning, and in whom, for that very reason, the native sap of thought came out with less disguise in its expression, bred that respect for mother-wit and for every wholesome human quality which runs, a thread of gold, through all his writings.

The other and better known side of Emerson's life in Concord had to do with his labors as lecturer and editor, and with the composition of the long series of volumes in prose and verse which won their author full meed of fame. The years as they waxed and waned brought to the house on the Lexington road a growing company

of choice spirits, who, headed by Margaret Fuller, hailed their host as a leavening influence in the thought and life of the time. There, also, great sorrows came to Emerson, death taking from him his mother, his brothers and the little son whose memory lives in the tenderest of his poems, the "Threnody." There, finally, old age crept upon him, an old age, alas! made infinitely pathetic by loss of memory and failing mental power. Howells has pictured him, the shadow of his former self, standing on a March day in 1882 before Longfellow's bier and saying to those about him: "The gentleman we have just been burying was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name." A little more than a month later his own flickering light went out.

Emerson had dwelt for seven years in Concord when, as before stated, Hawthorne came to live in the Old Manse. A charming passage in the "American Note Books" describes the delight the romancer and his wife found in renovating the old house, which, at the time of their going into it, was given up to ghosts and cobwebs. "The shade of our departed host," he writes of the little drawing-room, "will never haunt it, for its aspect has been as completely changed as the scenery of a theatre. Probably the ghost gave a peep into it,

uttered a groan, and vanished forever." This ghost, as we know, was Dr. Ezra Ripley, the learned and pious minister who for more than three score years ruled his parish with unfailing skill and authority, and whose memory still lives on in Concord, green almost as on the day when he died. The Old Manse has undergone little outward change since Dr. Ripley and the Hawthornes lived in it. but it now has more neighbors than in the old days; the historic bridge, across which the Concord fight took place, has a successor built after an elaborately rustic design, and on the western bank stands French's virile statue of the Minute Man.

The granite obelisk reared long ago in memory of the conflict still uplifts itself on the opposite shore, and the wall on the left encases a stone bearing an inscription which recalls the fate of two unnamed British soldiers whom their foemen buried at this spot. Hawthorne in the introduction to the "Mosses" makes characteristic reference to their grave and to the grisly story told him by Lowell of the farmer boy who put an end to the life of one of them. "Tradition says that the lad now left his task" — he had been chopping wood — "and hurried to the battle-field with the axe still in his hand. The British had by this time retreated,

the Americans were in pursuit; and the late scene of strife was thus deserted by both parties. Two soldiers lay on the ground. One was a corpse; but as the young New Englander drew nigh, the other Briton raised himself painfully on his hands and knees, and gave a ghastly stare into his face. The boy — it must have been a nervous impulse, without purpose, without thought, and betokening a sensitive and impressionable nature rather than a hardened one — the boy uplifted his axe and dealt the wounded soldier a fierce and fatal blow upon the head. . . . The story comes home to me like a truth. Often-times, as an intellectual and moral exercise, I have sought to follow that poor youth through his subsequent career, and observed how his soul was tortured by the blood-stain, contracted as it had been before the long custom of war had robbed human life of its sanctity, and while it seemed murderous to slay a brother man. This one circumstance has borne more fruit for me than all that history tells us of the fight."

Though compelled to contend the while with a poverty that often pinched him sorely, the three years Hawthorne passed with his bride in the Old Manse were the happiest of his life, and he wrote of them that he had

never lived so like a boy since he really was a boy in the old days in Maine. They were also among the most fruitful of his literary career, for during this period he wrote many of the sketches afterward included in the second series of "Twice Told Tales," edited the "Journals of an African Cruiser," by his friend Bridge, and laid the foundation for "Mosses." When not busy with his pen, he labored in his garden, rambled over the fields and into the woods or paddled on the river, most often alone, but now and then with Thoreau or Ellery Channing for a comrade.

Emerson came also to talk and walk with him, but theirs was the attraction of opposites. Emerson, we are told, never could read Hawthorne's tales, then or afterwards, while Hawthorne held steadily aloof from the lengthening throng of strangers for whom Emerson's home had already become a Mecca. "Young visionaries," Hawthorne wrote of this diverse and curious procession, "to whom just as much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists — whose systems, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron frame-work — traveled painfully to his

door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its value. For myself, there had been epochs in my life when I, too, might have asked of the prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy, I felt as if there was no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless," he adds, "to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence like the garment of a shining one; and he, so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read."

Hawthorne, in 1846, left the Old Manse and Concord on his way to the surveyorship of the port of Salem, but he returned at the end of six years to again make his home in the town, purchasing a property on the Lexing-

ton road which had been owned by Amos Bronson Alcott. This property consisted of a house, seven acres of meadow, and about twice as much woodland, including a hill at the back of the dwelling. Its whilom owner had built up the hillside in terraces and planted it with apple-trees, and to these Hawthorne added a great number of Norway spruces and firs, which, set out along the walks and on the slope of the hill, are now grown so large and dense as to quite overshadow the place. The house, standing close to the road, to which Hawthorne gave the name of The Wayside, has changed little in external appearance since he lived in it. Built before the Revolution, the nucleus of the present structure was small and simple, consisting of only four or five modest rooms and an attic. Hawthorne, in the course of time, added a second story and a garret to the western wing, and built on three rooms, one on top of the other, forming a tower, in the topmost chamber of which he had his study and did most of the literary work of the closing period of his life.

During his occupancy of the The Wayside, as in earlier years, Hawthorne spent much of his time in the open air. His favorite walk was along the brow of the hill in the rear of the house. Now as then this summit

is covered with a thick and tangled growth of oak, birch and pine, with brambles and moss underfoot, but the path made by his footsteps, as he used to pace to and fro in the late afternoon of pleasant days, can still be traced along the level brow of the declivity. "His wife used often to ascend the hill with him," writes their son, "and they would loiter about there together, or sit down on the wooden benches that had been set up beneath the large pines, or at points here and there whence glimpses of the vale were to be had. At other times they would stroll down the larch path to the brook, where was a pleasant gurgle of water, and a graceful dip and shadow of willows, and the warble of bobolinks and blackbirds. They were as constantly together during the last years as during the first of their married life; and they talked much to each other in the low, sympathetic tones that were characteristic of them. But what they said can never be known. They were always happy in each other, and serene."

Hawthorne's first occupancy of The Wayside was a brief one. His old friend Pierce became President, in March, 1853, and a few weeks later he was nominated and confirmed consul to Liverpool. When, in the summer of 1860, he came again to Concord, he had

only four years of life before him. To these belong the writing of "Our Old Home," the first draught of "Septimius Felton," and the commencement of "The Dolliver Romance" and "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret." The last three were never finished. An enfeebling illness seized their author in the spring of 1864, and when ex-President Pierce proposed to him that they should make a little tour together among the mountains of New Hampshire, Hawthorne consented, in the hope of getting some profit from the change of air. But he was not to go far. He only reached a small place called Plymouth, when, on May 18, 1864, death overtook him. His companion, going into the room in the early morning, found that during the night he had passed away in his sleep. His body was brought to Concord for burial; and on the day of his funeral the manuscript of the unfinished "Romance," the last literary work on which he had been engaged, was laid on his coffin. The Wayside is now the home of Harriet Mulford Lothrop, who under the pen name of "Margaret Sidney" has put forth many books for children.

It is not Emerson or Hawthorne, but Henry David Thoreau of whom one hears most in the Concord of today. The Thoreau House is the best hotel in the

village; there is some reminder of the hermit in almost every little shop, and one tradesman has invested in plates and inkstands and paper-cutters of Delft ware bearing pictures of his Walden hut or the cairn of stones that now mark the spot where the hut once stood. Though the visitor may marvel at it there is reason for Concord's interest in Thoreau, for of all the authors who helped to make it famous he was the only one born in the town — the only one wholly native to the soil. The modest house in which he entered life on a July day in 1817 has been removed from its original site and stands now on a by-path from Concord to Lexington, a little less than a mile from his grave in the village cemetery. Thoreau's parents left Concord when he was still a child in arms, but in 1823 returned to the town, which, save for his years in college and for brief and infrequent absences, remained the son's home during the remainder of his life.

Thoreau's grandfather, John Thoreau, was born in the Isle of Guernsey, was a merchant in Boston, and died in Concord in the opening year of the last century. His father, also named John, was also a merchant, and at last a pencil-maker, an occupation which the son followed at intervals. Henry was the third of four

children, all of rare mental and moral endowment. His elder brother John and his sister Helen were teachers, and it was a part of the latter's earnings that helped pay Henry's expenses at Harvard. He was graduated from that institution in 1837, and returning to Concord began in the same year the acquaintance with Emerson which ripened into the most important if not the most intimate friendship of his life. Emerson was thirty-four, Thoreau twenty years of age when they met, and the example and teachings of the elder were profound and vital influences in making the younger man what he speedily became — a Yankee stoic, holding fast to the most lofty ideals, and aiming successfully to reduce life to its simplest terms. "Cultivate poverty," he declared, "like a garden herb, like sage. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts." And until the end of his days he remained true to the spirit of these words.

Thoreau was twice a member of Emerson's household, first in 1841, when he managed the garden and did other handiwork for his friend, and again in 1847, when, during Emerson's second visit to England, he took charge of his friend's household affairs. Between these years fell the Walden hermitage with which men

most frequently associate his name. It was in 1845 that Thoreau built himself a shanty by Walden Pond on the land owned by Emerson, and took up the life of a hermit in order that "he might the better study nature and become acquainted with himself." He spent two and a half years in this retreat, though often coming forth from it, and out of his life of labor and study there grew "Walden," his most popular book and one of the freshest and most suggestive in our literature. It is a walk of a mile and a half from the heart of Concord to Walden Pond, but it is well worth the taking, for when one reaches the site of Thoreau's hut he finds the spot to be a most lovely one, with tall trees clothing the hillside from the water's edge. There are now thousands of stones in the cairn gathered by pilgrims to mark the site of the hut, but of the hut itself there remains no trace. It was occupied for some years after Thoreau left it by a Scotch gardener, Hugh Whelan by name. Then it was bought by a farmer, who carried it three miles northward and long used it as a corncrib. Twenty odd years ago it was demolished to make room for a new barn, and from the ruins a few bits were rescued by Thoreau enthusiasts.

After the Walden episode Thoreau supported himself by fence-making and land-surveying, and by occasional lectures and contributions to the magazines. He lived during the last years of his life first in a little cottage which occupied the present site of the Thoreau House, and afterwards in a house which yet stands on the main street of the village, surrounded by trees of his planting. Thoreau's real home, however, was never within four walls. The Concord Pan, as Alcott called him, made it from early manhood the serious business of his life to observe nature, and to that end spent half of each day the year round in field and wood. Emerson somewhere declares that it was a pleasure and a privilege to walk with him, adding that "his intimacy with animals suggested what Thomas Fuller records of Butler the apiologist, 'that either he told the bees things, or the bees had told him.' Snakes coiled round his leg, the fishes swam into his hand, and he took them out of the water; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters. His power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses; he saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet, and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard."

And the record of what he saw and heard he put on paper with a patient and reverential regard for truth which, supplemented by a style of rare beauty and precision, made him the greatest nature writer that has thus far appeared in America.

The best portrait of Thoreau that has come down to us shows a full-bearded man, with a refined, thoughtful face, and eyes giving token of suffering and sadness. It was taken the year before his death. When consumption claimed him as its victim, Thoreau faced the end with a quiet courage that proved the heroic adamant of his nature, working at his manuscripts so long as he could hold a pencil, but declaring to his friend Alcott that he should leave the world without a regret. He died on a morning in the early May of 1862 as gently as if sinking into sleep. "A truth-speaker he," said Emerson at his funeral, "capable of the most deep and strict conversation; a physician to the wounds of any soul; a friend, knowing not only the secret of friendship, but almost worshipped by those few persons who resorted to him as their confessor, and knew the deep value of his mind and great heart. His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowl-

edge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

Emerson, Hawthorne and Thoreau head the roll of authors who have endeared Concord to every lover of American letters and American thought. A little lower on this roll, to mention only those who have joined the choir invisible, stand the names of Amos Bronson Alcott and his daughter; of William Ellery Channing, nephew and namesake of the great preacher; of George William Curtis and David Atwood Wasson. Alcott, a self-taught philosopher who during a large part of his life exerted a moving influence on a fit audience, though few, — this by reason of an original and profound habit of mind directed toward the most serious questions that can occupy human thought, — came to reside in Concord in 1840, living first in the Hosmer cottage, a little way west of the village. He soon left his retreat to establish in the neighboring town of Harvard the community to which he gave the name of Fruitlands, but, when this attempt at social reform yielded only a harvest of thwarted hopes, he found his way back to Concord, where in 1845, with money lately bequeathed to his wife, he bought an estate on the Lexington road which he called Hillside,

but which Hawthorne, when he became its owner, christened The Wayside.

Hillside remained for three years the home of the Alcotts. Then came a residence in Boston, followed in 1857 by a second return to Concord, and the purchase of a house, on the Lexington road, near the home of Emerson and about three-quarters of a mile from the center of the village. Orchard House, the name its new owners gave it, is the very farm-house which Hawthorne made the home of one of his heroes in "Septimius Felton." It was plain to the point of bareness when the Alcotts came to live in it, but soon received from its new owner's hand alterations and additions that converted it into a picturesque home. The present-day visitor finds it embowered in orchards and vines and fine old elm trees, and breathing an air of quiet and repose in happy keeping with its surroundings. Strolling about it one comes in its rear upon a queer little vine-covered temple, capable of seating less than a hundred persons, the whilom meeting-place of the Concord School of Philosophy, an organization in which the gentle soul of Alcott during his later days took unmeasured delight.

Orchard House remained for many years the home

of the Alcotts, and more than one visitor has placed on record a sympathetic account of the life of plain fare and high thinking lived within its walls. There was, however, another side to the picture. "What is a philosopher?" a guest of the Alcotts once asked a member of the household. "A philosopher," was the quick response, "is a man up in a balloon with his family and friends holding the ropes which confine him to earth and trying to pull him down." This witty characterization had a world of bitter truth in it, for Alcott, an idealist absorbed, as Holmes put it, in speculations which often led him into the fourth dimension of mental space, was, by the same token, one of the most impractical of men. A majority of his workaday neighbors in Concord, with a contempt they took no pains to conceal, regarded him as a lazy man who did not provide for his family, and a philosopher who had nothing to say which could be turned into money. Emerson, writes his daughter, "was the one true friend who loved and understood and helped him." It was the friendship and comradeship of Emerson, dating from 1835, that brought Alcott a first, a second and a third time to Concord; and could the true story of their relations be told, it would have to do with help extended

by Emerson to his less fortunate friend, not once but a hundred times, and always in the most delicate and considerate way. Alcott's daughter relates how on one occasion her father had four talks at Emerson's house, where he made thirty dollars. "R. W. E. probably put in twenty," she adds. "He has a sweet way of bestowing gifts on the table and under a book, or behind a candlestick, when he thinks father wants a little money and no one will help him earn."

The aid Emerson was able to give him and the scanty returns from his own labors did not suffice the often penniless yet always serene and hopeful Alcott, and as the years sped and his own schemes for bread-winning one by one came to naught, the burden of the family support fell more and more on the gifted eldest daughter Louisa May. The girlhood of this uncommon woman, though made golden by the friendship and helpful counsel of Emerson and Theodore Parker, came soon to an end, and at sixteen, in order to aid the family resources, she was already turning her hand to any task which fell in her way. She put aside no service however humble, but gradually, and by dint of patient labor, drifted toward authorship — her true vocation. Her first book was published when she was twenty-two,

and after that she was seldom without literary work of some kind. Her real opportunity, however, did not come to her until a Boston publisher made request for a girl's book. The result was "Little Women," a natural graphic story of her three sisters and herself in their Concord home. Dashed off at the speed of a reporter who writes while the forms are waiting, this book, published in 1868, when she was thirty-six years of age, made its author's fame and her future. After that she wrote nearly a score of books to meet the eager demands of her publishers, and from them received in twenty years a comfortable fortune in royalty.

What remains of the story of Louisa May Alcott's life of continuing self-sacrifice can be told in few words. Each of her books provided some added comfort or ease for her family, one of these being the purchase for her parents of a larger house on the main street of Concord — the same in which Thoreau passed his last days. There on a November day in 1877 the mother fell asleep, and the daughter who had guarded her so tenderly turned from her grave to take up other burdens — the care of the children of her dead and widowed sisters. Boston became her home after her mother's death, and there in the pleasant retreat she had made for him, in

March, 1888, occurred the death of her father. Born on his birthday, the daughter who had been his staff in life was not separated from him in death. Ill and weak herself she could not be with her father at the end, but visited him when she was able. A few days before his death, driving to see him for the last time, she caught a cold, and on the following day was seized with violent pain in the head, which the doctors at once pronounced serious. Her illness progressed with fatal swiftness, and in the afternoon of March 6 she passed quietly away, not knowing that her father had preceded her. They brought her body to Concord and buried it in the village cemetery across the feet of her father, mother, and sister, "that she might take care of them as she had done all her life."

William Ellery Channing, a poet who commands an audience few and select, but sure to grow with the years, settled in Concord with his bride, a sister of Margaret Fuller, the year before the Hawthornes came to live in the Old Manse. The Channings dwelt first in a cottage on the Lexington road; then on Punkatasset Hill, a mile or so north of the village, and finally in a house on the main street opposite the last residence of Thoreau, who kept his boat, under a group of willows, in the

garden of his friends, and from that harbor made all his later voyages. Mrs. Channing, a woman of rare physical loveliness, and as gifted as she was beautiful, died in middle life; and her husband passed the last of his more than eighty years under the roof of another Concord poet, Frank B. Sanborn. The residence of George William Curtis in Concord was a passing incident of his early manhood, when with his brother Burrill he lived for a time on the farm of Edmund Hosmer, the sturdy, long-headed yeoman celebrated by Emerson in the apologue of his "Saadi" and by Thoreau in "Walden." David Atwood Wasson likewise resided in Concord only for a brief period, but he continued in friendly communication with the members of its literary circle, often visited them, and now takes his rest among them.

Wasson's grave is in the village cemetery quaintly named Sleepy Hollow, one of the most lovely and picturesque of burial garths, its vales and slopes half hidden by trees whose shade and murmur give the illusion of primeval solitude. Around him sleep the Emersons, the Hawthornes, the Thoreaus, the Alcotts and the Channings. The grave of Hawthorne, bearing witness by its unusual length to the lofty stature of its occupant,

is in a narrow lot, and the white stones at its head and foot are graven only with the name of the well-beloved romancer. Close at hand is the burial plot of the Thoreaus. An ornate and highly polished granite slab, on which are recorded the names of the different members of the family, stands in the center, but the grave of the Thoreau whom the world remembers is marked only by a low headstone, inscribed "Henry." Further up the hill and deeper among the shadows is the grave of Emerson, overgrown with myrtle, and, like that of Hawthorne, by its length helping one to call up the vision of the tall poet and philosopher who sleeps beneath it. He who recoiled from all pomp and show in life has his wishes respected in death. There is at the head of the long, glossy grave only a huge unhewn boulder, to tell the wayfarer that here Ralph Waldo Emerson takes his rest. Those who hold in reverence the noble yet austerely simple genius which made the living man one of the mighty forces of the intellectual world would not have it otherwise.

Chapter V

Cambridge and its Worthies

Cambridge on the Charles, a short ride from Concord, like its sister town offers to the lover of the past a full sheaf of precious memories. It was one of the first settlements planted by the Puritans, and it has been for the better part of three hundred years the seat of America's oldest college. Town and school came into being during the first half of the seventeenth century; before its close Newtown, as the settlement was called in the day of first things, had become a favorite abode of courtly and scholarly people; and such it has continued to the present time.

A stroll through and around Cambridge recalls at every turn some eminent and honored name, but the pilgrim making acquaintance with its literary landmarks is sure, as did the writer, to go first to the Craigie House at 105 Brattle Street, a roomy, square-roofed mansion overlooking the Charles River, which was for more than two score years the home of Longfellow, and which before the poet's time played so eventful a

part in affairs that it has been claimed to possess more historic interest than any building in New England, save Faneuil Hall. Colonel John Vassall built the house in 1759, but being a firm loyalist fled to England at the opening of the Revolution, and his home found a new occupant in that stout soldier, Colonel John Glover, of Marblehead, who quartered some of his troops within its walls. This use of the house, however, was a brief one, for when, in the early summer of 1775, Washington came to Cambridge to assume command of the patriot army, he was so pleased with its appearance that, having had it cleaned, he made it his headquarters, and remained in it until the close of the siege of Boston in April of the following year.

Colonel Vassall's property having been confiscated, his Cambridge house, about 1792, found a new owner in Dr. Andrew Craigie, who had served as apothecary-general of the northern army during the Revolution, and who, being a man of wealth, made the mansion the center of a large hospitality. Time and luckless speculations, however, wrought havoc with Craigie's fortune, and after his death, in 1819, his wife, to eke out a slender income, let rooms to various inmates. Thus Edward Everett took his bride to Craigie House

in 1822, and so in 1832 did Jared Sparks. Again, five years later Longfellow, soon after entering on the duties of his Harvard professorship, took quarters under the roof of Mrs. Craigie, where he had for a fellow lodger Joseph E. Worcester, the lexicographer, who, when Mrs. Craigie died in 1841, bought the house and became the poet's landlord.

Longfellow was still within the shadow of a great sorrow, the untimely death of the wife of his youth, when he came to Cambridge, and his first days there were sad and lonely ones. Sunnier hours, however, soon fell to his lot. He already counted among his close friends Cornelius C. Felton, then professor of Greek and afterward president of the college, and he was soon on terms of familiar intimacy with such congenial spirits as George S. Hillard and Charles Sumner, the latter at that time an instructor in the law school, while in 1843 a yet greater happiness came to him in his marriage to one worthy in all ways to be the comrade and helpmeet of a poet. The second Mrs. Longfellow, the Mary Ashburton of her husband's "Hyperion," was Frances Appleton, daughter of Nathan Appleton, a Boston merchant. They had met in 1836 in Switzerland, when she was a maiden of nineteen, and she had

grown with the years into a woman of rare physical and spiritual loveliness. Longfellow brought his bride to Craigie House, and soon the mansion was purchased for them by the wife's father, who afterward added to his gift the land opposite, now the public park given by the poet's children to the Longfellow Memorial Association, thus securing an open view of the river and of the blue hills of Milton in the distance.

The poet's first study in Craigie House was an upper chamber which had been Washington's private room, but in 1845 he moved to the large front room adjoining the library on the first floor, which in an earlier time had been used by Washington as an office. This remained his workroom during the remainder of his life, and here or in the chamber above stairs were produced almost all of his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship. The latter-day visitor to Longfellow's study finds it filled with cherished reminders of his life and work, for the present tenant of Craigie House, the poet's daughter, lovingly preserves the mansion and its interior substantially as they were in her father's lifetime. The study contains his chair and desk, the inkstand which had once been Coleridge's, the statuette of Goethe mentioned in "Hyperion," and,

among other personal relics, the arm-chair carved from the "spreading chestnut tree" of his well-known verses, which the children of Cambridge presented to him on his seventy-second birthday.

In the rear of the study is the library, a long apartment opening upon a garden and with crowded bookcases lining its walls. Two Corinthian columns at one end add a touch of dignity to the apartment; and near a window, looking on the garden, stands the poet's table, where he often read and worked. "The Old Clock on the Stairs" holds its accustomed place in the angle of the massive staircase leading to the book-lined upper chamber in which Longfellow lodged when he first came to Craigie House; and in the room which was long his sleeping-apartment one finds a portrait of his wife hanging over the fireplace, and beside the bed a small bookcase holding the elder English poets — his beloved companions in the night watches of his last years.

Longfellow dwelt in Craigie House almost from his first coming to Cambridge until his death. There his children were born; there his second wife died the tragic death which has been so often described, from injuries received by fire; and there for nearly half a century he dispensed a generous and cordial hospitality. Pilgrims

of every class and from every country came in endless procession to pay him homage, and to receive a welcome which but deepened their admiration for the poet and their affection for the man. Nor had the welcome he gave his guests other source than the promptings of the kindliest of natures. "Often the man who dined with Longfellow," writes one of his friends, "was the man who needed a dinner; and from what I have seen of the courtesy that governed at that board, I am sure that such a man could never have felt himself the least honored guest. The poet's heart" — could finer praise be given him? — "was open to all the homelessness of the world." And the sweet courtesy that sprang from such a source remained with him to the end. On the day that he was taken ill, less than a week before his death in March, 1882, three Boston school-boys came to Cambridge on their Saturday holiday to ask his autograph. The benign lover of children, we are told, welcomed them heartily, showed them a hundred interesting objects in his house, and then wrote his name for them, and for the last time.

A frequent and welcome guest at Craigie House during Longfellow's first years in Cambridge was William Ware, then at the height of a popularity long

since toppled to the ground. This now half-forgotten author sprang from a family of ministers, being a son of Henry Ware, who, after long service in the pulpit, became professor of divinity at Harvard and helped with Channing to found the conservative school of Unitarianism. The younger Ware was born in Hingham, in 1797, was graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen, and for fifteen years after 1821 was a minister in New York. Then he settled in Cambridge and here he made his home during most of the sixteen years of life that remained to him. His three historical novels, "Zenobia," "Aurelian" and "Julian," have vividness and energy, and there is cause for wonder that they should be neglected by a generation which delights in "Ben Hur" and "Quo Vadis."

Time and the hand of the improver have swept away the house not far from the Common in which Ware passed his last days; and one regrets that a like fate has overtaken the roomy gambrel-roofed mansion which formerly fronted the northern boundary of Harvard Square between Kirkland Street and North Avenue, shaded by mighty elms and set in a garden of sweet-smelling old fashioned flowers, for the mansion in question had a history running far back into the colonial

period, and was besides the birthplace of Oliver Wendell Holmes. A prosperous tailor built it, and, after making it his home for many years, sold it to a more prosperous farmer, who in the fullness of time bequeathed it to his son. After the Revolution it passed into the hands of Eliphalet Pearson, long professor of Hebrew in the college, and in 1807 became the home of Abiel Holmes, for the better part of forty years the sturdy and resolutely orthodox pastor of the First Church of Cambridge. This Abiel Holmes, who claimed descent from one of the earliest settlers in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, chose for his second wife a daughter of Oliver Wendell, a leading lawyer of his time, who was descended from the Wendells, the Olivers, the Bradstreets and the Quincys.

And in such a house, to such parents and of such ancestry in August, 1809, was born a son to whom was given the family names of Oliver and Wendell. This son, in the opening chapter of "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," has described his birthplace with all the vividness that belongs to early impressions — the great dimly lighted garret beneath the roof; the attic chambers "which themselves had histories"; the rooms of the second story, "chambers of birth and death,

sacred to silent memories"; and the heavy-beamed study on the ground floor, with its shelves of books, and its floors thickly strewn with the dents which tradition credited to the heavy rifle butts of the Continental soldiers. "It was a great happiness," he adds, "to have been born in an old house haunted by such recollections, . . . with fields of waving grass, and trees and singing birds, and that vast territory of four or five acres around it, to give a child a sense that he was born to a noble principality."

Parson Holmes dwelt in the gambrel-roofed house until his death, in 1837; and it was the home of his son during the latter's childhood, youth and period of professional studies. There, too, at the age of twenty, the younger Holmes laid the foundation of his fame as a poet. The old frigate "Constitution" lay at the Charlestown Navy Yard about to be broken up, and Holmes, then in his senior year at Harvard, went one day to see the historic craft. Returning to his home, an inspiration came to him, and in one of its attic rooms he sat down and scribbled in pencil the lines entitled "Old Ironsides" —

"An old song, which some, perchance, have seen,
In stale gazette or cobwebbed magazine.

There was an hour when patriots dared profane
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;
And one who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
The glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn."

This splendid lyric, published in 1830, struck fire in the popular heart, and brought from Washington an order which saved the old ship from destruction. Nine years later its author took leave of his birthplace, and, following a brief professorship at Dartmouth, began the practice of medicine in Boston, which thereafter claimed him as its own. A younger brother, however, lived all his life of eighty-seven years in Cambridge. John Holmes, described by his friend Lowell as the best and most delightful of men, was graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty. Then there came to him a not uncommon crisis in the life of a young man. He fell in love with a governess, a lovely and amiable girl, but his mother and brother opposed their union, and while the matter was under discussion the girl suddenly died.

The remainder of John Holmes' days were those of a bachelor recluse, who gave his friendship only to a few

kindred souls. A man of rare taste and cultivation, he wrote much, and those who have seen his writings say that he had a fascinating style, adorned with flashing wit and homely humor; but he cared not for the praise of the multitude, and nothing of his ever found its way into print. During the greater part of his life, save for two visits to Europe, he lived alone with his mother in the old homestead, caring for her in the most tender way until her death, in 1862, at the age of ninety-five. Ten years later the old homestead became the property of the college, and John Holmes betook himself to a modest house in the little Cambridge street misnamed the Appian Way, where he dwelt until his death in 1899, cared for only by a housekeeper as fond of solitude and quiet as himself. The gambrel-roofed house of his own and his brother's boyhood, after its purchase by the college, was occupied in turn by William Everett and James B. Thayer, but in 1885, being no longer considered a safe habitation, it was leveled to the ground,

Dr. Holmes has somewhere described in whimsical fashion the institution in which he and his brother got their preliminary schooling. This was a dame's school in Prospect Street, whose sharp-eyed mistress "wielded

a long wand of willow with which she could without leaving her desk reach any child in the room," and there they had for a classmate a girl, Sarah Margaret Fuller by name, who was destined to fill a large place in the literary history of her time. The birthplace of this remarkable woman, the oldest child of a keen-witted and ambitious lawyer, yet stands at 71 Cherry Street in that part of the town known as Cambridgeport; but it long since fell on squalid days, and one could wish that time had spared in its stead the fine old mansion which was her home during most of the years of her girlhood and early womanhood. This was the roomy house built by Chief Justice Dana, which stood, until its destruction by fire in 1839, on what is still called Dana Hill, between the present Dana and Ellery Streets. A yet later home of the Fullers was the Brattle house, a picturesque old pile built by one of the merchant princes of the colonial period, which still stands at the eastern end of Brattle Street, though now dwarfed by the great buildings of the University Press, and shorn of its generous grounds and the wealth of trees and flowers which were its chief charm in an earlier time.

Margaret Fuller was absent from Cambridge from 1832 to 1842, — the period of her growing fame as editor

of the "Dial" and as a critic of unusual boldness and insight, — but returned in the year last named and bought the house formerly numbered 8 Ellery Street. Here she lived with her widowed mother until July, 1843, when they removed to a house in Prospect Street, near the dame's school of her childhood. This was Margaret Fuller's last home in Cambridge, for she left the town in the autumn of 1844 to enter upon the wanderings that were to take her first to New York, then to Italy, and finally to her tragic death on Fire Island beach. It should be related in passing that the Dana mansion, mentioned as the home of her early womanhood, was also the birthplace of the poet, Richard Henry Dana, Sr., who resided in Cambridge during the whole of his active literary life. The author of the "Buccaneer" removed to Boston soon after his son and namesake fared forth upon the voyages which bore noble fruit in "Two Years Before the Mast"; but the younger Dana returned to Cambridge in 1851 and built the house numbered 4 Berkeley Street, in which he lived until a short time before his death.

When the Fullers dwelt in the Brattle house, a playmate of the romping younger members of the family was a growing lad who half a century later was to be-

come the biographer of their older and staider sister. This was Thomas Wentworth Higginson, another Cambridge author native to the soil. Born in a house on Kirkland Street, Colonel Higginson was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1841, studied for the ministry, and for several years filled pulpits in Newburyport and Worcester. After that came ardent service in the anti-slavery cause, and, during the Civil War, service of a less peaceful sort as colonel of the first regiment of colored troops enlisted in South Carolina. His fighting days ended, he turned to the quieter pursuit of letters, and taught the world to know him as an essayist gifted with a delightful way of saying things, and a new and individual point of view. Thirty-five volumes great and small now attest the industry and abounding versatility of his middle and later years. Colonel Higginson following his return to civil life was a resident of Newport until 1878, when he returned to Cambridge, where he has since had his home at 29 Buckingham Street in a dwelling modest and unpretentious in outward seeming, but within rich in books and in speaking mementos of its owner's long and varied life.

Thence it is a short walk to what was once Norton's Woods and to Shady Hill, where dwells another white-

haired author whose life and work link the Cambridge of the present to the Cambridge of an earlier day. Shady Hill, a splendid example of the houses planned by the space-loving architects of our grandfathers' time, was owned and occupied for many years by Andrews Norton, professor of sacred literature in Harvard Divinity School, and it has been the life-long home of his son, Charles Eliot Norton, whose career as scholar, teacher and author has covered a wide range, and brought him the close and enduring friendship of some of the choicest spirits of his generation. One of these was Arthur Hugh Clough, the English poet, who, in 1852, made his home for a brief period in Cambridge, where, after the lapse of half a century, his rare gifts of mind and heart are still held in cherished remembrance. The last days of Clough's American sojourn were passed at Shady Hill, but during the greater part of his stay in Cambridge he lodged in a house in Garden Street, hard by the Common and nearly opposite the old Holmes homestead. In the same part of Cambridge as Shady Hill, and secluded also in a grove of venerable trees, stands at 30 Oxford Street the last home of John G. Palfrey, where, in the closing years of his life as preacher, editor, college professor and state

and national law-maker, he wrote his minute and lifeless history of New England. This, it is to be feared, now finds few but student readers, but the fact lives that its high-minded author led in the founding of the Free Soil party, and played a hero's part in the contest which ended in the abolition of slavery.

Like the homes of Norton and Palfrey, many other of the literary landmarks of Cambridge have intimate association with the history of the college. Wadsworth House, a gambrel-roofed structure at the eastern end of Harvard Square, for six score years furnished a home for successive heads of the institution, among them Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, the scholarly Felton being the first to occupy the new house built for incumbents of that post at the head of Quincy Street. Jared Sparks, who gave his name as author or editor to fully a hundred volumes of history and biography, has been mentioned as a passing occupant of Craigie House, but he lived while president of the college and during his after years in a roomy dwelling which yet stands in Quincy Street, being now occupied by the theological school of the New Jerusalem Church. A house of unusual size and architecture adjoining the Sparks place was occupied by Louis Agassiz during the last twenty

years of his life; and thence a short detour into Kirkland Street, the Professor's Row of an earlier day, brings one to the vine-clad, rose-embowered dwelling which was long the home of Francis J. Child, best beloved of the Harvard professors of his time, and foremost among American scholars in Anglo-Saxon and early English literature.

Again hard by the Brattle mansion in Brattle Street, and on the same side of the way, stands a three-storied brick house, with small square upper windows and a veranda along its eastern front, which was occupied by Justice Joseph Story, while head of the law school, and in which also dwelt his son William, the poet and sculptor. A longer stroll from Harvard Square leads to the Botanic Gardens, and to the house which was the home for more than a score of years of Asa Gray, who there rounded out his career as scientist and man of letters.

Robert Carter, sometime secretary to Prescott and the intimate friend of Lowell, with whom he was associated in the editorship of the short-lived "Pioneer," once abode in Sparks Street near the corner of Brattle, while among lettered dwellers in the Cambridge of a later time have been the elder Henry James, who lived

during his closing years and died in the house numbered 20 Quincy Street, now remodeled into the Colonial Club; Elisha Mulford, author of the "Republic of God," whose last home was at 41 Bowdoin Street; and Christopher P. Cranch, the poet and Virgilian translator, who ended his long life at 27 Ellery Street. Forceythe Willson, a maker of graceful and tender verse, who died too soon for the full ripening of his talents and fame, was numbered among Cambridge authors from 1863 to 1866, during which period he had his home in a pleasant old mansion on the Mount Auburn road, looking out upon the Charles; while a visit to 19 Buckingham Street takes one to the modest house, a few doors removed from the latter-day residence of Colonel Higginson, which was the home, during the greater part of his active literary life, of Horace E. Scudder, editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" and author of many delightful books.

Henry Adams, while a Harvard professor and engaged upon his masterly "History of the United States," was a lodger in Wadsworth House; and the Berkeley Street house built and long occupied by the younger Dana was for several years the home of John Fiske, who resided in Cambridge from his first coming to

college until his death. After 1877, however, Mr. Fiske lived at 22 Berkeley Street, and there wrote most of the philosophical and historical works which made him, in his chosen field, the most popular author of his generation. A new and larger house at the corner of Brattle and Ash Streets, now occupied by his widow, holds a pathetic interest for all who cherish his memory. It was built by the historian in 1901, in order, as he told his friends, to realize "the library of his dreams," but the splendid apartment in which these dreams took form must ever lack a master, his sudden death having occurred as he was preparing to move into it.

When Fiske occupied the Dana house he had William Dean Howells for neighbor across the way. Howells' coming to Cambridge in 1866 was practically coincident with the beginning of his long connection with the "Atlantic Monthly," first as assistant to James T. Fields and then as editor, which post he resigned in 1881, to be followed by Aldrich. Dwelling first in a small house he purchased on Sacramento Street near the corner of Oxford, then in Berkeley Street, and finally at 37 Concord Avenue, the years which he passed in Cambridge were among the most fruitful of a fruitful career, for they gave to the world "A Chance Acquaint-

ance," "Their Wedding Journey," "A Foregone Conclusion," "A Counterfeit Presentiment," and the studies of Cambridge life entitled "Suburban Sketches."

It is not, however, in these delightful papers but in one of his later books that Howells refers to James Russell Lowell as the most devoted Cantabrigian of his time. Longfellow and Lowell are the names that spring first into one's thoughts when mention is made of Cambridge, and the rambles which began at Craigie House may well end at Elmwood, where the younger poet was born, lived and died. A square three-storied structure facing Brattle Street, perhaps a third of a mile beyond Craigie House, Elmwood boasts a history running well back into the colonial period. It was built about 1760 by Thomas Oliver, the last royal lieutenant-governor of the province of Massachusetts. Oliver was forced to resign his office in the stirring days of 1774, and two years later, when the Revolution broke, fled to England, while his Cambridge mansion, after serving as a hospital for the wounded from Bunker Hill, passed with the return of peace to the ownership of Elbridge Gerry, who occupied it for a quarter of a century as his country seat.

Following Gerry's death his widow sold it to the

Reverend Charles Lowell, long pastor of the West Church in Boston, and there on Washington's birthday, 1819, his son, James Russell Lowell, entered life. The younger Lowell passed his boyhood and college days at Elmwood, and he returned to it, after a brief and briefless excursion into the law, to enter upon the lettered career that always had been nearest his heart. His first volume of poems was published in 1841, and in 1845 appeared his first prose work. Between these years came his courtship of the gifted and beautiful Maria White, and a union which knew no shadow until broken in 1853 by the death of the wife. Within this happy period fell the publication of "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "A Fable for Critics," and the first series of the "Biglow Papers," which proved their author a satirist of the first class, and a fiery and unflinching foe of slavery.

The death of Mrs. Lowell, which brought to the husband the first great sorrow of his life, also marked the close of the first period of his career. The second opened in 1855 when he accepted the Harvard professorship, succeeding Longfellow, which he retained for twenty years and which made him, perhaps, the most memorable figure in the minds of several generations

of Harvard students. During this period also Lowell married again, served as the first editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," published "My Study Windows" and "Among my Books," and in a second series of the "Biglow Papers" revealed the patriot whose reverent love of country was to find noblest expression in the Harvard Commemoration, Concord and Cambridge odes. Finally, in 1877, came his appointment as minister to Spain and the eight years of diplomatic service there and in England, from which he returned an aging man to end his days in the land of his birth.

The growth of Cambridge from village to town and from town to city has robbed Elmwood of a goodly part of the ample grounds and the abundant growth of trees which made it in the poet's youth a genuine country place. The house itself, however, has undergone small outward change, and entering the great hall which runs straight through its middle the visitor easily recalls the interior as it appeared in Lowell's time. Great wainscoted rooms open from the hall on either hand, and a broad staircase with twisted banisters leads to the second story, where are the chamber in which the poet was born and the "attic high beneath the roof" which he occupied as a study during the lifetime of his

father. In this room, looking off over the sweep of the Charles and the lines of the horizon hills, most of Lowell's earlier work was done, and one finds frequent and loving reference to it in his letters. "Here I am in my garret," he wrote in 1848 to his friend Charles F. Briggs. "I slept here when I was a curly-headed boy, and used to see visions between me and the ceiling, and dream the so often recurring dream of having the earth put into my hand like an orange. In it I used to be shut up without a lamp — my mother saying that none of her children should be afraid of the dark — to hide my head under the pillows and then not be able to shut out the shapeless monsters that thronged about me, minted in my brain. It is a pleasant room, facing, from the position of the house, about equally toward the morning and the afternoon. In winter I can see the sunset, in summer I can see it only as it lights up the tall trunks of the English elms in front of the house, making them sometimes, when the sky behind them is lead colored, seem of the most brilliant yellow. In winter my view is a wide one, taking in a part of Boston. I can see one long curve of the Charles, and the wide fields between me and Cambridge, and the flat marshes beyond the river, smooth and silent with glittering snow. As the

spring advances, and one after another of our trees put forth, the landscape is cut off from me piece by piece, till the end of May I am closeted in a cool and rustling privacy of leaves. Then I begin to bud with the season. Towards the close of winter I become wearied of closed windows and fires. I feel dammed up, and yet there is not flow enough in me to gather any head of water. When I can sit at my open windows and my friendly leaves hold their hands before my eyes to prevent their wandering to the landscape, I can sit down and write."

In this room, with its books, its table with papers and letters in confusion, and its choice collection of pipes, Lowell for many years worked and studied and welcomed his friends, but after the death of his father the libraries were brought together in two connected rooms on the lower floor. The room thereafter used by the poet as a study, with deep paneled recesses on either side of ample fireplaces, had windows overlooking green levels among the trees on the lawn; and to the rear of this room, or rather of its chimney, for there was no partition, was another whose windows showed the grove and shrubbery at the back toward the hill. The prevailing tone of these rooms was somber, but the furniture was antique, solid and richly carved, and books

were everywhere, thousands of volumes gathered by one who loved literature for its own sake, and holding the best works of man in many languages. An English friend and visitor, Leslie Stephen, has sketched for us a delightful picture of Lowell among his books in the busy middle years of his career. "All around us," he writes, "were the crowded book shelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman, their ragged bindings, and thumbed pages scored with frequent pencil marks, implying that they were a student's tools, not mere ornamental playthings. He would sit among his books, pipe in mouth, a book in hand, hour after hour. Or he would look from his 'study windows' and dwell lovingly on the beauties of the American elm, or the gambols of the gray squirrel on his lawn. To see Lowell in his home and the home of his father was to realize more distinctly what is indeed plain enough in all his books, how deeply he had struck his roots into his native earth. Cosmopolitan as he was in knowledge, with the literature not only of England but of France and England at his fingers' ends, the genuine Yankee, the Hosea Biglow, was never far below the surface. No stay-at-home Englishman of an older generation, buried in some country corner, in an

ancestral mansion, and steeped to the lips in old-world creeds, could have been more racy of the soil."

Lowell's last days were quiet and uneventful, but they were also lonely ones, for his second wife had died in England, and many of the friends and comrades of earlier years had likewise passed from life. His winters at first were spent in England, and his summers at his daughter's home in Southboro; but ere long, with his daughter and her children, he renewed his life at Elmwood, which during his absence had been for a time the home of another poet — Thomas Bailey Aldrich. "I feel," he wrote, soon after his return to Elmwood, "as if Charon had ferried me the wrong way, and yet it is into a world of ghosts that he has brought me." Elmwood, however, remained as of old the place which he loved best on earth. "I have but one home," he declared to a friend who wished him to settle in Washington, "and that is the house where I was born, and where, if it shall please God, I hope to die; I shouldn't be happy anywhere else." There, as the shadows deepened about him, he found, in the cherished companionship of his books and of the friends who remained to him, a happiness none the less serene because touched with sadness, and there, as he wished, the inevitable

end came to him, his death occurring in August, 1891, after an illness of a year.

The grounds of Elmwood run nearly to the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery, and there its master now lies among his kindred. Lowell's grave, marked by a simple slab of slate, is at the foot of a ridge upon the brow of which Longfellow sleeps beneath a monument of brownstone. Close at hand Willis and Holmes take their rest, the latter in the same grave with his wife, and about and beyond are the graves of Charles Sumner and Rufus Choate, of William Ellery Channing and Phillips Brooks, of Edward Everett and Joseph Story, of Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Booth, and of Louis Agassiz, whose resting-place is fitly marked by a group of pine trees from his native Switzerland, and by a boulder from the glacier of Aar, with unchiseled surface now overgrown with the lichens he loved.

Chapter VI

A Day of Literary Beginnings

The growth which has transformed old Cambridge from a village to a city suburb has also swept away nearly all visible tokens of the Boston of an earlier time. The man born and reared therein, returning after long absence, finds it so changed that for him the town he knew in his youth has become a thing of dreams. The modern city not only adds to itself, but incessantly rends itself in pieces, and the work of leveling and rearing anew goes on without ceasing in all parts of the town. The Boston of fifty, nay thirty years ago, although no mean city, survives only in the course of its public streets and in a few public buildings and churches. And yet, for the literary pilgrim, old Boston still lives and has a being — a city charged with romance and suggestion, and with paves echoing the footfalls of bookmen whose memory the world will not let die. There is no corner in the older quarters of the town but is storied ground to every lover of the past.

Boston's earliest literary landmarks, if one puts aside

the preachers and pamphleteers of the colonial period, have to do with the men whose oratory, in pulpit and forum, was a potent and uplifting force in the first half of the last century. One finds at the north corner of Federal and Channing Streets the site of the church where, in 1803, William Ellery Channing began the long pastorate which made him the leader of the Unitarians, if not the founder of that sect. Yet it is not as the foremost figure in a great theological controversy, but by reason of the moral and spiritual influence, which the rare quality of his oratory made a lifting and ennobling force, that Channing holds a secure place in our history. "From the high old-fashioned pulpit," writes one who had often felt the spell of his spoken word, "his face beamed down, it may be said, like the face of an angel, and his voice floated down like a voice from higher spheres. It was a voice of rare power and attraction, clear, flowing and melodious, slightly plaintive, so as curiously to catch and win upon the hearer's sympathy. Its melody and pathos in the reading of a hymn was alone a charm that might bring men to the listening like the attraction of sweet music. Often, too, when the signs of physical frailty were apparent, it might be said that his speech was watched and waited

for with that sort of hush as if one was waiting to catch his last earthly words." Channing's first Boston home was in the thoroughfare which now bears his name, but which was then called Berry Street. Afterward he lived for many years in the house numbered 83 Mt. Vernon Street, and thence on an October day in 1842 he was borne to his rest in Mount Auburn Cemetery.

When Channing was still known as Berry Street, there stood at its intersection with Sister Street a modest wooden building styled the Berry Street Academy. History has not preserved the names of those who sought knowledge in this humble seat of learning, long since replaced by a business structure, but its master was the father of John Howard Payne. Though born in New York the younger Payne passed a part of his boyhood in Boston, and here as the leader of an amateur company composed of his boy companions began the career as an actor which later carried him to many lands. Thrown into an English jail for debt, he opened his prison door with a successful piece of play-making. Then he sent some plays in manuscript to Charles Kemble. One of these was "Clari, the Maid of Milan," now remembered only through the song for which it was the original setting, — "Home, Sweet Home."

That plaintive ballad, wedded to the melody the loitering actor had first from the lips of an Italian peasant girl, melted the heart of London and of the world, and with its one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin rendered Payne's name immortal. Its author, however, never again wrote or did anything memorable. He returned to America, and in 1843 he was appointed consul at Tunis, where in 1852, "an exile from home," he died. Thirty years later his remains were brought back to his native land, and laid finally in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington.

The Boston in which Channing began his labors and in whose streets Payne romped with his boy comrades contained less than twenty thousand inhabitants. Its shaded streets were lined with homes set in spacious grounds, — "garden-houses" such as lingered in London as late as Milton's time, — and cows grazed where now the dwellings of a dense population crowd one another for room. Yet the Boston of a century ago was a pleasant place to live in, and it counted among its citizens a number of men of unusual pith and vigor. One of these was Josiah Quincy, then in the morning of a career as orator, legislator and man of affairs which was to make him leader of the Federalists in the

popular branch of Congress, mayor of Boston and one of the greatest of the presidents of Harvard. Quincy was born in the part of Washington Street then known as Marlborough Street, not far from the present Ordway Place and from the Old Province House celebrated by Hawthorne. The home of his early manhood, however, was in Pearl Street, on the slope of one of the three hills which gave to Boston its second title of Trimountain, and there, in a roomy house shaded by giant elm trees, he often gave welcome to Joseph Dennie, friend and comrade of his college days.

Dennie's name and labors have not escaped the oblivion which is so swift to swallow up American reputations, but time was when he was the most popular of New World authors. Born in 1768, he first attained eminence by a series of essays in the manner of Addison, which he published under the title of the "Lay Preacher," the hold on popular favor thus secured being confirmed by his contributions to a literary periodical called the "Portfolio," which he established in Philadelphia, and conducted from 1800 until his death at the early age of forty-four. A man of abounding wit and quick at repartee, Dennie was also an exquisite in dress, if we are to believe the gossipy Buck-

ingham, who met him during one of his visits to his old college friend. He was garbed, writes Buckingham, "in a pea-green coat, white vest, nankeen small clothes, white silk stockings and shoes fastened with silver buckles, which covered half the foot from the instep to the toe," while his hair, well loaded with pomatum in front, was augmented behind by "a large queue, which, enrolled in some yards of black ribband, reached half way down his back." A singular and uncommon figure, but one drawn without malice, for Buckingham hastens to add that among his familiars Dennie was ever and always a delightful and fascinating companion.

The home of Quincy for a dozen years after he retired from the presidency of Harvard was in Beacon Hill Place, at the corner of Bowdoin Street and on the precise spot where once stood "the beacon and loud babbling guns" described by Josselyn; but this he exchanged, in 1857, for the house numbered 4 Park Street, facing the Common and the sunset, which he occupied during the rest of his life. This dwelling is yet standing, and has been for many years the home of the "Atlantic Monthly" and of the most eminent and honored of Boston publishing houses, thus retain-

ing, though in a less intimate and more practical way, its early association with thought and letters.

Quincy was first elected to Congress in 1804 and the same year Daniel Webster, then a tall, serious-faced stripling of twenty-two, came to Boston to study law in the office of Christopher Gore, teaching the while in the school conducted by his brother in Kingston Street. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, and began the practice of law first at Boscawen and later in Portsmouth, but in 1816 he returned to Boston, of which for upward of thirty years he was easily the foremost citizen, made so by his massive and imposing gifts of mind and body, and a capacity for persuading and eloquent argument unrivaled since the time of Edmund Burke. Though Boston cherishes the memory of the man upon whom it bestowed so many honors, the years have spared few visible reminders of his career, and one searches in vain for Webster's first Boston home in what is now Mt. Vernon Street. He dwelt afterward at 37 Somerset Street, and also at the corner of High and Summer Streets, then the most beautiful residential section of the city; but the court house of Suffolk county now covers the site of the Somerset Street house, while that of the one in Summer Street,

where, in 1825, welcome was given to Lafayette, is occupied by an iron front business structure.

The year before Webster returned to Boston to become in brief space the leader of its bar, Edward Everett was chosen professor of Greek in Harvard, and went abroad to fit himself for his new duties. Though then only twenty-one years of age, Everett had already served for a time as pastor of the famous Brattle Street Church, succeeding the eloquent Buckminster, and in other ways had given promise of the brilliant and many-sided career that lay before him. A twelvemonth after his return from Europe, in 1819, he became editor of the "North American Review," the most influential and widely read periodical of that time, and in 1825 he began ten years of service in the popular branch of Congress. After that he was repeatedly chosen governor of Massachusetts, and for four years following 1841 he represented his country at the court of St. James. He returned from England to become president of Harvard, and in 1852 succeeded Webster as secretary of state, a little later rounding out his public career with a brief period of service in the federal Senate.

Everett for half a life-time ranked after Webster as

the greatest of New England orators. But unlike that of Webster, Everett's eloquence, though consummate of its kind, smelt always of the lamp. His speeches delighted but rarely moved his auditors, and in printed form, despite the patient art revealed in their polished sentences, they find an ever narrowing circle of readers. Everett was born in a house which stood until a few years ago in the section of Dorchester known of old as Five Corners but now as Edward Everett Square; and during his youth and early manhood he lived with his widowed mother in Washington Street, near to but across the way from the head of Essex Street. His home, for many years before his death in 1865, was a stately dwelling which stood until a recent period in Summer Street nearly opposite Chauncy Street.

Another orator whom Bostonians delighted to honor in the first half of the last century was Rufus Choate, styled by Winthrop "the most eloquent of our jurists, and the greatest jurist of our orators." Born in 1799 and admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-five, Choate practiced for ten years in Danvers and Salem, during which time he served a term in Congress as member from the Essex district, but in 1834 he removed to Boston, where he made his home during the quarter

century of life that remained to him. When Webster retired from the Senate in 1841 to become secretary of state under Harrison, Choate was elected to the vacant seat, which he filled for four years. He never again, however, held federal office, and his last years were wholly devoted to the practice of his profession. Thus the memory of him that endures is that of the greatest forensic orato of his time. Nature had endowed him with a voice indescribably sweet and musical, a sparkling wit and lively fancy, and a brilliant and powerful intellect which he developed by exact and laborious study continued to his latest hour. No man could play more deftly on all the varied chords of human nature, and no man knew better how to win a reluctant or stubborn jury to his cause. There were, indeed, but two forces which he feared in the court-room — Webster as opposing counsel and a woman witness hostile to his client. "Never cross-examine a woman," said he to a younger lawyer a short time before his death. "It is of no use. They cannot disintegrate the story they have once told; they cannot eliminate the part that is for you from that which is against you. They can neither combine, nor shade, nor qualify. They go for the whole thing, and the moment

you begin to cross-examine one of them, instead of being bitten by a single rattlesnake, you are bitten by a whole barrelful. I never, except in a case absolutely desperate, dared to cross-examine a woman."

Choate long had his office at 4 Court Street, in a granite structure which formerly occupied the site of the present Sears building, and which numbered Horace Mann among its other tenants. His home for many years was a house in Winthrop Place, whose site is now covered by a more modern building. Books crowded the walls of its every room, and the real world of the great lawyer was the one they made for him. "His realizing imagination," writes a friend, "instantly nullified the hard conditions of time; and often, while he was striding around Boston Common in the age of Buchanan, he was really making himself a contemporary of the age of Pericles — attending, perhaps, the performance of a tragedy of Sophocles or a comedy of Aristophanes, or chaffing with Socrates in some Athenian mechanic's shop. If I ever crossed him in his walks, and saw the weird eyes gazing into distant time and space, I made it a point of honor not to interrupt his meditations, but to pass on with a simple bow of recognition. Why should I, for the sake of five minutes'

delightful conversation, interrupt this hard-worked man of genius in his glorious communion with the great of old? The temptation was strong, but I always overcame it. When he was in Boston, I ventured to accost him; when he was in Athens, I very properly considered he was in much better company than any which Boston could afford; and, as an humble denizen of the place, I thought it judicious not to intrude myself into a select circle of immortals to which I was not invited."

There were few men whose society Choate preferred to that of the silent comrades of his library. One of these was Francis Lieber, by whose settlement in Boston in 1827 a profound scholar and a most substantial public counselor was lost to Europe and gained by America. Born in Berlin in 1800, the youth of Lieber was passed in the turmoil that followed Napoleon's onslaught on Prussia, and he imbibed as a child the intense hatred of tyranny and despotism, and the passionate faith in personal and political liberty which were ever afterward the mainsprings of his life. Waterloo was followed by a period of political reaction in Germany and Lieber, who sang and talked too much of freedom, was imprisoned, forbidden to study in the universities, and finally compelled to flee his native

land. During the next ten years he was a wandering refugee in Greece, in Rome and in London, whence at the age of twenty-seven he sailed for America. He was for a time a teacher of gymnastics in Boston, but soon proposed and found a publisher for the "Encyclopedia Americana," which he edited, largely wrote, and carried to a success which long made it the most authoritative American work of reference. This task ended, another opportunity opened to him in his election to the chair of political history and economics in the South Carolina State College at Columbia, a position which he filled for twenty years, and which gave him, though regarded by him as an intellectual exile, leisure and opportunity to write the great books dealing with political subjects which brought him enduring fame.

One of Lieber's colaborers on the "Encyclopedia Americana" was George Ticknor, then and for many years thereafter a distinguished figure in the world of thought and letters. The only child of a well-to-do father, Ticknor was one of those fortunate men who do not need to turn their attention to other than congenial tasks. Born in Boston in 1791, he studied for and was duly admitted to the bar, but abandoned practice at the end of a year for the pursuit of letters. The

four years following 1815 he devoted to European study and travel, and while yet abroad was called to the newly created chair of French and Spanish languages at Harvard. He retired from this post in 1835, and in 1840, after a second sojourn in Europe, began the history of Spanish literature for which he had been making ready from early manhood. The first edition of this scholarly three-volumed book, written, as Hawthorne puts it, "not for bread, nor with an uneasy desire of fame, but only with a purpose to achieve something true and enduring," was published in 1849, but its revision, amendment and elaboration occupied the author until the close of his life. A less known though not less useful task of his last years was the active part he played in founding the Boston Public Library, to which he bequeathed his rich collection of Spanish and Portuguese books. Ticknor's birthplace was an elm-shaded house in Essex Street which long ago gave way to a business block. His home from 1830 until his death in 1871 was a house which yet stands at 9 Park Street, facing the Common, but only as a remnant of the stately mansion of an earlier time.

The most important of Ticknor's minor literary productions was his life of William H. Prescott, written in

his old age. The two men were friends and intellectual comrades from boyhood, and the younger thus found in the elder a sympathetic as well as competent biographer. It was meet that this should be so, for the story of Prescott's life is one of the most heroic in our literature. Fortunately born and bred, he was in his junior year at Harvard when he lost the use of the left eye and the free use of his right eye, from a blow inflicted by a piece of bread thrown at hazard in a students' frolic. This handicap, however, did not swerve him from a resolution to pursue a literary career, and, though much of his research and composition had to be done by secretaries, his "Ferdinand and Isabella," published in 1837, when its author was forty-one years of age, won him instant recognition as a brilliant and scholarly historian. And the success thus achieved was splendidly confirmed by his "Conquest of Mexico," his "Conquest of Peru" and his "Philip II," the last named published in 1858, a year before his death.

Prescott's home during the most fruitful period of his career was in Bedford Street, not far from Chauncy, in what is now a wholesale business section. There his literary work began, and there fame found him. There, too, were first displayed the crossed swords,

borne by the grandfathers of the historian and his wife on either side at Bunker Hill, to which Thackeray makes gracious allusion in the opening lines of "The Virginians." Prescott lived during his last years at 55 Beacon Street — a double swell front house of brick, with pillared porch, in whose outward appearance time has wrought little change. His tomb is beneath St. Paul's Church in Tremont Street.

There was but one playhouse in the Boston of a century ago. This was a modest brick structure, which, erected in 1794, stood for nearly sixty years at the northeast corner of Franklin and Federal Streets. There Kean and Macready performed for the first time in Boston, and there Susanna Rowson proved her quality as an actress before she left the stage to become an author and to set the maids of her time aweeping with the sorrows of "Charlotte Temple." John Howard Payne also acted at the Boston Theatre, and at the close of his engagement, so runs the quaint announcement in "The Columbian Centinel" of April 19, 1809, "consented to play one night longer" for the benefit of a needy fellow player, whereby hangs a tale which gives the vanished playhouse an abiding place in our literary annals. Three years before David Poe, a

handsome, dashing young fellow, sprung from an excellent Baltimore family, had run away from home, and had married, against the wishes of his people, an actress of bewitching face and figure, Elizabeth Arnold by name. The husband adopted his wife's calling, and, drifting from city to city, they in due time secured an engagement in Boston. It was while the Poes were playing that engagement that on February 19, 1809, a baby boy was born to the twain who was called Edgar, and it was for the mother's benefit that three months afterward Master Payne generously consented to lengthen his engagement by a single night.

The Poes soon slipped away from Boston for engagements in other cities, and in Richmond less than three years later the life of the mother came to an end. The father had already quitted the scene, and the boy Edgar was adopted by the childless wife of a wealthy Richmond merchant named Allan. Poe's biographers tell with varying detail the story of the next sixteen years, but all of them agree that in 1827 the youthful poet, having quarreled with his foster father, set forth from Richmond to seek his fortunes in the world, only to speedily find himself in poverty in Boston. He saw fit for the time being to assume another name, and it

was as Edgar A. Perry that, soon after his arrival in Boston, he induced Calvin Thomas, an obscure printer with a shop at what was then 70 Washington Street, to publish for him a little volume to which he gave the title, "Tamerlane, and Other Poems, by a Bostonian." One of the three known existing copies of this book has sold in recent years for more money than was ever earned by its author in any twelve month of his career.

It brought Poe at the moment, however, nothing but disappointment, and in the summer of the following year as a private in the United States army, in which he had enlisted the while under his assumed name, he took a second leave of his native city. He never returned to dwell there, and he seldom referred to Boston in later years save with the bitterness of hate. Yet he often visited it after he had won fame as a poet and story-teller, coming for the last time in May, 1849, a few months before his death in Baltimore under circumstances which patient inquiry has never cleared of contradiction and mystery.

The same year in which Poe's "Tamerlane" found its way into print the first collected edition of the poems of the elder Richard Henry Dana issued from a Boston press. Dana, however, was then more than twice the

age of his fellow poet. Sprung from a race of lawyers, he first studied law, and in 1811, at the age of twenty-four, was admitted to the bar; but he followed his profession for a few years only, and before 1818 quitted it for a connection with literature which began with critical contributions to the "North American Review." He worked for three years for the "Review," and then established the "Idle Man," a work in the style of Irving's "Sketch Book," though of added vigor of thought and strength of style. Bryant and Allston contributed to the "Idle Man," but for one reason or another it found few readers and fewer purchasers. Warned by his publisher that he was running himself into debt, the author abandoned it when seven numbers had been published, and with it the sustained use of his pen for print, limiting himself thereafter to the occasional writing of critical papers.

Dana's best work for the "Idle Man," along with the "Buccaneer" and other poems, was collected in a thin volume, published, as already stated, in 1827, and six years later reissued with additions. The last collection of his works, which included some reviews, was made in 1850, in two volumes, and has been long out of print. The author, indeed, was almost forgotten

full a quarter of a century before he died in 1879, at the ripe age of ninety-one. Yet both pleasure and profit are to be had from the earnest, honest and meaty pages of this pioneer of our literature. His prose is in the vein and manner of the best English essayists of the eighteenth century, and if in his verse he too often moves like one who is shackled by his measures he has always something to say and his own way of saying it. Dana, moreover, was one of the first in America to recognize and proclaim the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Bryant, — this in the face of the angry dissent of men who were wedded to an earlier and more artificial school, — and it is due in no small part to his labors as an evangel that the poetic gospel which they preached has become the common property of a later generation. It is not as poet or critic but as the prophet of a new day that he will be held longest in memory. The home of the author of the "Buccaneer" from 1834 until his death was at 43 Chestnut Street.

Dana while still a student of the law was one of a dozen young men who made up the Anthology Club, organized in 1805 for the pursuit and advancement of letters. These aims were accomplished by frequent meetings of the members and by the conduct of a

periodical called the "Monthly Anthology," whose six octavo volumes, to quote Quincy, constitute "one of the most lasting and honorable monuments of the taste and literature of the period." Though the historian of a later time, fresh from a reading of their pages, may question this verdict, the fact remains that the "Monthly Anthology" served a worthy purpose in a day of literary beginnings and that men of unusual talent were numbered among its contributors. One of these was William Tudor, who founded the "North American Review" and wrote the greater part of its first four volumes; and another was the Reverend William Emerson, who in 1799, when he was thirty years of age, had been called to the pastorate of the First Church in Boston.

The parsonage of the First Church, a century ago, was a gambrel-roofed wooden building, set in a garden and orchard, which faced what is now Summer Street, nearly opposite the head of Hawley Street, and in this house, on a May day in 1803, Ralph Waldo, the second of William Emerson's five sons, was born. The Summer Street region, as we know, has long been given over to trade, but in the childhood of the younger Emerson it was still "a boy's paradise, and echoed

every holiday afternoon and mid-day recess with 'Coram' and 'Hy-Spy'; having just the right admixture of open ground, fences and thoroughfares, with intricacies and lurking-places of sheds and wood-houses, and here and there a deserted barn, with open doors and a remnant of hay untouched. There was even a pond, where a beginner might try his first skates; and the salt water close by, with wharves, where he might catch flounders and tom-cod." But the boy Emerson knew none of these things after his twelfth year. The father died in 1811, and a little later the widowed mother removed to a house in Beacon Street, whose site adjoined that of the present Athenæum Building. This home, like the earlier one, set back from the street, and in the yard was room enough for a cow, which Dr. Ripley sent down from Concord, and which Emerson and his brother Charles daily drove round the Common to a pasture in Carver Street.

Boston preserves few visible reminders of Emerson's later years. Franklin Park in the Roxbury district covers the site of the farm-house in which he lived with his mother and brothers after leaving Harvard; and a business structure long ago replaced the Second Church at the corner of Hanover and Richmond Streets,

of which he was pastor from 1829 to 1832, and whose descendant is an ivy-clad church on Copley Square. Time has also taken the house in Chardon Street to which in the autumn of 1829 he brought his bride. A year after he retired from the pulpit of the Second Church he made his first trip to Europe. When he returned to America it was to enter upon his long residence at Concord, and thereafter Boston knew him only as an occasional sojourner within its gates.

The visitor to the site of the Second Church in Hanover Street finds himself within a kite-string's distance of Garden Court Street, where until 1834 stood the birthplace and home of Thomas Hutchinson, the last royal governor of Massachusetts. This section of the city is now given over to Boston's Italian colony, but time was when it was the court end of the town, and boasted a score of stately mansions. Among these none was more stately than the Hutchinson house, built in 1710 and set in ample grounds. The history of house and master, however, was a troubled one. Hutchinson, a man of learning and ability, served his native colony as member of the council and as chief justice of the supreme court, but his course as governor during the stormy years which preceded the Revolution

proved him a staunch supporter of the royalist cause, and also won for him the lasting ill-will of his fellows. An anti-Stamp act mob attacked and sacked his mansion on the night of August 26, 1765, and he and his family only escaped its vengeance by finding refuge in the house of a neighbor. On the eve of the final breach between crown and colonies Hutchinson departed for England, never to return. His property was soon after confiscated by the patriots, and, though the British government gave him a pension and reimbursed him for his pecuniary losses, he died before the war's end, tradition has it, of a broken heart.

It was in the mansion in Garden Court Street that Hutchinson wrote the "History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay" which entitles him to a place in these pages. The first volume was published in 1764; and when the house was pillaged in the following year the manuscript of the second volume lay in the library almost ready for the press. The mob threw it into the street, where, with other precious books and papers, it was "left lying for several hours in a soaking rain"; but by rare good fortune all but a few sheets were collected and saved by the Reverend Andrew Eliot, who lived near by in Hanover Street, and later the

author was enabled to transcribe the whole and publish it. Thus was posterity spared a grievous loss, for Hutchinson's volumes, the third and last of which was not published until nearly fifty years after his death, are easily, both in form and substance, the most engaging historical work by a native hand that has come down to us from the colonial period. One reads and returns to them with ever deepening regret that fate should have placed so able a man on the wrong side of a great cause.

When Emerson preached his first sermons in the Second Church, Amos Bronson Alcott, his close friend in after years, was master of a boy's school in Salem Street in the same quarter of the town. After settling in Concord, Emerson delivered courses of lectures in Boston during several successive winters. Many of these lectures were given in the Masonic Temple, which stands as of old at the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place, though long since reconstructed for business purposes; and it was in the same building that in 1834 Alcott set afoot the school which gave him immediate and unique fame as an educator. Alcott's system as a teacher was to appeal to the pupil's conceptions, calling his powers into exercise instead of

making him a mere passive recipient of knowledge; and in this respect he was a pioneer in a field now filled by an army of successful instructors. The product of the Masonic Temple school, however, which attracted most attention at the time was a book edited by Alcott and entitled "Conversations with Children on the Gospels." This little volume made it evident that the author had wandered far from the accepted religious ideas of the period. It also made Alcott the best abused man of the hour, and, with the admission of a colored child as a pupil, led to the downfall of the school.

Alcott next came into notice as the founder of Fruitlands, a little settlement near Concord established to carry out his ideas of social reform. But Fruitlands, as has been told in another place, speedily collapsed, and, following a brief residence in Concord, the Alcotts returned to Boston, where the wife opened an intelligence office, while the husband began the "Conversations" which, if barren of pecuniary results, furnished a welcome means of escape from sordid cares into the speculative regions which he loved. They lived at this time at 20 Pinckney Street, and the diary of Louisa May Alcott lifts the curtain on more than one touching

incident in the history of a home the idealism of whose master rarely mated with common sense.

It was the winter of 1851, and Alcott was returning from the West where he had gone to try his luck. "A dramatic scene," writes his daughter, "when he arrived in the night. We were waked by hearing the bell. Mother flew down, crying 'My husband!' We rushed after, and five white figures embraced the half-frozen wanderer who came in hungry, tired, cold and disappointed, but smiling bravely and as serene as ever. We fed and warmed and brooded over him, longing to ask if he had made any money, but not one did until little May said, after he had told all the pleasant things, 'Well, did people pay you?' Then with a queer look he opened his pocketbook and showed one dollar, saying with a smile that made our eyes fill, 'Only that! My overcoat was stolen, and I had to buy a shawl. Many promises were not kept, and traveling is costly, but I have opened the way, and another year shall do better.' I shall never forget how beautifully mother answered him, though the dear, hopeful soul had built much on his success; but with a beaming face she kissed him, saying, 'I call that doing *very well*. Since you are safely home, dear, we don't ask anything more.'

Anna and I choked down our tears and took a little lesson in real love which we never forgot."

It is needless to repeat the familiar story of how the Alcotts a little later again left Boston for Concord, or of how, through the labors of Louisa May Alcott, they were finally freed from the pinch of poverty. Alcott, surviving his wife by nearly a dozen years, passed his last days in Boston in the home which his devoted daughter made for him at 10 Louisburg Square, and there he died in 1888 at the age of eighty-eight. Louisa May Alcott's own death, as we know, occurred on the day of her father's funeral.

Alcott first appeared in Boston in 1828; and in the same year Whittier came to the city from his father's farm to assume the editorship of "The American Manufacturer," a political journal devoted to the fortunes of Henry Clay, which post had been procured for him by his friend Garrison. The publisher of the "Manufacturer" was William Collier, a Baptist preacher turned printer, and Whittier, "a shy, timid recluse," as he wrote in after years, "afraid of a shadow, especially the shadow of a woman," became a member of his employer's household at 30 Federal Street. The verse which he wrote for the "Manufacturer"

was widely copied and gave him a constantly increasing reputation as a poet, but the effort which cost him the most thought and labor never found its way into print. Collier also published a monthly magazine, the "Baptist Preacher," and it was his wont to travel through the State soliciting subscribers for it, while his son remained in charge of the office. Each number of the magazine contained a sermon by some eminent Baptist divine; but on one occasion, when the old clergyman was away, — I repeat the story as Pickard tells it, — no sermon was left for copy, and, the "Preacher's" day of publication drawing perilously near, the younger Collier proposed to Whittier to write a sermon in place of the one that had failed to arrive. Whereupon Whittier, "confident that he could do anything, from the writing of a sermon to the conducting of a political campaign, readily undertook, with young Collier's assistance, to fill the space set apart for the great divines of that day. What he had written — it was a serious essay and no burlesque — was partly in type when the elder Collier returned, and a discourse under which a congregation had actually slept took the place of the young poet's first and only sermon."

Whittier's editorship of the "Manufacturer" ended in August, 1829, when he was called back to Haverhill by the failing health of his father and the necessity of caring for the farm. He never again resided in Boston, but in many of its homes he was ever a welcome and honored guest. During his last years there were two homes, in one of which he was sure to be found if by any Boston hearth. One was the home of Mrs. James T. Fields in Charles Street, and the other that of Mrs. William Claflin in Mount Vernon Street. Lydia Maria Child was for many years one of Whittier's most intimate personal friends, their friendship, begun in the earliest days of the anti-slavery struggle, lasting until the end of their lives. It was Mrs. Child's custom in old age to leave her cottage at Wayland every winter and spend a few months in Boston. Whenever Whittier also chanced to be in the city he hastened to seek her out, and their meetings were always rare feasts of the soul, not to be forgotten by those whose fortune it was to witness them. "It was good to see Mrs. Child," his hostess remarked to Whittier after one of these interviews. "Yes," said the poet, a look of mingled humor and tenderness stealing into his face, "Liddy's bunnets aren't always in the fashion," — as a matter

of fact they were ever hopelessly out of it, — "but we don't like her any the worse for that."

Another poet friend of Mrs. Child's early womanhood, if not of her old age, was Nathaniel Parker Willis, who, a few months before Whittier retired from the editorship of the "Manufacturer," established in Boston a short-lived magazine which he called the "American Monthly." Born in Portland, in 1807, Willis passed his later boyhood in Boston, where his pious Presbyterian father founded two religious periodicals, the "Recorder" and the "Youth's Companion," both of which still flourish, the latter to the delight of myriads of young folk happily ignorant of its rigidly orthodox paternity. Willis while still in his early teens contributed verse to his father's "Recorder" which brought him a budding reputation. When sent to Yale to receive a collegiate training under the Calvinistic influences so dear to the heart of the elder Willis he found time, in the intervals of studies never too engrossing, to write other poems dealing with scriptural subjects which, by reason of their picturesque and mellifluous qualities, were speedily copied into half of the prominent journals of the land. And so it was that when graduated from Yale in 1827 he drifted naturally and

easily into the career of mingled journalism and letters which ended only with his death.

Contributions to the "Recorder" followed Willis's return to Boston; then he wrote for and helped to edit some of the showy Annuals so popular in an earlier time and now so completely forgotten; and in 1829, as has been noted, put his fortunes to the test in the "American Monthly." There was much good reading in the newcomer: Richard Hildreth, Park Benjamin and George Lunt contributed to it, and in its pages Willis himself developed the easy, nimble, half flippant and wholly enjoyable prose style that ever after distinguished him. But its editor, gifted with physical beauty and grace, aspired also to be a dandy and man of the town, and with such success that Holmes could long afterward recall him as being in early manhood "something between a remembrance of Count d'Orsay and an anticipation of Oscar Wilde." The tastes of a social exquisite, alas, were coupled in his case with a scanty and uncertain income; and this ill-advised union bore the usual fruit. The "American Monthly," started without capital or experience, went down in August, 1831, under a load of debt, and its jaunty editor betook himself to New York to write a new and happier chapter in his history.

Willis while a resident of Boston lived with his parents at 31 Atkinson Street, now a part of Congress. The house is gone, and but one surviving landmark of older Boston has direct association with him. To King's Chapel, at the corner of Tremont and School Streets, they brought him dead on a clouded afternoon in the winter of 1867; and there, before the waiting grave in Mount Auburn received him, those who had loved the living man for his kindly and generous nature paid tender and sorrowing tribute to his memory. "It is comfortable," said Thackeray, "that there should have been a Willis."

Chapter VII

The Autocrat and His Comrades

Channing was nearing the end of his great career; Emerson had been six years settled in Concord, and Hawthorne had lately issued from his long hermitage at Salem, when in 1840 Oliver Wendell Holmes, following a short professorship at Dartmouth, took up his permanent residence in Boston and began the labors as doctor, poet and essayist which have now become one of the cherished traditions of his adopted city. Dr. Holmes married soon after he settled in Boston, and for eighteen years following 1841 he had his home in a house long gone from what was then Montgomery Place but is now Bosworth Street, a quiet thoroughfare which gives access at one end to a narrow and more ancient cross street, and leads at the other end to the old Granary Burying Ground where the victims of the Boston Massacre take their rest.

Dr. Holmes was still living at 8 Montgomery Place when the "Atlantic Monthly" was started in 1857, and he, after giving it a name, became one of its con-

tributors. Sitting down to write his first article for it he recalled that twenty odd years before he had begun for a lesser magazine, long dead and forgotten, a series of papers entitled "The Autocrat at the Breakfast Table," and he decided now to resume that uncompleted work. He did so, and the papers born of this decision not only insured the success of the new magazine, but also fixed the reputation of their author as an essayist without an equal in the lighter vein. The Autocrat series was mainly written in Montgomery Place, along with "The Chambered Nautilus" and other of the familiar poems so deftly woven into the warp and woof of their maker's delightful prose. Here, too, all of his children were born, as a well remembered passage recounting one of the Professor's walks with the Schoolmistress bears witness. "The Professor," he tells his companion, "lived in that house a long time, — not twenty years, but pretty near it. When he entered that door two shadows glided over the threshold; five lingered in the doorway when he passed through it for the last time . . . What changes he saw in that quiet place. Death rained through every roof but his; children came into life, grew into maturity, wedded, faded away, threw themselves away; the whole

drama of life was played in that stock company's theatre of a dozen houses, one of which was his, and no deep sorrow or severe calamity ever entered his dwelling. Peace be to those walls forever, — the Professor said, — for the many pleasant years he has passed within them."

These came to an end in 1859, when Doctor Holmes removed to a house which yet stands at 164 Charles Street. The rear windows of the new home, which has been much changed in recent years, then commanded a fine view of the broad expanse of Charles River, and of the lovely region beyond; and here at the end of the garden were kept the boats held in piquant memory by readers of "The Autocrat." The twelve years Doctor Holmes resided in Charles Street were occupied in meeting the demands made upon him by lecture bureaus, and by his labors as professor of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School, which post he filled from 1847 to 1882. Yet he also found time during this period to write "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," graver perhaps but no less delightful than its forerunner; his two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel"; his splendid lyrics of the Civil War time, and that masterpiece in the little,

"My Hunt After the Captain," which tells of his successful search for the soldier-son, who, wounded at Ball's Bluff, lived to fight again, and to become an honored member of his country's highest court.

In 1871 Dr. Holmes removed to the plain but roomy brick house, 296 Beacon Street, where he resided until his death. The back windows of his study in this house look out upon the same expanse of Charles River of which mention has been made, and he never wearied of pointing out its beauties to visitors, beauties which he charmingly depicted in the poem "My Aviary," and which often moved him to soberer thoughts. William Winter, who was his companion at the time, relates how, on one bright day, the veteran, standing at his study window, said, as he touched one of the panes: "Through this I can see Cambridge, where I was born; Harvard, where I was educated; and Mount Auburn, where I shall rest. There are few men," he added, after a pause, "who can see so much of their lives at a single glance, and through one window-pane." In Beacon Street Doctor Holmes wrote, besides his later verse, "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "One Hundred Days in Europe," and "Over the Tea-Cups." Here, too, old age stole upon him, but so slowly and

gently that death in its coming was as kind to him as life had been. He kept to the last the sparkling fancy, the brilliant wit and the sunny humor of his earlier years, and with them gave welcome to his friends until a few days before the end. He died in his chair, painlessly and quietly, on an October day in 1894, and rests now in Mount Auburn.

A book of rare charm was lost to us when Doctor Holmes failed to write a history of the Saturday Club, of which he was an original member and its president for many years before his death. The Saturday Club sprang from the short-lived Atlantic Club, in which the "Atlantic Monthly" also had its origin. It was organized in 1857, and among its members during the first years of its existence were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Agassiz and Felton. It met, and continues to meet, every month at two of the clock, on the day its name would indicate, in the mirror-room of the Parker House, at Tremont and School Streets; and its dinners, which usually lasted until early in the evening, were rich in wit and sense and high spirits. Every sitter at a board so thickly begirt with wonderful men had something to say informally; the greater lights nearly always had something in particular to say; and

these gatherings, though they found no Boswell, never failed to be "a fine source of cheer and mental stimulus to men who knew how to use conviviality with wisdom, getting the good out of it, and none of the harm."

James T. Fields and Edwin P. Whipple should also have been mentioned as members of the Saturday Club. Fields at the age of fourteen came from his native Portsmouth to Boston, where a friend had found a place for him as a boy of all work in the Old Corner Bookstore at School and Washington Streets. He was promoted ere long to a clerkship, and at the age of twenty-three became a partner in the publishing firm of which for more than thirty years he was the guiding spirit. Fields added to a keen sense of literary values a gift for friendship that amounted to genius. No publisher of his generation enjoyed the confidence and hearty good will of so wide and varied a circle of authors, and until his retirement from business in 1870 his sanctum in the Old Corner Bookstore was a favorite lounge for all that group of brilliant men who made the literary Boston of two score years ago. "That curtained corner," writes George William Curtis, "is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern.

What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local humor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub."

The quaint little red brick building with sloping roof where Fields so cheerily played Destiny to the aspirations of authors has had a long history. It was built in 1712, thus antedating by thirty years the erection of the original Faneuil Hall, and before it became a bookstore in 1828 had for a tenant Dr. Samuel Clarke, father of James Freeman Clarke. In a yet earlier time its site was owned and occupied by Anne Hutchinson, who as leader of the sect called Antinomians filled a large place in the Boston of her day. A woman cursed, as Eggleston puts it, with a natural gift for leadership in an age that had no place for such women, both Cotton and Winthrop fell under her spell for a time, but the latter soon became her vindictive enemy, and in 1638 she was banished from the colony. Her after history was a pathetic and tragic one. Her banishment led her first to Rhode Island, where her husband died, and then to Long Island, whence with her children and

a few devoted followers she crossed to and found a refuge on the Westchester shore. Her life in the wilderness promised to be a peaceful and happy one; but it was a delusive promise. A savage war between the Dutch and the Indians was in progress, and the red men in their reprisals spared not the innocent and helpless. On a September night in 1643 a party of them surrounded and fired the Hutchinson cabin. When the frightened woman tried to rush out she was driven back into the flames. Her eldest son, a lad of twelve, escaped only to be burned at the stake; while the little sister, whom he had carried from the house, was taken by the Indians and lived among them so long that she was unwilling to return with the white men who finally effected her rescue.

It is a short walk from the Old Corner Bookstore, soon alas to make way for an office building, to 148 Charles Street, below the western slope of Beacon Hill, where Fields long had his home, and where, after he had ceased to be a publisher, he wrote his delightful "Yesterdays with Authors." This house is now the town home of his widow, herself the author of many charming books, and of that rare artist, Sarah Orne Jewett. Fields resided here from 1857 until his death

in 1881, and had the spacious rooms of the staid old mansion the gift of speech they would bear eloquent witness to the rare quality of the hospitality here extended to the most eminent authors of two worlds, by a host who "radiated far and near a large and general good will." Dickens and Thackeray upon their visits to America were at home in this house; and so, when in Boston, were Hawthorne, Whittier and Bayard Taylor. A quaintly furnished bed-chamber above stairs has been occupied at various times by these and other authors of equal fame; and in the library room, also on the second floor and rich in curious old books and autograph copies, including the manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter," Emerson wrote his "Voluntaries," on a morning when he was a guest in the house. He penned the poem before breakfast, and after this repast asked his host and hostess to come up and hear it. He had written on loose sheets of paper, throwing each one down as finished, and the floor was carpeted with his flying manuscript. Fields assisted him in gathering the scattered sheets, and on the reading Mrs. Field gave the poem its happy title.

Fields and Edwin P. Whipple were friends from youth to old age. Whipple, though now, it is to be

feared, a fading reputation, deserves nevertheless an honored place in the history of American letters. Born, as we know, in Gloucester in 1819, he came at the age of twenty to Boston, where he found work first in a broker's office and then as superintendent of a news exchange room. All of his spare hours, however, were given to books, and, drifting gradually yet surely into a lettered career, the middle years of his life were wholly devoted to critical writing and to the lecture platform. Nearly a dozen volumes stand credited to his name in the library lists, and within their covers is to be found much keen and wholesome criticism, if not a sure sense of what is beautiful in literature. He was quick, also, to discover and note the merits of younger men; and it was, indeed, through the catholic qualities of his mind and heart that he rendered his best service to life and letters. Howells, with this thought in mind, happily describes him as a "man to be kept fondly in the memory of all who ever knew him." Whipple's home for many years before his death in 1886 was a modest brick house at 11 Pinckney Street.

Another long-time resident of the same quiet thoroughfare was George S. Hillard, whose name, like that of Whipple, is fast falling into the oblivion which sooner

or later claims all but the greatest reputations. Born in Maine in 1808, Hillard was for many years the most scholarly member of the Boston bar, a graceful speaker in demand on all public occasions, and a critic whose reviews were of great value in forming the popular judgment. His prominence did not last, however; and in time to come he will, perhaps, be remembered only for the reason that he was the staunch and unfailing friend of Hawthorne when the great romancer stood most in need of friends. It was Hillard who raised and sent to Hawthorne, sore beset with poverty, the money which enabled him to finish "The Scarlet Letter," accompanying it with a message so kindly that it could not fail to temper what was for the recipient a rough and bitter experience.

The reply it brought from Hawthorne came from the depths of his nature. "It is sweet," he wrote, "to be remembered and cared for by one's friends. And it is bitter, nevertheless, to need their support. Ill success in life is really and justly a matter of shame. I am ashamed of it, and I ought to be. The fault of a failure is attributable — in a great degree, at least — to the man who fails. I should apply this truth in judging of other men; and it behooves me not to shun its point or

edge in taking it home to my own heart. Nobody has a right to live in the world unless he be strong and able, and applies his ability to good purpose. The money, dear Hillard, will smooth my way for a long time to come. The only way in which a man can retain his self-respect, while availing himself of the generosity of his friends, is by making it an incitement to his utmost exertion, so that he may not need their help again. I shall look upon it so — nor will shun any drudgery that my hand shall find to do, if thereby I may win bread." Drudgery, however, had no part in the redemption of this promise. A few months later "The Scarlet Letter" was published, and Hawthorne never again had need of money aid from his friends.

Hillard's home from 1848 until a few years before his death in 1879 was at 62 Pinckney Street. Before that he long occupied the house numbered 54 Pinckney Street, and it was from the latter, little changed by the years, that, on a July day in 1842, Hawthorne dispatched a note to James Freeman Clarke asking the kindly churchman to marry him to Sophia Peabody, but naming neither place nor day. "Though personally a stranger to you," he wrote, "I am about to request of you the greatest favor which I can receive from

any man. I am to be married to Miss Sophia Peabody; and it is our mutual desire that you should perform the ceremony. Unless it should be decidedly a rainy day, a carriage will call for you at half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon." There was no postponement on account of rain, and the marriage took place on the following day at the home of the Peabodys, at 13 West Street, the site of which is now covered with shops.

Though the house in West Street is gone, for those who seek them Boston holds many reminders of Hawthorne and his career, and of the folk who people the world of his dreams. At 362 Washington Street his first romance, "Fanshawe," was published in 1828, and in an old building still standing on Custom House Street he first found government employment as a measurer in the revenue service. It was in this old building, where he had his desk and made out his daily returns of measuring cargoes of coal and salt, — a "darksome dungeon," he calls it, "into which dismal region never comes any bird of paradise," — that Hawthorne passed many dreary and cheerless hours, eating his heart out with hope and love deferred, and saving money for the home he was striving to win for his waiting bride, only to sink the last dollar of it at Brook Farm. Again, the

visitor to the Old Corner Bookstore has shown him the desk at which Hawthorne corrected the proofs of "The Scarlet Letter"; and from its windows he can look out upon the spot where Fields parted with the romancer for the last time, as he started upon the journey from which he was never to return.

The Boston of "The Scarlet Letter" lies deep buried under the dust and drift of three hundred years, yet it is not difficult for the later comer to trace from place to place the career of its hapless heroine. The court house of Suffolk county covers the site of Hester Prynne's prison, the rust on whose iron-bound door "looked more antique than anything else in the New World," and the old State House that of the market-place which was the scene of her pillory. The cottage where she underwent her long penance seems to have been situated on Back Bay, not far from the Common, which alone of Boston landmarks retains almost unchanged its original form. Hawthorne tells us that the house in which Dimmesdale and Roger Chillingworth dwelt stood on the site of King's Chapel, while in the burial-ground adjoining this ancient place of worship Hester Prynne and her lover lie in their last sleep. Many years after Dimmesdale's death, he writes,

"a new grave was delved near an old and sunken one, in that burial-ground beside which King's Chapel has since been built. It was near that old and sunken grave, yet with a space between, as if the dust of the two sleepers had no right to mingle. Yet one tombstone served for both. All around, there were monuments carved with armorial bearings; and on this simple slab of slate there appeared the semblance of an engraved escutcheon. It bore a device, a herald's wording of which might serve for a motto and brief description of our now concluded legend; so sombre is it, and relieved only by one ever glowing point of light gloomier than the shadow: —

"'*On a field sable, the letter A, gules.*'"

Aside from his friendship for Hawthorne, George S. Hillard has another indirect claim to remembrance in that he was for many years the law partner of Charles Sumner. The free spirit of the North had during the middle years of the last century no nobler spokesman than Sumner, this by reason of the charm of his personal presence, the glow of his rhetoric, his persuading sincerity and his moral fervor. Born in Boston in 1811, he was graduated at Harvard, studied law under Justice Story, and in 1839 began its practice. During

the next ten years he grew steadily into fame, not only as an orator, but also as an avowed and resolute enemy of slavery, and this led in 1850 to his election to the federal Senate. There he was at first refused a place on any of the committees, as being "outside of any healthy political organization," but his was a light that could not be hidden, and as time went on he came to exercise a controlling influence on the affairs of the Senate which ended only with his death. To war against slavery was his special task, but, in the spirit of Bacon, he proudly took the whole field of benevolent legislation "for his province," and was never silent when justice and humanity needed champions.

Sumner, moreover, was at all times he superior of those who sought to suppress freedom of debate. He beat them not only in argument, but in sarcasm, invective and prompt retort. Dull blades were of no avail before his keen one. He said neatly what most of his antagonists could only say coarsely, and they emerged from each fresh encounter vanquished and discomfited. "The whole arsenal of God is ours," he wrote a friend, "and I will not renounce one of the weapons — not one." This promise he kept to the letter. Again and again, during his career as an orator,

he was called upon to exercise courage of the rarest order, and never did the bravery in his will and heart fail to answer to that which was in his brain. The Bowdoin School covers the site of Sumner's birthplace. His home from 1830 until a few years before his death in 1874 was a house still standing at 20 Hancock Street, near the foot of Beacon Hill.

It was in Faneuil Hall in 1845 that Sumner made his first speech against slavery. From the same platform eight years earlier Wendell Phillips had pledged his support to the same cause. Phillips like Sumner was Boston born and Harvard bred, and like Sumner he was educated for the bar. But unlike Sumner he never practiced, and never held office or allied himself with a party, choosing instead to stand apart from men in order that he might be free to strike them if he thought they deserved blows. Born in 1811, Phillips made his first speech against slavery at the age of twenty-six, and from that time until the Civil War his hand held highest the torch that lighted the flames of that dire but inevitable conflict. He, indeed, more than any other man was the great orator of emancipation. "Men would go to hear him," writes Joel Benton, "who loathed his logic and his purpose, but who

came away captivated by his entrancement. It was a study to see him mount the platform. His opening sentences were spoken in low tones; they were simple and without ornament. It was as if he had begun a quiet conversation. Presently, however, his voice would grow louder; there would arise slowly more fire and energy of utterance; and suddenly there was no longer any doubt of the high altitudes over which the audience was borne. I doubt if, in substance, form and utterance, there has been an orator since the days of Demosthenes who surpassed him."

Phillips was born in a brick mansion still standing on the western corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets; but his home during the greater part of his life was a plain, ungarnished house in Essex Street, which has since been torn down for the extension of Harrison Avenue. Its next door neighbor was a provision store, and there was nothing without or within to indicate that it was the home of a man of wealth, for such he was, although he yearly gave away many times as much as he expended for the support of his own household, and would empty his wallet of its last dime at the faintest call of charity. Fortunate in choosing the right side of a great moral question, Phillips was doubly fortunate

in the choice of a wife wholly in sympathy with the cause for which he had sacrificed friends and social position. They were lovers from youth to old age, and his tender devotion to her during long years of invalidism ran a thread of gold through his entire career. Near the end of his life he was lecturing on a winter night in a town many miles from Boston and distant from the railway. A storm of mingled snow and sleet setting in, he was urged by his host to postpone his return to the city until morning; but the suggestion was put aside on the instant. "I know it will be a tedious ride," he said, "but I shall find Ann Phillips at the end of it." The home of Phillips for some years before his death in 1884 was at 37 Common Street, a thoroughfare whose name and character were in keeping with the impulses that governed his life. His grave is in the old burying-ground of Milton, where he lies by the side of his wife. A granite boulder marks their resting place, and its inscription, in accordance with his wish, places the wife's name before that of the husband.

Phillips was a boy comrade and the chum at Harvard of John Lothrop Motley, who, though he lived abroad during the greater part of his career, began his labors as an author in Boston, and here conceived the vivid

and dramatic yet always scholarly works which gave him a high place among the historians of his generation. These were "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," and the "Life and Death of John Barneveld"; and their composition, begun in 1846, when the author had barely passed his thirty-second year, involved half a lifetime of labor and study. Death stayed his pen as he was about to begin a history of the Thirty Years' War. Motley was born in Dorchester, but the home of his youth and early manhood was a house now gone from 7 Walnut Street, which had an outlook down Chestnut Street and over the Charles to the western hills. During one of his visits to America in later years he resided for a single winter in a house in Boylston Place, afterward tenanted for a quarter of a century by the Boston Library Society and which recently has given way to an office building. Motley's last Boston home was at 2 Park Street, where he dwelt for a twelvemonth preceding his appointment in 1869 as minister to England. Before that he had represented his country for six years at the Austrian court. He died abroad in 1877, and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London.

There was a close bond of sympathy and fellowship

between all of the American writers who first gave to historical composition the qualities of literature. Prescott lent Motley counsel and assistance when he most needed them; and both were on terms of cordial and helpful friendship with George Bancroft. The long life of Bancroft nearly spanned a century. The son of a Congregational minister and born in Worcester, he was graduated at Harvard before his eighteenth birthday, and then spent several years in Europe. After his return he was first a preacher and then a Greek tutor at Harvard, but neither for long, and in 1823 he joined Joseph Cogswell in founding the famous Round Hill school at Northampton. This school, thought by many an attempt to found a German gymnasium in America, drew pupils from all parts of the country, but it was never a profitable venture, and at the end of ten years Bancroft withdrew from it with shortened purse. He next turned his attention to politics, and with such success that between 1838 and 1874 he served successively as collector for the port of Boston, as secretary of the navy and as minister in turn to England and Germany. His later years were divided between Newport and Washington, and in the latter city he died in 1891, when well past his ninetieth year.

Before his appointment as collector for the port of Boston, Bancroft had published two volumes of his "History of the United States." The remaining volumes followed at uneven distances of time, the concluding one, which brought the narrative to the close of the Revolution, appearing in 1874, the last year of his embassy to the German court. He toiled at it, however, until the end, rewriting, revising and correcting with such infinite pains that the work assumed its present form only a few years before his death. There are, indeed, few instances on record of work upon which so much time has been bestowed; and the result as a whole was worthy of the effort. Though often and justly criticised as turgid in style, Bancroft's history is a work of great research, and in its patriotic aspiration it is truly noble. One willingly pardons its faults of method for the sterling and unbending Americanism that rings through all its pages.

Bancroft, while collector of the port of Boston from 1838 to 1841, had his home in a house long gone from the corner of Winthrop Place and Otis Street. Boston society as then constituted regarded failure to support the Whig party as the gravest of social sins; and as he was a Democrat and a disciple of Jackson it sternly

refused him recognition. "He is a person," declared one eminent merchant in declining an invitation to hear him lecture, "tolerated by nobody — except by Charles Sumner and William H. Prescott, who tolerate everybody." But despite the social bar decreed against him, Bancroft wherever he was knew how to draw around him men and women of like mind and cultivation. Margaret Fuller was often a guest at his hospitable board and so was George Ripley, then under the spell of the dreams of social betterment which were soon to take form in Brook Farm.

It was in 1826 that Ripley, lately graduated at Harvard, was called to the pulpit of a newly organized Unitarian church in Boston, where during the next fifteen years he was a leader in the movement of inquiry and spiritual revolt which had Emerson for its chief figure, and which, for the want of a better one, took the name of Transcendentalism. The Transcendental Club held its first meetings at Ripley's house, and he was one of the editors of "The Dial," a periodical which for four years reflected more or less faithfully the thoughts and aims of the coterie. Though he continued to preach the while, it was with steadily lessening regard for the traditions of the pulpit, and in 1841 he

left it to give shape at Brook Farm to that aspiration of generous minds in every age — a purely democratic society based upon co-operation instead of competition, and in which all should labor in some useful way. But Brook Farm failed, at the end of six years of heroic effort to put a beautiful theory to the test, and its founder sought a new field of labor in New York, where, though his faith in human progress and fraternity never weakened, his life, during the remainder of his days, was solely and simply that of a man of letters. Ripley's Boston home was in Bedford Place, since become a part of Chauncy Street. His church stood, before its destruction by fire in 1872, at the junction of Purchase and Pearl Streets, near to Griffin's wharf, where the tea ships lay in the old time. A business structure now occupies its site.

The same year in which Ripley began his labors in Purchase Street Lyman Beecher came from Litchfield to Boston, bringing with him the brood of brainful children, two of whom were to win in after years a fame greater than his own. Beecher was then in the flush of his powers as a preacher of signal eloquence; and the avowed purpose of his call to the pastorate of the Hanover Street Church in Boston was to mend, if pos-

sible, the breaches in Calvinism which had been made by Channing and the other Unitarian leaders. He was, however, a man better fitted to be the apostle of a new creed than the belated champion of an old one. Neither a profound scholar or an exact thinker, but bold to the point of audacity, such influence as he exerted sprang from the pungent appeal, the lambent wit and the native vigor of thought which distinguished his oratory. He seldom convinced men, but he always profoundly moved them, and the emotional stimulus of his sermons was unconsciously returned to him by his hearers. His daughter relates that it was his wont, after having been wrought by the excitement of preaching, to relax his mind by playing on the violin, or joining in a lively dance with his children. "If I were to go to bed," he would say, "at the key at which I leave off preaching I should toss and tumble all night. I must let off steam gradually, and then I can sleep like a child." Beecher's brave but barren attempt to revive the spirit of Puritanism in its ancient stronghold ended in 1832, when he departed for Cincinnati to become the untheological head of a newly founded theological seminary. His Boston home was in Sheafe Street, and one finds in Hanover Street, midway between Elm and

Union, the site of the church where he preached with fervid if mistaken zeal.

Three other Boston churchmen of Ripley's time in whom the literary impulse was also strong were James Freeman Clarke, Cyrus A. Bartol and Orestes A. Brownson. Clarke was a Bostonian nearly all his life. He was graduated at Harvard in 1831, and for seven years filled a Unitarian pulpit in Louisville; but he then returned to Boston, and in 1841 founded the Church of the Disciples, which combined many of the best things in the service of half a dozen sects, and of which he remained the pastor until his death. He was always busy with his pen, and the list of his published works is a long one, the most important being his "Ten Great Religions," written with a breadth of view and a generous insight which enabled its author to find in every faith proof of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Bartol was born in Maine in 1813, and in 1837 began his lifelong association with the West Church in Boston, first as colleague and then as the successor of Charles Lowell, father of the poet. He was active in the Transcendental movement, and until the end of his life a leader of radical religious thought, his views finding expression in a number of

volumes of essays of uncommon and individual quality. Clarke's home from 1854 until his death in 1888, at the age of seventy-eight, was in Woodside Avenue, Jamaica Plain, while Bartol lived during the last of his nearly ninety years of life at 17 Chestnut Street, across the way and but a few doors removed from the sometime home of Edwin Booth, the actor.

Brownson, born in 1803 and for twenty years following 1836 a resident of Boston, was a man who would have warmed the heart of Cromwell and his Ironsides, albeit a caprice of fate willed that his work should be done not in the seventeenth but in the middle decades of the nineteenth century. A native of Vermont and early left an orphan, Brownson was reared under the Puritan discipline of elderly relatives, and, after a youth in which there was much struggle and little sunshine, became at nineteen a preacher of the Presbyterian faith. Three years later he swayed into Universalism; and from 1836 to 1843 he filled a Unitarian pulpit in Boston; nor did his search for a creed wholly to his liking end until in 1844 he entered the Roman Church. Even there he was not entirely at home, and his often radical and always positive views, trenchantly expressed in journals of his own establish-

ment, more than once brought him into collision with those in authority. He was ever ready to deal sharp blows and to take them; no man knew better how to puncture shams and frauds of every sort; and one turns from the pages of his essays and reviews, which collected and published by his son now fill nineteen octavo volumes, with the conviction that it was good for his age that it should have had a Brownson. The home of this vagrant, self-willed fighter during the Boston period of his career was in Chelsea. The last years of his life were divided between New York and Detroit, where he died at the age of seventy-three.

A wide gulf separated Brownson on the one hand from Bartol, who all his days was a dreamer and a mystic, and on the other from Thomas William Parsons, a poet who was of his own time yet stood apart from it. Parsons was born in Boston in 1819, studied medicine in the Harvard Medical School, and for a long time practiced, first in his native city and later in London, the profession of dentistry. But he finally returned to America, where his latter years were devoted wholly to literary pursuits. A prolonged sojourn in Italy while still in his youth introduced him to Dante, and love for the great Italian remained thereafter the

dominant influence in his life. In 1843 he put forth a translation into English verse of the first ten cantos of the "Inferno," and twenty-four years later the complete version made its appearance. Still toiling steadily at the task he had set for himself, it was with such loving care that he made progress slowly, and when he died in 1892 he left "The Purgatorio" uncompleted, and only a beginning of "The Paradiso." But what he accomplished shows that had he lived to complete his task we should have had at last what scholars have waited for through centuries, a translation of Dante preserving along with its meter the music, the continuity and the supple power of the original.

Besides earning as a translator a station with the highest, Dr. Parsons was the author of a slender volume of original verse which if narrow in range is nearly always exquisite in form and quality. His "Lines on a Bust of Dante," "Paradisi Gloria," "The Feud of the Flute-Players," "St. Peray" and "Count Ernst von Mansfeldt, the Protestant" are among the finest and strongest things of their kind in the language, and prove by the classic beauty of their style that their author deserves to stand close to Collins and Gray and Landor in the temple of English song. And in the memory of

a rare and delightful personality, Dr. Parsons left to those who knew him a legacy no less precious than his written word. "One of Plutarch's men," Alger calls him, and those who came in contact with him bear witness to the serenity of spirit, the rare and sparkling humor, and the unfailing charm which made devoted friends of all who knew him. The last Boston home of this uncommon man and artist was a house which stood aforetime in Beacon Hill Place, a quiet and secluded by-way near to the Athenæum, among whose alcoves it was his wont to pass many of his waking hours. The later comer, however, seeks in vain for house and by-way, for both have been swept away to add space to the park about the State House.

When Dr. Parsons published his first volume of Dante translations there had lately come to reside in Boston a young woman of four-and-twenty who was to win by a single poem a larger measure of fame than the labors of a lifetime brought to her fellow poet. Julia Ward was the gifted and beautiful daughter of a well-to-do New York merchant who during a visit to Boston gave her heart and hand to Dr. Samuel G. Howe. They were married in 1843, and immediately went abroad, spending two years in England and on the Continent.

Dr. Howe had begun his active life as a chivalrous soldier in the service of the Greeks, the same cause that enlisted the enthusiasm of Lord Byron. After spending several months of hardship with the patriot forces in the mountains of Greece, he returned to Boston to take up what was to become his life work, the education of the deaf, the dumb and the blind; and when he married Miss Ward he had already won a world-wide reputation by his success in the famous case of Laura Bridgman, a young girl born blind and deaf whom he had taught to read, write and play the piano.

Coming back to America the Howes found a Boston home, first in the Institution for the Blind, of which the doctor was director, and later in Boylston Place, where they were living when in 1853 the wife made her first important contribution to literature in a volume of verse called "Passion Flowers." Both early became identified with the anti-slavery movement, and together edited the "Boston Commonwealth," a journal devoted to its advancement. Then came the Civil War, and a journey to Washington in the closing days of 1861 which gave birth to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." One afternoon the Howes and a party of friends attended a Union review held on the Virginia

side of the Potomac. A highway filled with marching troops impeded their return to the city, and Mrs. Howe, to beguile the time, began to sing "John Brown's Body," upon which the soldiers took up the strain, shouting in the intervals, "Good for you!" One of the party remarked on the excellence of the tune, and Mrs. Howe answered that she had long cherished a desire to write some words of her own that might be sung to it, adding, however, that she feared she would never be able to do it. She lay down that night filled with thoughts of battle, and awoke before dawn to find the desired verses swiftly taking shape in her mind. When she had thought out the last of five stanzas she sprang from her bed, and in the dim, gray light found a pen and paper, whereon she wrote, scarcely seeing them, the lines of the poem. Returning to her couch she was presently asleep, but not until she had said to herself, "I like this best of all I have written," a verdict in which she has been sustained by time.

The lines, given their present title by James T. Fields, then editor of the "Atlantic Monthly," were first published in that magazine, and, strange to say, attracted little attention at the moment. Soon, however, the story went abroad of how the Union soldiers in Libby

Prison, upon hearing of a Northern victory, had made the walls that confined them ring with their singing of the hymn which one of them had found in a stray newspaper. This incident gave it popularity, and thereafter it took its place as the leading lyric of the war. Its author delights to tell how long afterward when she visited Roberts College, at Constantinople, the good professors and their ladies, at parting, asked her to listen well to what she might hear after she had left them. She did so, and heard borne to her on the evening air in sweet, full cadence the lines which scarcely seemed her own, so much are they breath of an heroic time and the feeling with which that time was filled.

The Howes soon after the close of the Civil War removed to 13 Chestnut Street, a house which in another time had the Reverend John T. Sargent for an occupant and was the meeting place of the Radical Club, lineally descended from the Transcendental Club of earlier and greater fame. Dr. Howe died in 1876, and a little later the widow removed to 241 Beacon Street, the home of her old age. Here, as in Boylston Place and Chestnut Street, her rare instinct for social leadership has drawn around her the most brilliant people; and here, at the age of eighty-four, she still keeps her mind active, her

interests fresh and her hand busy. Her passing — far distant be the day of it — will be the end not only of a noble life but of an era.

Chapter VIII

The Boston of a Later Time

The Civil War in a measure eclipsed the fame of Theodore Parker, but during the debate and turmoil which preceded that conflict than his no braver voice was raised in behalf of truth and justice. Wendell Phillips, a discerning judge in such matters, called him the Jupiter Tonans of the pulpit; and it is doubtful whether — mere elocutionary eloquence aside — the ages have brought forth a greater preacher. Born in 1810 in the old battle town of Lexington, whose Minute Men his grandfather captained in the first fight of the Revolution, Parker worked his way through Harvard, and at the age of twenty-six was settled as pastor of a Unitarian church in West Roxbury. Nine years he labored there, years of steady mental and moral growth, and of increasing fame and influence. Then came his transfer to the pastorate of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, from whose pulpit for fourteen years he thundered against bigotry and injustice in every form. He was tabooed and shunned by his timid

fellows of the church, who shrank from the consequences of his bold utterances; but from first to last the common people heard him gladly, because, as Dr. Chadwick has happily pointed out, he clothed his sermons in "a style shaped not on books but on the simplicities of daily life, on loving reminiscences of farm and field, upon the language of his father's honest thought, his mother's homely prayers. The learning was there also, but so transfused into his personal life as to be no one's but his own when it came welling to his lips and streaming from his pen. The most unlearned preacher in Boston or New England was not so gifted in the common speech of men as he."

Behind Parker's gift of common speech, moreover, lay uncommon ability, courage, honesty and earnestness. He was brave enough to be an outspoken heretic at a time when heresy was still counted a grievous sin; he had courage enough to be an uncompromising enemy of slavery when only the lion-hearted made bold to assail an institution recognized and guaranteed by organic law; he was honest enough to make any personal sacrifice rather than yield a shred of any principle he had deliberately adopted; and he was earnest enough to exhaust his vital forces in the work to which he had

consecrated his life, and to perish prematurely at the age of fifty. "There are two Theodore Parkers," he said to those who stood at his bedside at the end. "One is dying here in Florence, and the other is planted in America." He but spoke the truth, for he is planted not only in America but in Europe as well — and is growing in both continents with the growth of a thought that is at once independent and devout. Thousands owe him a debt they fail to acknowledge because they know not whence came the spiritual ideas which have brightened and blessed their lives and flung a ray of hope upon the dark background of eternity.

Parker's Boston home was a house in Exeter Place demolished in 1882 to make way for the extension of Harrison Avenue, while one finds in Washington Street the site of the Melodeon where he preached during the earlier years of his Boston ministry. The scene of his later labors was Music Hall in Hamilton Place, now a theater. He died, as we know, in Italy at the end of a vain search for health that had carried him across seas, and a resting place was made for him in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. A recent visitor found his grave better known to its custodians than any of its fellows, and the winding path which leads to it evidently trodden

by many pilgrim feet. Kindly hands have planted a rose-bush, and sprays of evergreen and fresh flowers are not unfrequent offerings upon the grassy shrine. And so this typical American sleeps in an alien land with none of his race beside him. Mayhap he would have had it so; for no man was more catholic in character and creed — none had a more generous humanity.

Another preacher to the Boston of half a century ago whose eloquence and power of speech have become one of the city's cherished traditions was Thomas Starr King, who for eleven years following 1848 filled the pulpit of the Hollis Street Church, a Unitarian congregation with a history reaching back to 1732, and numbering among its former pastors such men as Mather Byles, wittiest of colonial divines, and that fiery champion of the slave, John Pierpont. The son of a Universalist minister and born in 1824, King's later youth and early manhood were passed in the Boston suburb of Charlestown, and in 1846, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to the pulpit which his father had filled before him. A short two years later he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Hollis Street Church, and in this larger field speedily won national repute as the fervid and brilliant expounder of a liberal

creed. It was a time, also, when politics had invaded the province of morals and religion, and toward the burning question which then filled men's thoughts the attitude of the young preacher was that of a stout and unyielding champion of freedom. Year after year his voice was raised in behalf of the bondman, and if his appeals had in them less of passion and bitterness than those of Parker, they were always charged with an earnestness that made them a vital force in the moral awakening that ushered in the Civil War.

Admired as a preacher, King was also beloved as a man. Though endowed with exceptional gifts of mind, in its last analysis his influence, like that of Emerson, was the influence of an uncommon and winning personality. He shed upon all who came in contact with him the fine and quickening sunshine of the soul. "His was the rare felicity," writes Whipple, "in everything he said and did, of communicating himself, the most precious thing he could bestow; and he so bound others to him by this occupation of their hearts, that to love him was to love a second self. Everybody he met he unconsciously enriched; whithersoever he went he instinctively organized," and "his parish covered the ever-enlarging circle of his acquaintances and audi-

ences." King left Boston in 1860 to become the pastor of a Unitarian church in San Francisco, and there he died in 1864, at the early age of forty, but not before he had led in a heroic and successful effort to keep California loyal to the Union during the Civil War. His Boston home was long at 12 Burroughs Place, but he afterwards lived for a short time at 76 Dover Street. A playhouse has covered for many years the site of his church in Hollis Street.

The career of yet another famous pulpit orator whom Boston delighted to honor was just beginning when that of King came too soon to an end. "Great is he who in some special vocation does good and helpful work for his fellowmen. Greater still is he who, doing good work in his special occupation, carries within his devotion to it a human nature so rich and true that it breaks through his profession and claims the love and honor of his fellowmen, simply and purely as a man." Thus Phillips Brooks once wrote of Milton, and in so doing unconsciously outlined his own character and career, for great as he was as a preacher he was greater still as a man. Born in Boston in 1835, he was graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty, and then prepared for the Episcopal ministry at the theological

seminary in Alexandria, Va. He took orders in 1859 and at once became rector of the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, passing soon to the Church of the Holy Trinity in the same city. There he remained until 1869, when he accepted a call to Trinity Church in Boston, which he served as rector until, in 1891, he was chosen bishop of Massachusetts.

Brooks arrested attention from the beginning of his career as a man of remarkable gifts, and during the latter half of it he was regarded both within and without his own denomination as the foremost preacher of his time and country. Nature had framed him when in one of her prodigal moods, and, with his lofty stature and his massive, clean-cut face, he was as noble and imposing a figure as ever stood in any pulpit. He was charged, moreover, with a message that commanded a hearing from all sorts and conditions of men — a message which had to do with the spiritual essence and reformatory principles of Christianity rather than ecclesiastical forms and theological dogmas. "He penetrated," writes Allen, "beneath the formula to the truth for which it stood. What he brought as apparently new was often in reality old, while much that he did not utter lay behind in the depth of his soul as

motive and inspiration. In an age when many had grown indifferent to churches, or could find in no church the food for which their souls were hungering; to whom the Bible had become unfamiliar, and the conventionalties of religious expression had lost their meaning; who, somehow, amid the distractions of modern life, had fallen out of sympathy with historic Christianity; to those so shaken by doubt that they could no longer understand, or were impatient with creeds, catechisms and confessions — to all these Phillips Brooks was the divine instrument for restoring faith toward God and love toward man. He threw the weight of his eloquence and of his life into the cause of humanity as the offspring of God; and he so illustrated, illumined and applied this truth that it sounded, when he preached it, like something that had never been heard in the world before. Those who listened to it were struck as if with awe, when ushered into the presence of the majesty of the divine potentiality of the true self within them."

Phillips Brooks was much more than the greatest preacher of his time. His range was as wide as the world, and he touched life at many points. The least of his sermons witnesses, in the rhythm of its style and the music of its words, that he was a poet by nature;

one song that he wrote, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," will be sung so long as Christmas Day endures; and it is not to be doubted that had he followed his early inclining toward a career in literature his place would have been among the greatest. No worthy cause which moved the people failed in its appeal to his large and generous nature; he was the fearless champion of progress both within and without the church; and he was broad enough to be at the same time a typical citizen of America, and — of the world. What with his frequent journeys abroad and the close and enduring friendships he formed there, he was as much at home in England as in his own land, and as effective when preaching before the Queen as when addressing his own people in Boston. Artists found him a kindred spirit, familiar with and loving only the best in sculpture, architecture and painting. He was at home also with children, and his modesty and simplicity, combined with his charm of conversation and a sympathy which had in it no trace of condescension, made him an unfailing favorite with young men, who in meeting him for the first time were sure to find a new and uplifting influence entering into their lives.

Yet nowhere did Phillips Brooks shine more brightly

than in his work among the lowly and the poor. People who never attended his church, some of whom had never heard him preach, did not fear to ask him to officiate when death entered the family circle; and he never refused such a request if he had time at his disposal to grant it. An appeal for aid always found him with open purse, and there are current a thousand anecdotes of his quiet yet sufficing philanthropy. A printer connected with one of the Boston daily papers fell sick, and the men in his office raised a subscription to help him make a trip to California. One day the cashier called up through the speaking-tube to the foreman of the composing-room and said:

"A gentleman wishes to see you."

"All right, send him up," was the reply. "I would go down, but I can't leave my work."

A few minutes later the foreman was astonished to see Brooks entering the composing-room, four flights from the street and there was no elevator. The visitor said he had learned of what the printers were doing for one of their fellows, and, satisfied that it would be a kind act to a worthy man, he slipped a $20 note into the foreman's hand, asking that it be added to the fund, but refusing to allow his name to appear on the sub-

scription list. And so it was that when Phillips Brooks died at the age of fifty-eight the people of his native city mourned him as they had mourned no other man of his generation. The site of his birthplace at 56 High Street, hard by the corner of Pearl, is now covered by a business structure. During his first years as rector of Trinity Church he lived in turn at 34 Mt. Vernon Street and at 175 Marlborough Street. The home of his last days was a house at 233 Clarendon Street, built for him by the people of his parish.

The careers of Brooks and Edward Everett Hale for many years ran side by side. The latter, however, was the elder by a dozen years, and he has long survived his fellow preacher. A great-nephew on the paternal side of Nathan Hale, the patriot of the Revolution, and a nephew on the maternal side of Edward Everett, for whom he was named, Hale was born in Boston, where his father was the founder and first editor of the "Advertiser." Graduated at Harvard in 1839, being then only seventeen years of age, his career as a minister began in 1842, the time between this and 1846, when he became the pastor of the Church of the Unity in Worcester, being spent as a ministerial free-lance. In 1856 he assumed charge of the South Congregational Church

in Boston, which he served as pastor for the long space of forty-five years and of which he still is pastor emeritus. It has been said of Dr. Hale that the mold in which he was cast was broken at his birth; and certain it is that his methods as a preacher are individual and wholly his own. His pulpit discourses more often than not run counter to the art of sermon-making as laid down in the schools, but they always have been clothed in words understandable of all men, and dealing with themes of contemporary interest have taught the gospel of charity in spirit and in deed.

Dr. Hale's influence as a preacher, moreover, stands for only one phase of a varied and fruitful life. Another has to do with his constant and well directed labors as a social reformer. From youth to old age no movement looking to the betterment of his fellows has failed to enlist his voice and pen. He has been a lifelong champion of the negro as slave and as freedman; civil-service reform and prison reform early knew him as an advocate; and than he no man has done more to enlist the youth of the country in organized altruistic service, for from the type of religious activity set forth in stories written by him sprang the King's Daughters and the Lend a Hand Clubs, and indirectly the Epworth League

and the Society of Christian Endeavor. Last in point of time, but not the least of his services as a reformer, he has given effective voice to the spirit which demands peace on earth and the better organization of the world; and he was one of the first to urge upon our own and other lands the idea of a permanent judiciary for the arbitration of disputes between nations such as in 1899 took form in the Hague Convention.

It is as an author, however, that Dr. Hale has, perhaps, done his best and most lasting work. His career as a man of letters began in 1848, and at the age of eighty-two he is still busy with his pen. Six score titles of books and pamphlets, dealing with every conceivable aspect of contemporary life, bear witness in the library lists to his untiring industry and his remarkable versatility; but his genius has found happiest expression in a few of his short stories, such as "My Double and How He Undid Me," "The Man Without a Country," "Ten Times One is Ten" and "In His Name." The second of these, written in 1863 to show what would become of a man who wished he had no country, was a trumpet call to the people of the North in the darkest hours of the Civil War, and it remains after the lapse of years one of the most compelling sermons on patriot-

ism ever penned by an American. "Ten Times One is Ten" has been not less potent in its influence for good, and there is pleasure in the thought that the wholesome motto of its hero, "Look up and not down; look forward and not back; look out and not in; and lend a hand," echoes also the guiding principles in the life of a man who has never borrowed trouble, or failed to lend a hand to those needing aid when the chance to do so fell in his way.

The Parker House in Tremont Street covers the site of Dr. Hale's birthplace, and the home of his boyhood in Tremont Place has given way to an office building. For a dozen years after his return to Boston in 1856 he lived in Worcester Street, not far from his church, but his home since 1869 has been at 39 Highland Street in the Roxbury district, in a house that reminds one, with its massive front and Ionic columns, of a Greek temple. This house before Dr. Hale bought it was used for a young ladies' boarding-school, and what was once the school-room, stretching across one sunny side, is now his library and study. Thousands of volumes crowd the shelves, which reach to the ceiling and emerge from the walls by the windows; but these shelves long ago proved too small for the ever-growing collection, and

now in a room below there are nearly as many more, while the shelves of another room off the library are filled with pamphlets, tracts and unbound volumes. Books, however, form only a part of the riches of Dr. Hale's home. Everywhere there are piquant reminders of his long and busy life and the friends and associations it has brought him. And yet, when the visitor's enthusiasm kindles at sight of these treasures, their owner, with the smile that from time to time lights up his rugged features, is sure to tell him that the most precious of all his possessions is the wife who still abides with him. And he but speaks the truth, for Mrs. Hale, a niece of Mrs. Stowe, has been for half a century an ideal helpmeet for the man to whom in youth she gave her heart and hand.

Not far from Dr. Hale's last home is the house numbered 125 Highland Street, which was occupied by William Lloyd Garrison through his later years. This house came to the great agitator in 1864 as a gift from his admirers, and there, the cause for which he had battled triumphant, he passed the peaceful, star-lit evening of his stormy career. Time, however, has spared few material reminders of Garrison's long fight against slavery. The building at the corner of Con-

gress and Water Streets, near the north side of what is now Post Office Square, from one of whose attic chambers, "dark, unfurnitured and mean," he issued in 1831 the first numbers of "The Liberator," was swept away in the fire of 1872; and one also searches in vain for the rambling pile in Washington Street backing on Devonshire where he had his office when, in 1835, he was haled through the streets by a mob and afterward jailed by the city authorities as a "disturber of the peace." But the heretic of yesterday having become the hero of to-day, Garrison's name is now held in reverence by the city which once reviled him; and since 1886 there has stood in one of its public places Warner's splendid statue of him, bearing in graven letters on its base the promise of his early manhood redeemed by thirty-five years of heroic service: "I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — and I will be heard."

It was a noble company of whom Garrison was the central figure, but the years, working strange caprices, have denied many of its members the full measure of fame which came to their leader. Thus the name of Edmund Quincy has already lapsed into a forgetfulness which is and must remain a mystery to every

student of the anti-slavery movement, for if Garrison was its leader and Phillips its orator, he was easily the ablest writer, the poet Whittier excepted, enlisted in its support. A son of Josiah Quincy, and born in 1808, Edmund Quincy was duly graduated at Harvard, where, to quote the words of his friend Lowell, he became "learned in those arts that make a gentleman," and a few years later joined hands with Garrison in the work of arousing the North to the ugliness of slavery. He was not an orator, but he had rare power as a satirist, and both in "The Liberator" and the New York "Tribune" he dealt blows whose sting was felt by their victims long after the occasion for them had become a part of the past. He also knew how to combine reform with literature; his life of his father, written after his pen had ceased to be a militant one, is in most respects the ideal of what a biography should be, while his "Wensley" and "The Haunted Adjutant" come so near to being first-rate pieces of fiction that one wonders why they do not still find readers. The home of Quincy's early manhood was at 49 Beacon Street, but he lived for many years and died at Bankside, Dedham, a fine old house with grounds reaching from the main street to the Charles River.

One of those whose failure to see the right as clearly as he saw it made them a tempting target for Quincy's shafts in the anti-slavery days was Robert C. Winthrop, who unto a green old age splendidly sustained the traditions of the school of oratory rendered illustrious by Webster and Everett. Winthrop's race, like that of Quincy, was one of the most aristocratic in New England, for he was sprung from John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts, and from that other John Winthrop who was governor of Connecticut. Equipped not only with the advantage of honored descent, but also with a competent private fortune, he studied law under Webster, and, making an early entrance into politics, helped to found the Whig party, of which he was for many years one of the most eloquent and potent champions. In 1834, at the age of twenty-five, he was chosen a representative from Boston to the Massachusetts legislature, and served there six years. Afterwards he was for ten years a member of the House at Washington, and its speaker for a single term.

When, in 1850, Webster became Secretary of State, Winthrop was appointed Senator by the governor of Massachusetts to take his place, but in 1851, when a candidate before the legislature, was defeated by a

coalition of Democrats and Free Soilers which placed Sumner there in his stead. The same year a like coalition compassed his defeat for governor of Massachusetts, whereupon, angered at the Free Soilers, who had humiliated and rejected him because his way of dealing with the slavery question differed from their own, he retired from politics. He never again held office during the three and forty years of life that remained to him, and thus by his own act put aside the great destiny that seemed to have been assigned to him. But he was not idle in his self-sought retirement. He interested himself in literary pursuits and benevolent enterprises, and he continued for many years to be the chosen and admired orator at the celebration of historical anniversaries and other public ceremonies, never failing to lift himself to the level of a high subject. Winthrop's birthplace was a house long since gone from Milk Street. The home of his last years was at 90 Marlborough Street.

Because he was unable to bow to a temporary defeat and thereafter made himself a stranger to the great purposes of life, Winthrop died almost unknown to the masses of his countrymen. The name of Epes Sargent is saved from like oblivion only by a single piece of

verse. Born at Gloucester in 1813, Sargent was educated at the Boston Latin School and Harvard, and early entered upon a lettered career. During the first half of his life he wrote many dramas, novels and poems, though "A Life on the Ocean Wave" is his only piece of original work that has escaped forgetfulness; and he was also and for long a hard-working editor, first of the New York "Mirror" and afterward of the Boston "Transcript." He retired from editorial labor, however, while still a young man, and the remainder of his active life was devoted to the editing and compilation of school-books, his best remembered effort in this field being "Sargent's Standard Speaker," which brought together in appealing and effective form a great number of the masterpieces of poetry and eloquence, and so remains a treasure in the breasts of thousands of old boys. Its editor's home for many years before his death in 1880 was at the corner of Moreland and Fairland Streets, in the Roxbury district.

When Sargent entered upon the editorship of the "Transcript" in 1846, Francis Parkman, though ten years his junior, had already begun the life work which was to win him rank as, perhaps, the greatest of American historians. The story of Parkman's career is one

of the most heroic in literary annals. He was born in 1823 in a house which still stands, though greatly altered, at 4a Allston Street, and passed his boyhood and youth in the stately mansion built by his grandfather, and long gone from 5 Bowdoin Square. He was graduated at Harvard in 1844, and soon afterward, feeling the literary impulse strong within him, fixed his thoughts upon a history of the rise and fall of the French dominion in America, a subject which had not then been touched by any writer. It was a brave resolve, for, the leisure that comes with inherited wealth aside, never did an author begin a great work under heavier handicaps. His eyes failed him in youth and ever afterward refused their usual service, while a physical organism strangely compounded of strength and weakness made consecutive labor impossible all his life.

And yet never was task discharged in a more thorough and masterly way. Parkman was to tell the story of the contact of Europeans with savages in the American wilderness, and to properly equip himself for it, he resolved to know the Indians in their natural state, and to see life from their point of view. Accordingly, he spent the summer of 1846 among the aborigines in the

West, and his first book, "The Oregon Trail," which chronicles his experiences in the wilderness, remains the best description we have of Indian life and customs. The hardships attendant upon his wanderings cost him a long and serious illness, but when again able to work, though only for a part of each day, he pushed forward with a courage that conquered all obstacles.

One of Parkman's long-time friends has described with a sympathy that kindles enthusiasm how slowly yet surely his work took form. "All the manuscript documents for one book," we are told, "were read slowly to him by an assistant, and gone over from beginning to end. He had the manuscripts read to him first for the leading points, and then he went over them again for the details of the story. At these readings he made, first, essential, and then non-essential notes. The further notes were references to essential passages in the different volumes, and when he was ready to dictate he held these notes in hand, and carefully studied them until he felt the imagination quickening as if he were one of the actors in the story. The narrative became as real as life. He held the materials in his grasp until they caught fire from himself. It was a slow, laborious process by which the story grew, but the con-

centration of the pent-up forces upon the work was such that it became a part of his life. The Indian wars, as he used to say, ran in his head, and in sleepless hours the work was like food to his strong and clear mind. Parkman could never explain his method. He had immense bodies of material to deal with, and he wrought them into clear and consecutive stories, and then dictated them as an artist paints a picture, putting in color and character wherever they were required. Very little was done without suffering, and the truth is that for nearly fifty years he toiled day after day amid limitations so severe that work seemed almost impossible, waiting for moments of health as his greatest blessing, glad to do a little, and always thankful when he could do more. He could not go into society, because it consumed his strength. He could see but few friends in his own house, for the same reason. His own family had to shield him from excitements. It was like fighting with destiny to do anything, yet month by month the noiseless fabric grew, and book after book was published, until his plan was completed."

The publication of Parkman's seven individual works, each written independent of the rest, but forming when read as a whole the continuous story of

"France and England in North America," began in 1865 with "The Pioneers of France in the New World," and this was followed at irregular intervals by "The Jesuits in North America," "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV," "The Old Regime in Canada," "A Half Century of Conflict," and "Montcalm and Wolfe." The last of the series to appear was "A Half Century of Conflict," published in 1892, and in the following year the life of the author came to an end. But his was a happy death, for he had lived to complete a work which by reason of its just and impartial treatment of delicate points, its splendid fusing of many elements into an organic whole, and its sustained and realizing exercise of the historical imagination, has taken its place among the noblest monuments of intellectual effort in our literature. Parkman was married in 1852, and until the death of his wife in 1858 had his home at 8 Walnut Street. Thereafter he lived with his sister, in the winter at 50 Chestnut Street, where his workroom was in the attic story with his library, and in the summer and autumn in a house, which he purchased in 1854, on the bank of Jamaica Pond, and whose site has now become a part of one of the city's parks.

The careers of Justin Winsor and John Codman Ropes long ran parallel with that of Parkman, and both, like him, did enduring work as historians. Winsor was born in Boston in 1831, studied at Harvard and Heidelberg, and then served in turn as librarian of the Boston Public Library and of Harvard, filling the latter post during the last twenty years of his life. He was born with a genius for constant and assiduous labor, and while winning a foremost place among American librarians, found leisure for an amount of literary work remarkable alike for quantity and quality. The "Memorial History of Boston," in four large volumes, and the "Narrative and Critical History of America," in eight, were edited by him, and at the time of his death in 1897 he had already published three volumes of a projected series on the early history of the country, based on a careful study of original documents, which will long be the most consulted by scholars of all upon their subject. Ropes, born in 1836 and graduated at Harvard at the age of twenty, in the intervals of his labors as a lawyer of large practice, devoted himself to the study and exposition of military history, producing an admirable biography of the first Napoleon, and leaving uncompleted what promised to be the most illumi-

nating of all accounts of the Civil War. Winsor lived while a resident of Boston at 61 Brookline Street, and the home of Ropes for many years before his death in 1899 was at 99 Mt. Vernon Street.

Charles Carleton Coffin, born in the same year as Parkman but to widely different conditions, holds a secure if modest place in our literary history. Coffin's father wrested a scant living from a stony and unfertile New Hampshire farm, and the son was self taught save for such education as he received in the schools of the countryside. After a brief period of farming, he was first a land surveyor and then a telegrapher, but soon became a contributor to the press, and following 1854 held places on various Boston newspapers. He went to the front in 1861 as correspondent of the Boston "Journal," and his letters, written over the signature of "Carleton," told in a vivid and stirring way the story of the Army of the Potomac from Bull Run to Appomattox. In 1866 he reported the war between Italy, Austria and Prussia. Then he made a tour of the world, sending weekly letters to the "Journal"; but after 1870 he applied himself chiefly to the authorship of historical books for boys, and at his death in 1896 left behind him an output of nearly a score of volumes,

all written with no small degree of literary charm, and in such a manner as to foster an abiding love of country in the hearts of their youthful readers.

Coffin long had his home at 81 Dartmouth Street in the Back Bay district, and there often gave welcome to William Taylor Adams, another author held in grateful memory by an army of old boys. The son of a tavernkeeper and born in 1822, Adams was for twenty years a teacher in the public schools of Boston. Then he became a writer for boys under the pen-name of "Oliver Optic," and from 1853 until his death at the age of seventy-five his tales of travel and adventure followed each other in quick succession from the press, to meet with such eager welcome that a round million copies were sold during his life-time. But Adams, whose last home was at 1479 Dorchester Avenue, wrote only for a day, and, if compelled to make choice, one would gladly exchange all of his more than a hundred books for Lucy Larcom's brief autobiography entitled "A New England Girlhood," of its kind one of the truest and sweetest bits of writing in the whole compass of our literature.

Lucy Larcom, as we know, was born in 1824 in the old seaside town of Beverly, the daughter of a retired

shipmaster, whose death compelled his widow to seek employment for their children in the mills of Lowell. There at the age of eleven Lucy Larcom began her battle with the world, tending bobbins from five in the morning until seven at night. Eleven years of labor in the cotton mills, and then an elder sister married and moved with her husband to the West. Lucy went with them, and for two years taught a log-cabin school on the prairies of Illinois. Then, by teaching lower classes to pay her tuition, she worked her way through a seminary at Alton. Her three years' course ended she returned to Beverly and opened a small private school, but in 1854 became a member of the staff of Wheaton Seminary at Norton, where for eight years she led, to quote her own words, "a kind of cloistered life, with the world entirely shut out." She had begun to write while still a Lowell mill hand, and she had not been long at Norton before she gave to the world her "Hannah Binding Shoes," a sad but true and tender piece of verse, which won her instant recognition, and upon which now rests her surest claim to remembrance.

Whittier was among the first to hail the new singer's advent, and between them sprang up a friendship which strengthened with the years, and ended only

with the elder poet's death. One incident illustrating the ease and freedom of this friendship Whittier was wont in his last days to gleefully relate to their mutual friends. It was when Miss Larcom had taken on the rounded proportions that come to many women with middle age, while Whittier had grown old and feeble and slight of form. She was on a visit to Amesbury, and they were driving out together on her host's invitation. Horse and chaise had seen their best days, and the springs sagged heavily on Miss Larcom's side of the vehicle. They were descending a steep and stony hill, and Whittier, with waning confidence in his own horsemanship, was anxiously intent on the road and the reins. But Miss Larcom, absorbed by thoughts of a future life, talked placidly on, wholly unconscious of her companion's fears, until he turned upon her suddenly and exclaimed: "Lucy, if thee don't keep still thee will get to heaven before thee wants to." Miss Larcom's eyes opened wide at this interruption, but there was a twinkle in those of Whittier, and a lull in the conversation that lasted until horse and chaise reached in safety a level stretch of road.

Miss Larcom left Norton in 1862 to devote herself wholly to literature, and soon became a regular con-

tributor to the "Atlantic Monthly" and other leading periodicals of the time. For several years following 1865 she was one of the editors of "Our Young Folks," and to its columns she contributed much of her best work in prose and verse. The most notable fruits of her last days were "A New England Girlhood" and a majority of the religious poems which now fill a large space in her collected works. When physical infirmity came upon her and she was unable longer to labor with her pen, she was induced by Whittier to accept help. "Don't be foolish," said this faithful friend. "Thee will not and must not waste thy remaining strength in rebellion." It was finally arranged that she should accept an annual pension from a Quaker home in Philadelphia, to which were added contributions from old pupils and other friends whose loving ministry to her needs continued until the end. She died in Boston in April, 1893, her last home being at 214 Columbus Avenue, but her burial took place in her native Beverly, and there she was laid to rest within sight and sound of the sea.

A year after Lucy Larcom helped to start "Our Young Folks" on its prosperous way, William Dean Howells settled in Boston as assistant editor of the

"Atlantic Monthly." He was then in the morning of his many sided career as a man of letters. Born in Ohio in 1837, Mr. Howells while yet a boy began to learn the printer's trade in the office of the country newspaper published by his father, and at the age of twenty became local editor of the "Ohio State Journal" at Columbus. He read much in the scant leisure of a busy youth, and also found time for writing, his earliest work appearing in 1859 in a volume called "Poems of Two Friends." The other author was John James Piatt, who has since written many pleasing verses. The reward for a campaign life of Lincoln which Mr. Howells wrote in 1860 was an appointment as consul at Venice. There with his bride, a sister of the sculptor Mead, he spent four pleasant and profitable years, and there, too, his aspirations for a literary career took definite shape.

Returning to America in 1865 he secured a place as editorial writer on the "Nation" in New York, and sought a publisher for "Venetian Life," his first prose work. This was rejected by James T. Fields, but a large part of it was afterwards printed as letters in a Boston newspaper, and finally its author with difficulty induced Houghton & Company to print an edition of

fifteen hundred copies from type, which was then distributed. The last copy was sold within a fortnight, and plates had to be made for a new edition. This success led Fields to discover a valuable ally in his rejected contributor, and the latter was at once invited to become assistant editor of the "Atlantic," five years later assuming full charge of that magazine. Meanwhile, Mr. Howells had published "Italian Journeys," and had set out to train his hand as a novelist. "Their Wedding Journey," given to the world in 1871, showed that he was feeling his way as a writer of fiction, and the delightful promise contained in this 'prentice work was confirmed during the next ten years by "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Foregone Conclusion," "A Counterfeit Presentment," "The Lady of the Aroostook," "The Undiscovered Country," "A Fearful Responsibility," "Dr. Breen's Practice" and "A Modern Instance," each remarkable for minute and faithful analysis of human nature and human life.

Their author retired from the "Atlantic" in 1881, soon to return to the scene of his earlier labors in New York, and the story of his subsequent career is mainly written in his books. Three score and ten titles, comprising almost every form of literary endeavor, now

stand to his credit, and at sixty-seven he is still at work, with all the zeal and zest of youth, but with the added mellowness and gentleness which are at once the fruit and compensation of age. Mr. Howells, while still engaged in editorial work, lived first in Cambridge and later at Belmont. Afterward he dwelt in turn at 4 Louisburg Square and at 302 Beacon Street, where he had Dr. Holmes for a neighbor. His last Boston home was at 184 Commonwealth Avenue.

When Mr. Howells relinquished the editorship of the "Atlantic" he was succeeded in that post by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, another poet and novelist whom Boston claims as its own by right of adoption. Mr. Aldrich was born and passed his early youth in Portsmouth, but moved at the age of seventeen to New York, where for a dozen years he contributed poems and prose sketches to the daily and weekly press, becoming at the same time the friend and comrade of the poets Stedman, Stoddard and Bayard Taylor. In 1866 he settled in Boston and assumed the editorship of "Every Saturday" which post he held until 1874, and for nine years following 1881 he served as editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." Since 1890 his time has been devoted to original work and to foreign travel, his

journeys leading him to many lands and affording fresh material for essay and song. It is an act of presumption to assign any living man his rank or station, but it is not too much to say that what Maupassant was to French Mr. Aldrich is to American letters. His poetical and prose writings now fill eight volumes, and on their every page there is evident an exacting standard of craftsmanship, combined with delicacy of touch and an original and individual charm. Though wholly delightful both in his short and longer fiction, he is at his best in his graver verse, and certain of his sonnets yield a glow and thrill commanded only by the lyric poet in his rarest moods.

Mr. Aldrich has been a man of many homes. He dwelt upon his first coming to Boston at 84 Pinckney Street, where he and his wife "set up housekeeping in the light of their honeymoon," and where were written the "Story of a Bad Boy" and other of his early books. Then for ten years following 1871 he lived at 131 Charles Street. His home since 1884 has been a noble mansion at 59 Mt. Vernon Street, upon the highest point of Beacon Hill, just as it begins to slope downward toward the west. The rooms of this house are all spacious, above stairs as well as below, and are

furnished apparently for use and comfort, not for useless display. Ample, airy and comfortable, it is the ideal home of the man of letters. Mr. Aldrich has also a country home at Ponkapog, a secluded place twelve miles away behind the Blue Hills, and there he passes much of his time. "Solitude," he writes, "is the chief staple of Ponkapog. The nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two would render it uninhabitable."

One other author claims a place in this chronicle of literary Boston — an author with a career whose beginning was as romantic as its end was pathetic. Born in Ireland in 1844, John Boyle O'Reilly wrote for and set type on an Irish newspaper in boyhood, and at nineteen, in a moment of capricious daring, enlisted in the British army. While serving as a private in the "Prince of Wales's Own," the famous Tenth Hussars, then stationed in Ireland, he was induced to join in a Fenian plot to turn the army against the crown. Detection was followed by conviction and sentence, first to death, then to life imprisonment, and finally to twenty years of penal servitude in Australia. But soon, by the aid of a few friends, a conspiracy was successfully formed

to promote his escape. He fled from the penal colony, and, expecting to be picked up by an American whaler, took to the ocean in an open boat. The ship sighted him, but passed by. Another, guided by a more humane hand, found him drifting half dead, and concealed him so that when a British cutter searched the American a hat tossing about on the sea was accepted as evidence that the fugitive had leaped to death to avoid capture.

O'Reilly's first friend in the United States was Horace Greeley. Penniless, without acquaintances, seeking only employment, he carried to the great editor one of his poems, "The Amber Whale," a ballad of uncommon power and beauty which he had written in prison. It was printed and paid for, and, followed by other of his best narrative poems, opened the way to a career rich in promise and performance. In 1870 he secured a place on the staff of the Boston "Pilot," of which a few years later he became the principal proprietor, and, fixing his residence at 34 Winthrop Street in the Charlestown district, poured forth a steady stream of prose and verse until in 1890 his life was ended by an accidental overdose of chloral. Though much that came from O'Reilly's pen was ephemeral, many of his poems are charged with a splendid hu-

manity and will live as long as the language in which they are written. The man, however, was greater than his work, and the memory of him that endures is that of a fine intrepid spirit who bowed alone to death.

Chapter IX

The Land of the Pilgrims

Sea and land were flooded with the sunshine of a perfect June morning when the writer made his first visit to Plymouth, richest in historic associations, and, in its quiet way, one of the most beautiful of New World towns. Plymouth lies on the slopes of several hills reaching down to the shores of a land-locked bay, and many a noble elm and linden shade streets whose names serve to perpetuate the memory of the time, nigh three centuries ago, when, amid toil and hardship, the making of a nation began. Leyden Street, oldest of Plymouth thoroughfares, recalls the town in Holland which afforded the Pilgrims an asylum when they first fled from England; another street bears the name of the vessel which brought them to America, and a third that of the Indian chief Massasoit, their steadfast ally and friend.

The landmarks which draw an ever lengthening procession of visitors to Plymouth are all within the compass of an hour's ramble. North Street, running parallel with Leyden, leads to Plymouth Rock, formerly

on the water's edge but now several rods from the shore and shielded by a granite canopy. Close by are Pilgrim Wharf and Cole's Hill, where the first houses of the colonists were set up, and where were buried those who died in the first disastrous winter, the ground above their graves being ploughed and sown by the survivors, in order to conceal from the Indians the large number who had fallen. Reverent hands in a later time have smoothed down and swarded the slope of Cole's Hill, and a small park now crowns its brow. Leyden Street terminates at its western end in Town Square, a small open space shaded by elms, which guards the site of the first meeting house, and is flanked by Burial Hill, where are the graves of the early settlers, among them that of John Howland, the last to die of all the goodly company who crossed in the "Mayflower." The visitor, however, comes in closest touch with the Pilgrims when idling over the collection of antiquities housed in Pilgrim Hall in Court Street, where one can study prints and paintings without number, and, more interesting still, the sword of doughty Miles Standish, a deed written by John Alden, and the bones of the Indian sachem Iyanough, who, Winslow tells us, "was very personable, gentle, courteous, and fair-conditioned; indeed, not like a savage, save for his attire."

Many of the old houses of Plymouth have interesting histories, some of them reaching back into the century before the last, and in one of them, a venerable mansion known as the Winslow House, Ralph Waldo Emerson wooed and wedded his second wife. But the Plymouth landmark of greatest interest to the literary pilgrim is the Pilgrim Book Store, occupying that corner of Leyden Street where once stood the house in which for many years William Bradford wrought upon his "History of Plymouth Plantation," one of the earliest pieces of writing done in New England. Than he no man was better fitted for such a task, for he had been with the Pilgrims in Holland and long presided over their colony in the new world. Bradford's book, begun in 1630 and completed in 1650, is clothed in sturdy and often simply eloquent English, and is the foundation upon which all succeeding historians have based their accounts of the Plymouth colony; yet to a majority of people the history of his manuscript is more interesting than anything it contains. Morton, Prince and Hutchinson made generous use of it in writing their histories, but during the Revolution it disappeared from the library Prince had formed in the tower of the Old South Church, in Boston, and it remained undiscovered

until, after the lapse of seventy years, the search of an American scholar brought it to light in Fulham Library, the rich collection belonging to the Bishop of London. Permission was at once given to copy and print the manuscript, and finally in 1897 the late Bishop Creighton generously surrendered it to the keeping of the governor of Massachusetts.

Bradford in a memorable passage of his long lost and now recovered history bewails the tendency early displayed by the Plymouth settlers to forsake the parent town and spread out over the hills and dales in their rear. The earliest of these migrations, which the worthy governor feared would be "ye ruin of New England," resulted in the founding of Duxbury at the northern end of Plymouth bay. Miles Standish and John Alden were among the first settlers in Duxbury, and so, by reason of its association with one of the most widely read of American poems, the old town claims a place in this chronicle. When the Pilgrims returned from Holland to England on their way to America a curious throng of spectators greeted their arrival at Southampton. One of the throng was John Alden, a sturdy youth, who coming to the wharf to while away an idle hour, was instantly won by the

beauty of a maiden, Priscilla Mullens, who marched beside her father among the Pilgrims.

Young Alden, with eyes on the maid, followed the strangers to the Southampton dockyard, where he learned that they were bound for America. He sought out the leader of the band and applied for membership, saying he wished to accompany the Pilgrims across seas, and was willing to work his passage. He was accepted, helped to place the "Mayflower" in readiness for her voyage, and in due time sailed with the Pilgrims for Plymouth. The rest of the story Longfellow has told in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," a story

"Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers."

John Alden and Priscilla Mullens were married in the spring of 1621, and, after dwelling several years in Plymouth, removed to Duxbury, there to pass the remainder of their days. Their first home in the new town was destroyed by fire, but a second house built for them in 1653 by one of their sons yet stands not far from the Duxbury railway station. On the slope of Captain's Hill, in another part of the town, one comes

upon a quaint, picturesque structure, known as the Standish Cottage, and containing, it is believed, some of the materials of Standish's own house. Tradition has it that Standish takes his rest in the oldest of Duxbury burying grounds, and there also are the graves of John and Priscilla Alden.

The town of Marshfield, which adjoins Duxbury on the north, was first settled in 1632 by Edward Winslow, third governor of Plymouth Colony, who called his new estate Careswell in memory of the home he had left behind him in England. The years long ago claimed the house which Winslow built on his domain, but not far from its site stands the weather-beaten dwelling reared in 1699 by his grandson — a massive structure with four square rooms grouped around a central chimney. Heavy oaken timbers show in each corner and across the ceilings, and there are huge fireplaces with hand-wrought wooden panels above them and cupboards on either side. The old house is well worth a visit, for there in the time of its builder, Isaac Winslow, who like his grandfather was a man of pith and quality, often gathered the leading spirits of the Plymouth Colony, while the road that runs beside it leads to the many-acred estate which was long the property and abiding-place of Daniel Webster.

It was in 1824 that Webster, driving with his wife from Cape Cod to Boston, halted for the night at the home of Captain John Thomas, the owner of a well tended farm, three miles from the village of Marshfield and within sight of the sea. The beauty of the situation delighted him, and before he took his departure in the morning an arrangement was made whereby for seven years the members of the Webster family passed their summers by the Marshfield shore as the guests of Captain Thomas. In 1831 Webster bought the farm, stipulating that the Thomas family should live there as before, and with his wife and children came and went at pleasure, until in 1837 the death of Captain Thomas put an end to the delightful relations existing between the two families. After that Webster enlarged the house into a structure of thirty rooms, and, hiring an overseer, added to the farm until he owned upward of fifteen hundred acres.

The dining and living room in the reconstructed house was a spacious and cheerful apartment, but its finest room was the library, vaulted and lighted by Gothic windows filled with stained glass. The bedrooms had each a distinctive name — the Star Chamber, the Castrum, the Red Room, the Blue Room and

the Pink Room. Above the mantel of the Pink Room, long occupied by Webster, was an oil portrait of the faithful colored woman who lived for many years in his family, while in the Castrum hung the arms of Major Edward and Colonel Fletcher Webster, the latter killed at Bull Run. In 1878 the house, then occupied by the widow of Fletcher Webster, was destroyed by fire, but another was built on the site, and, with a large part of the estate, is now owned and occupied by a wealthy Boston merchant, proud of its history and zealous in its care and preservation.

The new house holds many intimate mementoes of Webster, and on the lawn before it stands two weeping elms planted by him in 1848 in memory of his children, Edward and Julia, who both lay dead in Boston at the same time. A little to the north of the house is a small trout pond, with grass growing down to its margin, and thence it is a short walk to the brow of Black Hill, Webster's favorite lookout, whence, on a clear day, can be seen the whole expanse of the great farm, the long reach of coast, and the sea stretching out to the horizon line, with white sails shimmering in the sunshine. Again, a grass-grown lane leads from the house to the old Burying Hill of Marshfield, where Webster takes

his rest, with his children and his children's children around him. Several generations of Winslows sleep in the same plot, and there, too, is the grave of the sweet singer, Adelaide Phillips, who passed her last years in Marshfield.

What with its hills and meadows, its lake and sands, and its tonic breezes from Plymouth Bay, Webster loved his home by the sea as he did no other spot save his birthplace. The life which he led there was that of the farmer, the fisherman and the boon companion. Politics was the one subject tabooed at Marshfield, and we are told that if any one mentioned public affairs in its master's presence his brow darkened on the instant. Farming, fishing and the care of stock, these were his favorite pursuits and themes, and he knew every one of his cattle by name as well as he knew the names of his fellow senators. Nor in his dress about home could he be distinguished from his neighbors. Rarely did he boast a collar; a worn slouched hat covered his head, and his trousers were always tucked inside his boots. Children ran instinctively into his arms, and, with those of a larger growth, had ever a hearty welcome and full run of the Webster house. And so his humble neighbors grew to know and love him as a friend, and when

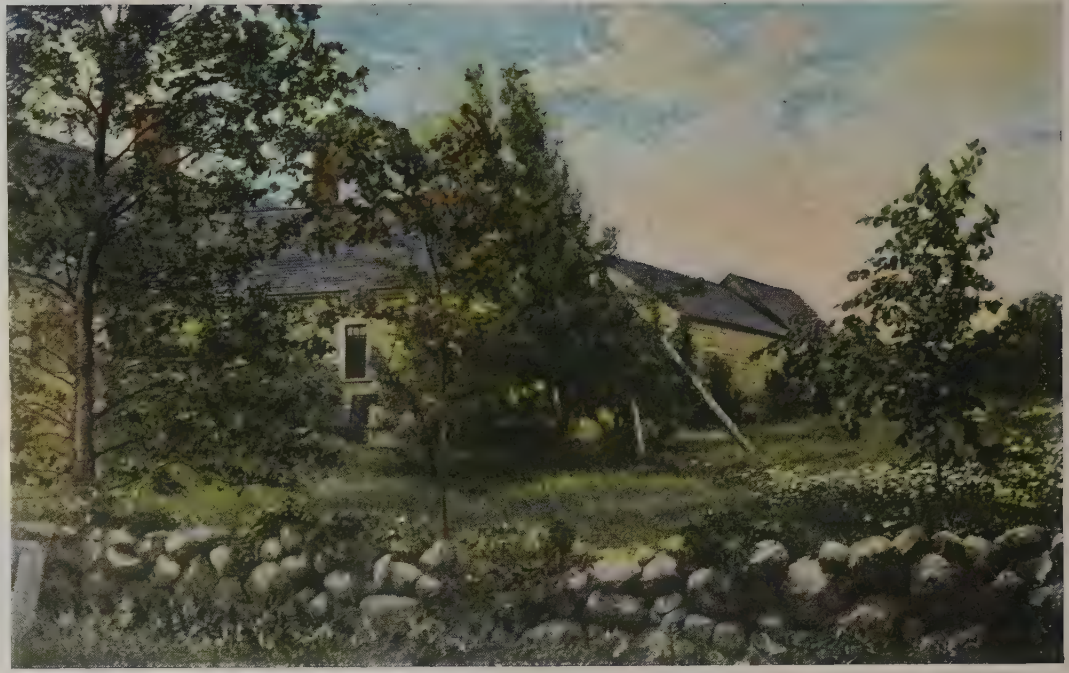
he died in the late October of 1852, one unknown man, in rustic garb, standing beside his coffin, could say, softly, reverently and as if to himself, "Daniel Webster, the world without you will seem lonesome." Than this, no finer, tenderer tribute was ever paid to the great man's memory.

A third of the migrations from Plymouth mourned by Bradford led to the settlement in 1633 of the town of Scituate, which adjoins Marshfield on the north. One of the founders of Scituate was Walter Woodworth, whose farm, close by the present railway station, has ever since remained in the possession of his descendants. There in 1785 a child was born who long afterward was to render his boyhood home immortal by writing "The Old Oaken Bucket." The youngest son of a veteran of the Revolution, Samuel Woodworth chose in youth the trade of printer and served a long apprenticeship under Benjamin Russell, then editor of the "Columbian Centinel" in Boston, meanwhile contributing poetry to the periodicals of that time under the signature of Selim, a name by which in after life he was known to his intimates and friends. His apprenticeship ended, Woodworth settled in New York, wrote a number of now forgotten novels, plays and operas,

successively founded half a dozen short-lived journals, and in 1823 joined with George P. Morris in the establishment of the New York "Mirror."

It was six years before his association with Morris, however, that Woodworth wrote the song that has moved the hearts of three generations. He was living then in Duane Street, New York, and had his office at the foot of Wall Street. Walking home to dinner on a sultry August noontide, he drank a glass of water while heated with the exercise, and exclaimed, as he replaced the glass on the table: "That is refreshing, but more refreshing on this hot day would be a good, long draught from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home." Hearing this, his wife asked, "Selim, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?" The poet took the hint, and, under the inspiration of the moment and at a single sitting, penned the lines of "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The visitor to Scituate, where in a later time another poet, Thomas William Parsons, ended his days, finds the "orchard, the meadow and the deep-tangled wildwood" celebrated by Woodworth little altered by the years. The cot has disappeared, and a modern cottage stands near its site, while the bucket and the



sweep long ago succumbed to wear and use; but there is a new sweep of the same pattern, and the old well still yields water as pure and fresh as when the poet sang its praises. Woodworth visited his early home but twice after writing "The Old Oaken Bucket," and now takes his rest beside another sea. He died in 1842, and his widow spent the remainder of her days under the roof-tree of a son in San Francisco. When she, too, died, the son had the remains of his father removed from New York and placed by her side in Laurel Hill Cemetery, San Francisco, so that in death they "might not be divided."

When the writer left Scituate behind him he shaped his return to Boston by way of Hingham, Quincy, Milton, Dedham and West Roxbury, all rich in historic and literary memories. Hingham, called after the English home of its founders, is one of the loveliest of towns, and boasts the oldest and quaintest meeting-house in the land. This venerable church, sometimes called the Ship, stands on the slope of a hill, whose brow was formerly crowned by a fort, the site of which can still be traced among the graves of the cemetery that has long occupied the spot. It was built in 1681, and ever since has been occupied by the same church

organization. But the item of Hingham history of most interest to the literary pilgrim is the fact that the old town was the birthplace and boyhood home of Richard Henry Stoddard.

His father, a master mariner, was lost at sea in 1828, and young Stoddard passed his early years in the house of his grandfather, a kindly, gentle-hearted old man to whom the poet makes loving reference in his autobiography. "I remember," he writes, "the cove through which the tide rushed to and fro twice a day. Pond lilies grew in the marshes near its banks. On the lower side of the cove, or the stream which emptied into it, stood my grandfather's house, the street running up and down the gentle slopes of the banks, and lined on either side with gardens, in which I remember the tall poles festooned with bean-vines and the rows of corn almost as tall. The front of my grandfather's house was at the level of the street, but the back dropped downward two stories on the slope toward the cove. In winter, when the ice was thick, my grandfather often carried me across the frozen cove and up the hill on the opposite shore, where slept the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' most of them under tottering headstones. That old cemetery seemed to be looked forward to as

the certain and probably sudden home of all of us, and I was not excluded from the general gathering, as I learned one day when I was sick and heard instructions to hang a handkerchief in the window to inform my grandfather when I had died. There was no special arrangement for notifying the dear old man that I still lived; dying seemed to be the most laudable industry of the time."

There is a touch of grim humor in these closing words, and, truth to tell, the childhood of Stoddard was a troubled and unhappy one. It came to an end in New York, whence, when he was ten years old, his mother moved with her second husband. There the growing lad mastered the trade of iron molding, read and wrote in his leisure hours, and in 1849 published his first volume of verse. Three years later he became a regular contributor to the press, having in the meanwhile married Elizabeth Barstow, a gifted writer of poems and novels; and thereafter his life was that of a hard-working journalist and man of letters. Though he had a wide scope, and left a great mass of prose behind him, Stoddard's songs give perhaps the best measure of his gift. Larger sweep and power and a stronger appeal to popular sentiment have been exercised by

other of our poets, but none has surpassed him in the production of sheerly exquisite poetry. Had he never written anything save his noble ode on the death of Lincoln he would be sure of lasting remembrance. Best of all, when he died in 1903, he left to his friends a legacy as precious as his verse in the memory of one who was

> "Gentle, never schooled, yet learned,
> Full of noble device, of all sorts
> Enchantingly beloved."

Two weather-beaten houses standing close together at the corner of Independence Street and Franklin Avenue, in the old town of Quincy, have an abiding interest for every lover of his country's past, for one was the birthplace of John Adams and the other that of his hardly less illustrious son. A more imposing house nearer the center of the town was the home of John Adams from 1787 until his death. This house, the country-seat in an earlier time of Leonard Vassall, a wealthy royalist whose property was sequestered in the Revolution, is now occupied by Brooks Adams, great-grandson of the second President. There John Adams passed the last of his more than ninety years, cheered by the love of a grateful people, and keeping until the

end the saving gift of humor. Daniel Webster delighted to tell of a visit made to him a few months before his death. The venerable man received Webster with cordiality, and thanked him for coming to see him. He was lying in bed, supported by pillows, and drawing his breath with much difficulty. He seemed to pump his words, said Webster, from a great depth, and spoke in short sentences. "How are you, Mr. Adams?" inquired his visitor. "Feeble and nearly worn out," was the reply. "The old tenement is in a state of dilapidation, and from what I can judge of the intentions of the landlord, he is not likely to lay out anything more in repairs."

When John Adams died in 1826, he bequeathed to the town of Quincy certain granite quarries with which to build a "temple" to receive his remains. A church, locally known as the Granite Temple, was erected in 1828, in obedience to this injunction, and in its basement are the tombs of Adams and his son and their wives. John Quincy Adams, however, was first laid to rest in an ancient burial garth, across the way from the Granite Temple, where are the graves of Henry Adams, founder of the Adams family in America; of John Hancock, father of the more famous bearer of

that name, and of Edmund Quincy, first of his line in New England, who came to Boston in 1633, and a little later helped to found the settlement from which grew the town now called after his name.

The old Quincy mansion in Hancock Street, facing Bridge Street, contains some part of the house built about 1634 by Edmund Quincy, and itself has a history of nearly two hundred years. Here was born Dorothy Quincy, the original of Dr. Holmes's "Dorothy Q.," whose granddaughter was the mother of the poet; and here lived that other Dorothy Quincy, a descendant of the first, who became the wife of John Hancock after she had said nay to the eager wooing of Aaron Burr. The wife of Judge Edmund Quincy, who flourished in the opening years of the eighteenth century, also bore the name of Dorothy, and besides was the sister of Henry Flynt, New England's earliest humorist, for whom she made the Quincy house larger by a study and chamber, so that he might enjoy his pipe and toddy with less scandal to her friends. Flynt, born at Dorchester in 1675 was graduated at Harvard in 1693, and for the long period of fifty-five years was a tutor in that institution. He never married, and for many years spent his vacations under his sister's roof in

Quincy. He had wit and humor, and stories of his quain' ways and words filled a large place in the small talk of his time. Melancholy, however, mingled with the lighter vein in his nature, and here and there in his diary one finds him seeking a cause for the periods of depression which often made him their victim. "I believe," he wrote in 1714, "I have been of late hurt by much smoking tobacco, two pipes in forenoon, and two or three in afternoon, and four or five at night. This were surely noxious to melancholy and erring bodily. Moderation in this and moderate exercise are necessary for me. I shall not be moderate in smoke unless I wholly omit it in forenoon." An excellent resolution, but, one fears, only made to be broken.

Had they lived in the same time Tutor Flynt would have found a source of endless delight in the doings of Thomas Morton, the most singular and, one is tempted to add, the most interesting figure in early New England history, whose erstwhile home was on the level summit of the hill in Quincy still called Mt. Wollaston. It was in the summer of 1625, five years after the landing of the Pilgrims, that a certain Captain Wollaston came from England, and with three or four fellow adventurers and a score of bond servants planted a settlement

on the hill that bears his name. One of his companions was Thomas Morton, a London lawyer of convivial temper but at sharp odds with fortune and morality. When Wollaston, speedily convinced that little profit was to be hoped for out of New England, set sail for Virginia, taking with him a majority of the bond servants, Morton made himself head of the settlement, and, with the roistering crew that followed his lead, inaugurated a series of revels that shocked and saddened the worthy settlers of Plymouth. They changed the name of the place to Merry Mount, and, Bradford tells us, "also set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing and frisking about it, like so many fairies, or furies rather." Worse still, the men of Merry Mount sold arms and ammunition to the Indians, and when news of their evil practices reached Plymouth resolve was taken to make short work of the roisterers. Miles Standish, set on their track with a platoon of his muskeeters, arrested Morton, dispersed his crew, and put an end to the reign of misrule which in later days furnished a theme for the pens of Hawthorne and Motley.

Morton, however, lingered in the neighborhood, and, soon coming into conflict with the rulers of the newly planted colony of Massachusetts Bay, he was by them

set in the stocks and finally shipped back to England. There he sought to revenge himself upon his enemies by petitioning the king in council to vacate the Massachusetts charter, a move which was thwarted only by the most strenuous exertions of the friends of the colony; and also wrote and published his "New English Canaan," a curious and amusing book made up in about equal measure of rose-colored descriptions of the New England country and of witty lampoons upon the men who had banished him. Standish, Endicott and Winthrop figure in its pages as Shrimp, Littleworth and Temperwell, but the author's pen is most caustic when describing the state with which Endicott, "a great swelling fellow," sought to surround himself in primitive New England. "To add a majesty, as he thought, to his new assumed dignity," writes Morton, "he caused the patent of Massachusetts, new brought into the land, to be carried where he went in his progress to and fro, as an emblem of his authority; which the vulgar people not acquainted with, thought it to be some instrument of music locked up in that covered case, and thought this man of littleworth had been a fiddler."

Finally in 1643 Morton, now an aging man, a second time made his way to New England, but only to be

jailed for a year and then banished by the magistrates of Boston. Thus summarily dealt with, he left for the last time the province of Massachusetts Bay, and sought refuge in that part of the Maine wilderness where now stands the town of York. There, about the year 1648, this once witty and scholarly man, able to handle with equal deftness fiddle-bow or fowling-piece, died a crazy and despised outcast. Yet the whirligig of time has revenged Morton upon one of his dearest foes. Priscilla Mullens rejected the suit of Miles Standish to give her hand to John Alden. A granddaughter of this union in 1688 married one Joseph Adams, and their descendants at the end of another century became the owners of Mt. Wollaston, where one of them now resides, close to the site of Morton's May-pole. And so, while the captain of Plymouth expelled from his home the first master of Merry Mount, the present owner traces a descent from Standish's successful rival for a fair woman's hand.

Thomas Hutchinson, last royal governor of Massachusetts, once had his country-seat in Milton, and thence, in June, 1774, set out on the voyage to England from which he was never to return; while Dedham was the birthplace and lifelong home of Fisher Ames, whose

gift of eloquent speech made him a great figure in the politics of his time. Sprung from old Puritan stock, conspicuous on the father's side for a love of learning and for scientific tastes, Ames served eight years in the House of Representatives. He was from the first one of the Federalist leaders in that body, but his reputation chiefly rests on the speech which, in 1796, turned the scales in favor of the wise but unpopular treaty John Jay had negotiated with England, and secured the appropriation by which it was put into operation. Suffering from the malady which later brought him to his grave, Ames was scarcely able to talk or stand when he began, but gathered strength as he went on for one of the most effective speeches ever made in either branch of Congress.

One of those who heard it and was moved to enthusiasm by its impressive blending of argument and eloquence was John Adams, then Vice-President. "Judge Iredell and I happened to sit together," Adams wrote to his wife. "Our feelings beat in unison. 'My God! how great he is,' says Iredell; 'how great he has been!' 'Noble!' said I. After some time Iredell breaks out: 'Bless my stars, I never heard anything so great since I was born!' 'Divine,' said I. Thus we went on

with our interjections, not to say tears, to the end. Tears enough were shed. Not a dry eye, I believe, in the house, except some of the jackasses who had occasioned the necessity of the oratory. These attempted to laugh, but their visages 'grinned horrible, ghastly smiles.' They smiled like Foulon's son-in-law when they made him kiss his father's dead and bleeding head." The speech which so moved Adams and Iredell won the day for a measure that had seemed foredoomed to defeat. But its delivery was Ames' last important public service. He left Congress in 1797, and passed his closing years in invalid retirement, dying in 1808 at the age of fifty. His house stood aforetime in High Street, Dedham, but is now removed to River Place, and with enlargements and improvements has become the home of Frederick J. Stimson.

George Horatio Derby, remembered under his pen-name of John Phoenix as one of the drollest of our early humorists, was also a native of Dedham. Born in 1823, Derby was graduated at West Point in 1846, and served with distinction in the Mexican War, being severely wounded at the battle of Cerro Gordo. Later he had a hand in important explorations of the Northwest and Pacific coast, finally attaining the rank of

captain of engineers. Derby, who lived a life as genuinely comic as that of Charles Lamb and quite as gentle, wrote his humor for his fellow officers and for the incidental society which assembled around isolated army posts. Instinct with satire and ingrained wit, it gave its author when collected in "Phoenxiana" and the "Squibob Papers" a popularity that has endured to the present time. A droll rather than a humorist, he was, however, more content to draw the immoderate laugh of his hearers than to wait for the verdict of posterity, and his fantastic excesses are apt to tire many of his later readers.

Still Derby could extract fun from the most unpromising subjects; his military superiors were again and again called upon to condone the mirth-tipped shafts he aimed at them, and several papers from his hand are yet on file in the War Department at Washington which would have brought severe reprimand and perhaps loss of commission to any other than this Merry Andrew among soldiers. Jefferson Davis, while Secretary of War, was so angered at a communication from Derby concerning new uniforms and especially a new style of buttons that he marked him for a court-martial. But the humorist's letter was so superlatively

ridiculous that Davis, it is said, was induced by President Pierce not to pursue the matter, lest the whole service should be brought into ridicule in the newspapers. Derby died in 1861 from the effects of a sunstroke received while he was superintending the erection of lighthouses in the South.

The last halt in the pilgrimage here recorded was at West Roxbury, where Theodore Parker lived and labored during his first years in the ministry, and where Brook Farm ran its brief but memorable career. The old meeting-house in which Parker preached is still standing in Centre Street, though long unused and dismantled, and in the same thoroughfare one finds the house to which he brought his bride, now occupied, such are the changes that come with the years, as the rectory of a Catholic church. Perhaps a mile away, in another part of the town, is the farm where was set afoot the experiment of Brook Farm.

It was in 1840 that George Ripley, with the belief strong within him that competition was the great evil of life, gave up his Boston pastorate to form a community which, to quote his own words, should "combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual; guarantee the highest mental freedom

by providing all with labor adapted to their tastes and talents, and securing to them the fruits of their industry; do away with the necessity of menial services by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all;" and so "prepare a society of liberal, intelligent and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions." Thus Ripley wrote to Emerson in November, 1840. "To accomplish these objects," he added, "we propose to take a small tract of land which, under skilful husbandry, uniting the garden and the farm, will be adequate to the subsistence of the families; and to connect with this a school or college, from the first rudiments to the highest culture."

Though Emerson, accepting the shrewd advice of one of his farmer neighbors in Concord, declined to join the projected community, Ripley was not dismayed at his friend's refusal, and a little later bought a farm in West Roxbury, where he and his wife had boarded the previous summer, and made himself responsible for its management. The farm in question consisted of about two hundred acres and took its name from a small brook which ran through it into the Charles

River. A roomy house and barn were on the land, and close at hand was a plot of pine woods many acres in extent. Ripley with his wife and sister went to live there early in April, 1841, and before the month's end some fifteen other persons became residents at the farm. One of these was Nathaniel Hawthorne, who a few weeks later described the life there in a letter to his sister. "This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life," he wrote, "and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods in which we ramble all day without meeting anybody or scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road, so that we are not troubled with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a single face, save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past four, breakfast at six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine."

Such was Brook Farm in its first days. Ripley continued for several months to own and manage the farm, and it was not until November, 1841, that the Brook

Farm Institute of Agriculture and Education, a joint stock company, came formally into existence. Ripley, under the new order of things, was made chairman of the committee of general direction, and thus the virtual head of the association, while Mrs. Ripley had charge of education, Hawthorne of the finances, and William B. Allen of agriculture. Charles A. Dana served as recording secretary. The twenty-four shares of stock then assigned had a value of $500 each, and every holder of one or more shares was considered a member of the association, and given a voice in the disposition of the funds. Every person resident at the farm was charged a uniform price for his board, and paid for his labor at a uniform rate, the end kept always in mind being to combine farming and a life close to nature with the best possible cultivation of the mental powers of the members and their children. "The argument was," writes Dana, "that while anyone was pursuing philosophy and literature and philology and mathematics, he ought to work on the land, to cultivate the earth; and the man who did not work on the land could not have first-rate health. So, in order to reform society, in order to regenerate the world and to realize democracy in the social relations, they determined that

their society should first pursue agriculture, which would give every man plenty of out-door labor in the free air, and at the same time the opportunity of study, of instruction, of becoming familiar with everything in literature and learning."

Besides Ripley and Hawthorne a number of rare spirits were enlisted in this scheme for social and mental betterment. Ripley's wife was a woman of rounded education and his sister had been a successful teacher in Boston. Warren Burton and John S. Dwight were graduates of Harvard and both had been settled over Unitarian parishes. George P. Bradford was also a Harvard graduate, while Dana had spent two years at that institution, and later was to become the foremost editor of his day. The student in the excellent schools conducted by the association also included a number of young men who afterward became widely known, among them George William Curtis, General Francis Channing Barlow and Father Isaac Hecker, long a leader in the Catholic Church and the organizer of its Paulist Fathers. And of visitors there was always a goodly and a motley throng, for Brook Farm from first to last was an object of wide interest and lively curiosity. Emerson's sympathy with the aims of the association

seldom drew him personally within its borders, but Alcott and Lowell were frequent visitors, and so were Horace Greeley and Margaret Fuller, the last named often remaining for many days at a time.

Members and visitors have alike borne witness to the prevailing spirit of cheerfulness which was, perhaps, the chief charm of life at Brook Farm. Labor, even of the hardest sort, was made a pastime and no one was kept for long at the same task. "There were never," writes George William Curtis, "such witty potato patches and sparkling cornfields. The weeds were scratched out of the ground to the music of Tennyson or Browning, and the nooning was an hour as gay and bright as any brilliant midnight at Ambrose's," while every evening had its plans for mental stimulus and social diversion. "It is not too much to say," Dana long afterward wrote of his old home, "that every person who was at Brook Farm for any length of time has ever since looked back to it with a feeling of satisfaction. The healthy mixture of manual and intellectual labor, the kindly and unaffected social relations, the absence of everything like assumption or servility, the amusements, the discussions, the friendships, the ideal and poetical atmosphere which gave a

charm to life — all these continue to create a picture toward which the mind turns back with pleasure as to something distant and beautiful not elsewhere met with in the routine of this world." Hawthorne, lamenting the loss of his hard-earned dollars, was perhaps the only who left Brook Farm carrying bitter memories with him, and even he found there the material for one of his most powerful and compelling stories — "The Blithedale Romance."

Five years Brook Farm ran its idyllic course, and then came the end. The financial problem was from the first a difficult one, for the undertaking was entered upon with insufficient capital and the outgo was nearly always greater than the income. Thus debt soon began to accumulate, and when in 1846 fire destroyed a new building, on which there was no insurance and which was absolutely necessary to accommodate the large number in the community, no money could be raised to replace it and one by one the members went away to begin life again in new fields. Only Ripley, the founder, remained behind, and he but long enough to settle the affairs of the association, parting with the library he had been gathering for half a life-time in order to pay in full the last dollar due its creditors.

Since 1870 Brook Farm has been the Martin Luther Home for German Orphans, supported by the German churches and Lutheran societies of New England, and there now remain but two of the half dozen buildings bought with the place or afterward reared by Ripley and his associates. One of these is the so-called Margaret Fuller Cottage, a picturesque four-gabled structure, which stands just without the shadow of a cloister of pines. A little way beyond it is Pulpit Rock, where, according to tradition, the Apostle Eliot used to preach to the Indians, and which, with the pond in the picnic ground below it, furnishes the scenery for the weird and melancholy chapter entitled "Midnight" in "The Blithedale Romance." The Charles River, in which the heroine of that gruesome tale met her fate, still winds its sluggish way through the meadows of Brook Farm, and the pine grove where the masqueraders sounded in Hawthorne's ear as if "Comus and his crew were holding their revels in one of its lonesome glades" is still used for the same purpose, though, instead of the picturesquely attired masqueraders of the bygone time, the summer wayfarer on the road now catches glimpses of ragged children brought from Boston slums to enjoy the privilege of a picnic day in

the country. But it is not in the pine-fringed meadows of West Roxbury that Brook Farm is to be sought. "It lingers," instead, as George William Curtis wrote in old age, "in the generous faith, the inextinguishable hope of humanity to which Brook Farm itself is but a beautiful and vanished mirage of the morning."

Chapter X

A Winding Bay State Journey

The first halts in the leisurely journey which carried the writer from Boston to the valley of the Connecticut were at the Medfords and Arlington. Medford was the birthplace of Lydia Maria Child, and West Medford was long the home of David Atwood Wasson. Some one has written that Wasson's life was always winter, and true it is that the obstacles fate threw in his way prevented the full fruition of his genius, yet there never was a braver seeker after truth, and the years are gradually awarding him a place, denied him in his lifetime, among the most independent and acute of American thinkers.

Wasson was born in 1823 on a farm not far from Castine in Maine, and studied for a time at Bowdoin College, but left it to enter a law office. Then a copy of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" fell in his way, and, profoundly influenced by its teachings, he resolved to abandon the law for the ministry. Accordingly, he entered the theological seminary at Bangor, and soon

after his graduation in 1851 accepted a call from a church in Groveland, Massachusetts. It was not long, however, before his boldness of thought and utterance brought him into suspicion with his fellow ministers, and a conference called for the purpose expelled him from the Congregational brotherhood. A third of his congregation still followed his lead and enabled him to establish an independent church, but the mental agitation attendant upon his trial ended in a serious nervous disorder, and for a dozen years he was little better than a helpless invalid.

A voyage to Labrador in the summer of 1864 partially restored Wasson's health, and for several years, the best and most productive of his life, he was able to preach regularly and to write a few hours each day. Then, alas, came a sudden attack of pleurisy, and this changed ere long to chronic bronchitis. Worse still, in 1879, cataracts formed on both his eyes, and when they were operated on at the end of two years he was left nearly blind. Burdened by such heavy handicaps it is a cause for wonder that his literary output, slight though it was, should have reached its final bulk. His collected essays fill two goodly volumes and, covering as they do the widest possible range, give proof on every

page of prodigious knowledge and the workings of a masterly mind. Yet all of Wasson's friends bear witness that his written was never equal to his spoken word. "He must have been the finest talker of his time," writes Frank P. Stearns. "Carlyle could match him perhaps in quite a different manner; but I have never heard of any others. Like Carlyle he required suitable auditors to bring him forth at his best; but while Carlyle was mightiest when his hearers were opposed to him Wasson always needed a sympathetic audience. If he saw unfriendly faces about him his ideas became congealed and his discourse controversial. At other times it was like following the course of a great unknown river, full of grand views and surprising discoveries. The finest rhetoric and even splendid oratory seemed poor compared with the plain statement of this unswerving seeker of the truth. He was in fact an American Dr. Johnson; and it is only a pity that he had not some Boswell of a friend who could have recorded his wise sayings and valuable criticism of men and things." Wasson's last home, and the only one he ever owned, was a modest house yet standing at the corner of Prescott and Allston Streets in West Medford. He died in 1887, and is buried, as we know, at Concord.

A shaded country road leads from West Medford to and across the Mystic and then onward to Arlington, long the home of John Townsend Trowbridge, one of the best beloved of our elder authors. New England, however, claims Mr. Trowbridge only by right of adoption. He was born in 1827 in what was then the wilderness of western New York, and composed his first verses while following the plough on his father's farm. The boy inherited the fine taste of his mother, a cultivated New England woman, and, though little interested in the studies his common school education offered him, hungered after languages and learned to read and translate French and German before he met a person who could speak either of them. When some verses of his on "The Tomb of Napoleon" were published in a Rochester newspaper he determined to become an author, and his twentieth birthday found him in New York battling almost against starvation for a foothold in letters. Once his funds sank so low that he was obliged to work in a pencil factory, where his pay was sure, but he struggled and hoped on, and at last his stories were sought by publishers.

He had the while journeyed still further eastward, hoping that Boston would afford a better market for

his wares, and since 1863 has had his home in Arlington. Assured success came with the publication of his early stories, "Neighbor Jackwood" and "Cujo's Cave" and a volume of verse entitled "The Vagabonds and Other Poems." He was one of the first contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly," and when "Our Young Folks" was started he became its editor, conducting it for several years with skill and judgment, and writing for it his famous story for boys, "Jack Hazard." The instant and abounding popularity of this story decided Mr. Trowbridge to work further along the same line, and a majority of the five-and-forty volumes that now stand to his credit are books for young people, perhaps the best of their kind ever written in America. The success of his satisfying stories for boys has, indeed, temporarily eclipsed his reputation as a poet, yet his verse, which shows true and tender insight into the workings of the human heart, contains his best work and his surest claim to enduring remembrance.

Though Mr. Trowbridge has been a wide traveler in his later years, the place for which he cares the most is his Arlington home. Arlington, however, is a small town made up of plain people, and Mr. Trowbridge smilingly confesses that he has more than once found

himself a prophet without honor in his own country. The tax collector of the town, going his yearly rounds, once called on him, and in the course of conversation asked what he did for a living. The author said he wrote, and, after explaining that he was neither a bookkeeper or copyist, told his caller that he wrote books. "Well, now, I want to know! It's kind of curious I never heard of that. Got any of them about you?" Mr. Trowbridge replied that he had some of them in the house, but did not keep a large supply on hand. "Well, you can get them, I suppose?" was the next remark. Mr. Trowbridge said that he could, and was given an order on the spot. "Send me down the handsomest copy you have got," said the collector. "If we have got a man who can write I'll do my duty by him."

Mr. Trowbridge's house sets well back from the street and is half hidden by the trees that surround and frame it. It stands on a high hill, and the southern window of its owner's study commands a fair view of the neighboring town of Belmont, where William Dean Howells at one time had a delightful home, and whence a morning's drive takes one to and through the Newtons. Hawthorne passed the winter of 1852 in what is known

as the Horace Mann house in West Newton and there completed "The Blithedale Romance"; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward has lived for a number of years in Newton Highlands, and an old-fashioned dwelling in Newton Centre was for half a century the home of Samuel Francis Smith, author of "America."

The hymn with which Dr. Smith's name and fame are identified was a chance inspiration of his youth. A native of Boston, he was graduated at Harvard, in 1829, in the class with Oliver Wendell Holmes, and then became a student at Andover Theological Seminary. He was only twenty-one years old when he entered Andover, but had visited Europe, spending most of his time in Germany. Though not of German ancestry, he was familiar with the German tongue, and to this circumstance the nation owes its anthem. In the winter of 1832 Lowell Mason, then a noted composer and music publisher of Boston, paid a visit to young Smith, from whom he had previously accepted several hymns, and giving him a number of books of German hymns and tunes, asked him to select such as seemed suited to the needs of American schools and churches. The words were to be translated from the German into English, "or," said Mason, half in jest, "if you can

write some original hymns to fit the tunes so much the better." While turning the pages of one of the books a few days later, the student ran across a tune that held his attention by its simple and natural movement. Glancing at the German words at the bottom of the page he saw that they were patriotic, — the tune, as he was to learn at a later time, was the British "God save the King," — and he instantly felt the impulse to write a patriotic hymn of his own. Half an hour later he had put on paper the words of "America." His work seemed good to the author, and when he sent it to Mason the latter at once recognized its worth. Sung for the first time at a children's celebration in Boston, on July 4, 1832, it stamped itself indelibly on the memory of those who heard it, and, without other impetus than its own strength, was soon carried the length and breadth of the land.

Dr. Smith was graduated at Andover in 1832, and then became pastor of a church in Waterville, Maine, serving at the same time as professor of modern languages in the college of that town, now known as Colby University. From 1842 to 1854 he held a pastorate in Newton Centre, which was ever after his home, and then for fifteeen years was engaged in editorial and mis-

sionary work. The last days of his long life of eighty-seven years were devoted to literary pursuits, chiefly in the line of hymnology. He edited several collections, and was the author of more than two hundred hymns and poems, none of them, however, equaling in fame and popularity the "America" of his early manhood.

The writer's way when he left the Newtons led through Wayland to Sudbury and the old inn celebrated by Longfellow. Wayland, a sleepy village removed from the beaten line of travel, was for nearly thirty years the home of Lydia Maria Child, whose books make slight appeal to the altered taste of a later time, but whose heroic and unselfish labors in behalf of the slave give her an honored place among the leaders of the greatest of modern crusades. Born in Medford in 1802, Mrs. Child passed her girlhood there and in the Watertown home of her brother, Convers Francis, a Unitarian minister of rare natural gifts and rarer attainments, who was the directing influence in her mental development. Her first book was "Hobomok," an Indian tale, written when she was nineteen years of age, and this was followed in 1822 by "The Rebels," which dealt with Boston scenes on the eve of the Revolution. Both stories had faults aplenty, but both

were written with vigor and they made their author the best known woman writer of her time.

Miss Francis was married in 1828 to David Lee Child, a lawyer of Boston, and five years later she published her famous "Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans," the most telling as it was also the ablest argument in favor of emancipation ever put forth in America in book form. Thereafter for thirty years her time and energies were mainly devoted to the advancement of that cause. From 1841 to 1849 she edited the "Anti-Slavery Standard," a weekly newspaper published in New York, while books and pamphlets devoted to the same end poured in a steady stream from her pen. She never, however, wholly deserted the ranks of literature for those of reform. Her novel of "Philothea," the scene of which was laid in ancient Greece, appeared in 1836, and in 1855 she published in three large volumes her "Progress of Religious Ideas through Successive Ages." The latter cost her six years of most arduous intellectual labor, and is still worth careful reading, if only for the generous and liberal spirit that pervades it.

It was finished at Wayland, where after 1852 Mr. and Mrs. Child made their home in a modest house be-

queathed her by her father. The Child cottage, though enlarged and altered by a later owner, retains the main outlines of the original structure. It stands on high ground in the outskirts of the village, near the Sudbury river, with a broad expanse of meadow lands close at hand, and in the west a prospect of distant hills. There in the serene old age that is the lot of those who have faithfully served their generation, Mrs. Child found happiness in the companionship of her books and flowers and the friends who sought her out in her seclusion. Her husband died in 1874, and six years later she was laid beside him in the village cemetery.

It is, perhaps, five miles from Wayland to the Red Horse Tavern of Sudbury, famous as the scene of Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn." The visitor recognizes the ancient hostelry the instant he catches the first glimpse of it — a roomy two-storied structure, with gambrel roof and square massive chimneys, set down at the foot of a sheltering hill and shaded on the west and south by towering elms. No one knows just how old it is, and there are no records preserved from which the date can be obtained, but such as there are tell of the past for two hundred and twenty years. During Lovewell's war in 1724 its taproom was the rendezvous

of the troops who patrolled the road in the neighborhood, — buff-coated riders quick to learn where good liquor was to be had, — and during the French and Indian wars it was a favorite stopping-place for soldiers on the march from Boston to Crown Point.

Colonel Ezekiel Howe became the owner of the inn in 1764 and conducted it until his death in 1796, when he was succeeded by his son, Adam Howe, who was its landlord for thirty-five years. Adam's successor was his son Lyman, the Squire of Longfellow's verse,

"Grave in his aspect and attire,"

who for thirty years following 1831 smoked his pipe and read the Worcester "Spy" under the old elms near the doorway. The days of the first and second Howe were the days also of the turnpike and the stage-coach, and the now deserted highway on which the tavern faces was long a busy thoroughfare over which flowed a mighty current of travel. All sorts and conditions of men on their way to or from Boston delighted to halt at the Red Horse for rest and refreshment. The well of the old inn was famous for its water, and with coffee and home-brewed ale and cider the thirsty were well supplied, while for the hungry man there was always a

bountiful store of roast beef and potatoes, brown bread and doughnuts, apple sauce and pumpkin pies. But those days are past; the locomotive long ago replaced the stage-coach; and since 1860, when dwindling custom forbade its further use as a hostelry, it has filled the humbler role of farm-house. Thus Longfellow's description of it in the prelude to his "Tales of a Wayside Inn" seems to the visitor even more appropriate now than when it was penned forty years ago:

"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

The inn is entered by a great oaken door opening into a hall which runs straight through the house. The inn parlor is on the left of this hall, and on the right is the old bar-room, while above stairs are a dozen sleeping-rooms and a spacious dance-hall, with a broad fireplace at each end and well polished floor whereon the belles and beaux of an earlier time often tripped a measure to the music of some country fiddler. But the most interesting apartments in the inn are the low-ceilinged bar-room, which was long the center of its life

and activity, and the parlor where Longfellow's supposed company met and told their tales around a blazing wood fire. It is an interesting group that the poet brings to the tavern. All of the story-tellers were real characters. The poet was Thomas William Parsons, and the young Sicilian was Parsons' brother-in-law, Luigi Monti, long United States consul at Palermo, and now a resident of Rome. Ole Bull was the musician:

> "Fair haired, blue eyed, his aspect blithe,
> His figure tall and straight and lithe,
> And every feature of his face
> Revealing his Norwegian race."

The Spanish Jew was Israel Edrehi, the theologian Daniel Treadwell, an eminent physicist who was for many years a professor at Harvard, and the student Henry Ware Wales, a scholar and bookman whose early death cut short a career of rare promise. Several of the group were familiar figures at the actual inn, habitually spending their summers there. Longfellow, on the other hand, visited it only twice, but that his visits made a lasting impression is evident from his poem.

The writer would have delighted to follow along its westward course the old post road which once gave prosperity to the Wayside Inn, but the days of a brief

summer vacation were more than half spent, and so, much against his will, he was compelled to journey by rail through Worcester to Springfield. George Bancroft was born in a house now gone from Salisbury Street, Worcester, and in that city's Rural Cemetery his body rests. After the failure of the Round Hill School at Northampton and before he was appointed collector of the port of Boston, Bancroft had his home in a house yet standing at 49 Chestnut Street, Springfield, and there worked for several years on the history which was to occupy him until his death. Springfield people, with natural pride in their places of note, also tell the visitor that the house numbered 182 Central Street and now occupied by a private school for girls was the last home of Samuel Bowles, and that, in a picturesque dwelling set on a hill in the suburban section known as Brightwood, Josiah Gilbert Holland spent the latter years of his residence in the town.

Samuel Bowles was not a man of letters in the limited sense of the term, but he was one of the few really great editors of his time. His father established the Springfield "Republican" as a weekly paper in 1824, two years before the birth of the son. The younger Bowles attended school until he was sixteen years of age. Then

he entered his father's office, and two years later persuaded him to make the "Republican" a daily paper. Thereafter the son carried the chief burden of it, making it, despite the limitations of a country town, a journal of national reputation and influence. The news printed in the "Republican" was the news which most interested its readers, for, knowing that what country people like best in their paper is what they know already, the events they talk about when they meet on the street, its editor took pains not only to collect the news of every town in the circle of his operations, but to make it attractive by careful writing and an orderly and legible arrangement. And while thus making himself the gossip of all western Massachusetts, he edited the general news so well that his readers did not feel the need of going elsewhere for more serious intelligence.

It was, however, through his expressions of editorial opinion that Bowles came to exercise an influence felt far beyond the borders of his own town and State. Here again he showed a keen and sure understanding of his public, a public in which still lingered a good deal of the Puritan spirit. It was his firm belief that a newspaper should safeguard social and political morality by giving unsparing publicity to the misdeeds of those

who had reputations to suffer, and though in his stalwart adherence to this belief he often confounded the functions of the "Republican" with those of the Recording Angel, his influence in the long run always made for the public good. He had, moreover, a genius for friendship, and knew how to win and hold the regard of men and women whom it was his wont to freely criticise in his journal.

One of these was Henry L. Dawes, long Congressman and Senator, who has put on record an illuminating and delightful anecdote of his relations with Bowles. "One morning," he writes, "the 'Republican' came to me at my house in Pittsfield containing a bitter attack on me, saying in substance that I was a rogue. By the same mail came an invitation from Sam to a dinner at his house that evening. By way of answer I wrote as ugly a telegram as I knew how — and my wife tore it up. Then I wrote a letter, and she tore that up. Then I took the train for Springfield, telegraphing him to meet me at the depot. He was there, and I said to him: 'You have done two things that no decent man would do in the same day — you have called me a thief in the morning and asked me to dinner in the evening.' 'There is no such thing in the paper.' 'There is: read

it!' 'I didn't know it was there — and you must remember that the Springfield "Republican" is one thing, and Sam Bowles is another.' 'You are the only man who says that or thinks it. Tomorrow, if I accept your invitation, every one who has read that article will read my name among the diners at your house, and will say, "What a spoon Dawes is!" Now I won't go to your house till that thing is settled.' We talked for fifteen minutes — blazed away at each other, and made up. The next my family heard of me was a telegram asking that my dress coat be sent down! Our friendship," adds Dawes, "was a succession of confidences and indignations, of complaints and reconciliations — and through it all I was more attached to him than to any one outside of my family."

But lovable as he was in his home and among his friends, Bowles was another man in the office of his newspaper. There, to quote one of his associates, "he was like a captain on his quarter deck. As soon as he entered his office, his whole frame seemed to grow tense; his orders were directly and briefly spoken; his mere presence kept the whole staff up to concert pitch. His genial ease of manner was laid aside as a man throws off his dressing-gown to take hold of work. He

did not indulge in scolding — a word was enough. The men who worked under him felt admiration, loyalty and a touch of fear. While work was going on they were to him like parts of the great engine he was driving, and he urged them as remorselessly as he did himself." And so remorselessly did he drive himself that he was worn out before middle age, and died at fifty-two after a long struggle with pain and weariness. But he had succeeded in his task of making the best provincial newspaper ever published in America.

An important event in the early history of the "Republican" was the accession of Josiah Gilbert Holland to its staff. Dr. Holland was born in Belchertown in 1819, the son of worthy parents whose lot it was to be always poor, and, after a struggling youth passed mainly in Northampton, was graduated in 1844 at the Berkshire Medical College. He practiced for a time in Springfield; but literature was the calling to which his taste and his powers attracted him, and in 1849 he abandoned medicine for the assistant editorship of the "Republican," becoming at the end of two years a part owner of the paper. He had found his true vocation, and in the editorial columns of the "Republican" soon proved himself a most effective preacher of social and

domestic moralities. His articles more often than not were short and pithy lay sermons, dealing in a practical way with questions of conduct and character, and they found instant favor with readers who took life as a serious and earnest affair.

In 1858 some of the best of them were published in book form under the title of "Timothy Titcomb's Letters," and this was the first of a series of books, including a number of tales in prose and verse, which reached a total sale of more than half a million copies, and made Dr. Holland one of the most successful, as he was one of the most popular, of American authors. He remained in the office of the "Republican" until 1857, and was for seven years more a constant contributor to its columns, but a little later he sold his interest in the establishment, and in 1868 he went to Europe. There he remained two years, and there with his friend Roswell Smith, a man who combined rare business ability with a love of letters, he planned the founding of the periodical known first as "Scribner's Monthly" and then as the "Century Magazine." He edited the "Century" until his death in 1881 and it now stands a monument to his memory. Dr. Holland's fame as an author may not and probably will not be a permanent one.

He was first and always a preacher, and the preacher's sermon rarely outlives the occasion that calls it forth, but he never failed to say the right thing in the right way for his purpose, and the day is still distant when the shrewd sense and racy gravity of his books will cease to cheer the plain people for whom they were written.

Bowles and Dr. Holland when editing the "Republican" gave incessant care to the training of their associates, and its office was a nursery of editors. Charles Ransom Miller, long editor of the New York "Times," was once a writer for the "Republican," and so was Talcott Williams of the Philadelphia "Press." Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," also passed his formative years as a working newspaper man in Springfield. Bellamy was born and reared in the neighboring village of Chicopee Falls. He was educated at Union College and in Germany, and afterward studied law and was admtted to the bar. His bent, however, was toward a career in letters, and in 1871, the year he came of age, he joined the staff of the "Evening Post" in New York. The following year he became an editorial writer on the Springfield "Union" and remained with it until 1876, when he resigned to devote himself wholly to literature.

One of Bellamy's early romances, "Doctor Heidenhoff's Process," showed rare imaginative powers, and, with the short stories which he contributed to the magazines, made him a favorite with many readers, but he did not become widely known until, in 1888, he published "Looking Backward," a novel which presents a striking picture of what its author imagined would be the state of society if placed on a coöperative basis, and of which more than a million copies were sold during his lifetime. The writing of this book, begun as a literary fantasy to become in the end a great economic treatise in a framework of fiction, changed Bellamy from a novelist of promise into an impassioned reformer. A little later, convinced that it was his duty to educate the people toward reform in government, he founded "The New Nation," which quickly became a widely quoted political and evolutionary journal, and in 1897 he published "Equality," an elaborate treatise upon the subject that gave it its name. Bellamy, however, was denied length of years in which to labor for the golden age that has been ever the dream of generous spirits. His vital energies failed him while he was writing "Equality"; no benefit attended upon a health-seeking sojourn in Colorado, and in the spring of 1898

he was brought back to die in the elm-shaded house, on one of the hills overlooking the Chicopee River, where he was born and where he had lived nearly all his days.

When Edward Bellamy was a boy in Chicopee Falls Eugene Field was growing toward manhood in the near by town of Amherst. Though of New England descent, Field was born in St. Louis, where his father was a distinguished lawyer. His mother died in 1857 when he was seven years old, and he and his younger brother were placed under the care of a maiden cousin, Maria Field French of Amherst, with whom he lived until he was eighteen. After that he studied in turn at Williams College, Knox College at Galesburg and the State University of Missouri. When he attained his majority he came into $60,000, which he had inherited from his father, who died while he was at Williams. He took one of his intimate friends, the brother of the woman he afterwards married, and went to Europe. "I had a lovely time," he once said in relating his experience. "I just swatted the money around. I saw more things and did more things than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio. I had money. I paid it out for experience — it was plenty. Experience was lying round loose."

Young Field came home at the end of six months, rich in memory but with only the remnant of his bank account, and secured a place on the staff of the St. Louis "Journal," of which he soon became city editor. He later worked on the St. Joseph "Gazette," but in 1877 was called back to St. Louis to become an editorial writer on the "Times-Journal." In 1880 he was managing editor of the "Times" in Kansas City, and after that held a similar post on the Denver "Tribune." During these years he put forth a great deal of quaint and droll humor, but he did not come fully into his own until in 1883 he joined the staff of the Chicago "News," now the "Record." He went to the "News" under contract to write what he pleased, but he was to furnish a column a day of it. This column, which he called "Sharps and Flats," consisted at first of short paragraphs of the humorous, satirical type, but was gradually devoted to the songs of childhood and the poems and prose tales that now help to fill the twelve goodly volumes of his collected works.

It was recognized from the first that the man and the matter were unusual, and long before death stayed his pen at the early age of forty-five Field had come to be known as one of the most individual and delightful

writers of his time. Though he may not have had genius, he was gifted, as his prose writings prove, with delicate sentiment and the rare humor which often lies close to tears, while few writers have woven so many beautiful child fancies into verse. It was, indeed, by his poems reminiscent of boy-life, and his songs of childhood, that Field preferred to be judged, and had he never written anything else these suffice to assure him fame. Yet those who knew him instinctively speak of the man before his work, and are quick to declare that tender and true as are his poems and tales he himself was far more lovable than them all. This is, perhaps, the finest tribute that can be paid to a writer, and the final estimate of Eugene Field is sure to recall as the fairest of his virtues the sunshine which was part of his work because it was part of his nature.

The house in which he passed what he delighted to recall as "the finest and sweetest days of his life," yet stands at 38 Amity Street, Amherst, and at 83 South Pleasant Street, in the same town, one finds the birthplace and early home of Helen Jackson. The daughter of an Amherst professor and born in 1831, this gifted and most interesting woman was married at the age of twenty-one to Edward B. Hunt, a captain of engineers

in the regular army. Their first child, a beautiful boy, died in 1854; the husband met his death by accident in 1863, and the death of a second son, a little less than two years later, left the wife and mother wholly alone in the world. Perhaps no woman ever lived through greater sorrows, and Mrs. Hunt, who up to that time had shown no special aptitude for a literary vocation, now turned to writing as a welcome relief from the heavy burden that had been laid upon her. It was a short and easy step from writing to publishing, and soon her poems and prose sketches began to appear in the periodicals of that time. Her first volume of "Verses" was published in 1870, and in 1873 her first prose volume, "Bits of Travel," came from the press. After that a steady stream of magazine articles flowed from her pen, to be duly gathered into modest volumes, and finally, when her success as a writer was no longer a matter of doubt, she entered the field of fiction. Two of the "No Name" series of novels, "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" and "Hetty's Strange History," were hers; and the powerful series of stories published in the "Century Magazine" over the pen name of Sax Holm were also attributed to her.

"Mercy Philbrick's Choice" was published in 1876,

and the same year Mrs. Hunt married William S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado, and took up her residence in the West. The adoption of a new abode brought her face to face with the Indian question, and gave a new trend to her literary career. "I have become," she wrote to a friend, "what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, — a woman with a hobby." The hobby in her case was a generous and disinterested one, and bore fruit, after long and careful study of the subject, in "Ramona," a compelling story of Indian life in southern California, and of the national government's treatment, shameful, in many ways, of its aboriginal wards. Not content to work only in fiction, she also wrote "A Century of Dishonor," giving for the first time in systematic form an account of breaches of faith with the Indians from the beginning to the end of the first century of the republic. Thenceforth the task she had taken unto herself remained her absorbing purpose, and had not a wasting illness which seized her in 1884 ended a year later in her death, her greatest work might have been a novel that would have accomplished for the red man what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did for the black.

But she did not live to write it, and it is for the verse

belonging mainly to her early and middle years that Mrs. Jackson will be held longest in memory. The product of one whose fervid enthusiasm threw a glow and power into her every thought and word, her poetry reaches a level attained by no other woman of her time and country. Her first verse, written when she was a bereaved wife and mother, was of the elegiac kind, but her lyre soon compassed a wide variety of notes, and her collected works include, besides the simple poetry of domestic life, love poems remarkable for depth of passion and imaginative sweep; sonnets exquisite in form and substance, like her "Thought" and "Gondolieds," which Emerson carried in his pocket and pulled out to read to his friends; songs of wood and field that would have won praise from Thoreau, and a number of poems in the nature of odes, such as her "Spinning" and "A Funeral March," whose high thought and noble harmony haunt one like the strains of a cathedral organ.

Emily Dickinson, another singer of exceptional gifts, was also a native of Amherst, and likewise the heroine of a career which if widely different was no less remarkable than that of her old schoolmate, Mrs. Jackson. Born in 1830, the daughter of a lawyer of repute

and comfortable fortune, Emily Dickinson passed all of her six and fifty years of life in a fine old house which stands embowered by trees, at 50 Main Street, Amherst. Her early years were those of a healthy, active-minded and joy-loving New England girl; but she never married, and as the years passed withdrew completely from society and the world, holding to few friends outside of her own family circle and known to that few chiefly through her letters. These, brought together and published after her death, prove her a writer of unique charm and quality, with an individual and unusual view f human life and destiny. But even more remarkable are the three thin volumes of her verse, also given to the world after her death, which reveal a passionate love and intimate knowledge of Nature in all her varying moods, voiced with slight regard for form, but with a grasp of feeling and a strength of thought and phrase unlike anything else in our literature. While there survives a single lover of true poetry the message of the shy recluse of Amherst will not be unheeded or forgotten.

The journey begun in Boston ended in Northampton on the Connecticut, where George Bancroft dwelt for a dozen years as master of the Round Hill School, and

where George W. Cable now has his home. The old town, shaded by noble elms and brooded over by the twin summits of Holyoke and Tom, was also the birthplace of Sylvester Judd, the author of "Margaret," the scene of which was laid in and about Northampton. Judd was born in 1813 and graduated at Yale at the age of twenty-three. After that he passed through the Harvard Divinity School, and during the remainder of his life, cut short in 1853, when his work was only half done, he served as pastor of a Unitarian church in Augusta, Maine. "Margaret," the book by which he is best known, was published in 1845, and, if it does not, should still find readers, for, despite many faults of construction, it shows loving knowledge of life and nature, and the sunshine of a delicate and gracious spirit warms and illumines its every page.

Northampton's chief glory, however, lies in its association with Jonathan Edwards, in intellectual power and acumen the greatest American of his century. The father of Edwards was more than sixty years minister of the east parish of Windsor, Connecticut, and there in 1703 the son was born, the fifth child and the only son in a family of eleven children. A child of rare precocity he entered Yale at thirteen, and before he

was sixteen made his "Notes on the Mind" which, to quote one of his biographers, "present him as an intellectual prodigy which has no parallel." He was graduated at Yale in 1719, and for a time preached to a small Presbyterian congregation in New York City, but in 1726 was called to Northampton as the colleague of his grandfather, Solomon Stoddard. He accepted the call, and in 1729, at the death of his venerable kinsman, took charge of the church.

A yet more important event in the early life of Edwards was his courtship of Sarah Pierpont, a woman of rare physical beauty and of rarer gifts of mind and heart. They were married in 1727 and the wife proved an ideal helpmeet for the young minister, becoming the administrator of their household affairs, and making their home a center of genial and attractive hospitality. The famous Whitefield, who was once their guest, makes characteristic reference in his diary to their happy home life. "On the Sabbath," he writes, "felt wonderful satisfaction in being at the house of Mr. Edwards. He is a son himself and hath also a daughter of Abraham for his wife. A sweeter couple I have not seen. Their children were dressed, not in silks and satins, but plain, as becomes the children of those who

in all things ought to be examples of Christian simplicity. She is a woman adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, and talked so feelingly and so solidly of the things of God, and seemed to be such a helpmeet to her husband, that she caused me to renew those prayers which for some months I have put up to God, that he would send me a daughter of Abraham to be my wife."

Twenty-four years Edwards preached to the people of Northampton, years which carried his fame and influence as a spiritual teacher and guide through the colonies and across seas. Though his sermons were based on the hard and gloomy theology of Calvin, they were tempered with the emotional Christianity of the preacher's own epoch, and he charged the least of them with the deep spiritual insight, the burning devotion, the vivid imagination and the masterful logic which were part and parcel of his being. His famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," gives the measure of his powers when in minatory mood; we are told that despite the length of his sermons the members of his congregation were often "disappointed that they were not longer"; and one man has recorded that, as he listened to him when discoursing of the day of judgment, he fully anticipated that the dreadful day would

begin when the sermon should come to an end! He was, indeed, the greatest preacher of his age. His sermons were read not only in America but in England and Scotland, and of his labors in Northampton was born the great religious awakening which for years profoundly moved the colonies and the mother country.

But evil days were in store for this gentle preacher of a strenuous creed, and in 1750 there came an unhappy break with the church over which he had been settled in his youth, and with which, as was then generally the case with New England ministers, he had expected to end his days. There is no need to tell again the familiar story of the dispute between Edwards and his people over matters of church discipline, but it ended in his harsh dismissal at the age of forty-seven, with a large family of children and no means of support. Northampton's loss, however, was the world's gain, for a few months later Edwards, thanks to foreign influence, was given charge of a mission church in the then outpost village of Stockbridge, and there found leisure to write his "Freedom of the Will" and "A Treatise on Original Sin," two of the few great books in English theology.

Seven years he spent in scholarly seclusion, and then a message came to Stockbridge asking him to accept

the presidency of Princeton College, made vacant by the death of his son-in-law, the elder Aaron Burr. He accepted the call, after a period of modest doubt as to his fitness, but had barely been installed in the post where his energies might have counted best when, for the sake of precaution, he was inoculated for the small-pox and succumbed to the superinduced disease. His last thoughts were of the absent wife in their distant Stockbridge home. "Tell her," he said, "that the uncommon union that has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual, and therefore will continue forever." Before the year's end Mrs. Edwards followed her husband out of the world, and they who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives" rest together in the graveyard at Princeton.

Northampton has made ample if tardy atonement for its ill-treatment of one who as man and thinker ranks among the giants, and whose fame will survive as long as New England blood and pride survive. After his death the people who had thrust him out reared in their cemetery a slab to his memory, and when, in 1833, a second Trinitarian church was established in the town it took the name of the Edwards Church, while in these latter times each recurring

summer brings a throng of reverent pilgrims to the tall elm which he planted and which guards the site of his vanished home in what is now King Street. "Take your hats from off your heads," said a Scotch mother to her two boys as in plaid and kilt they halted before this tree, "for you stand on holy ground." The words of this visitor from over sea fitly voice posterity's verdict on the life and work of Jonathan Edwards.

Chapter XI

The Berkshires and Beyond

The name of William Cullen Bryant is written broad across the corner of New England that gave him birth, and never had poet nobler nesting place than that region of primeval, forest-clad hills, less rugged now but not less beautiful than it was in his boyhood. From the porch of the house which knew him in youth and in old age, one looks over a landscape impressive in the highest degree. A narrow valley, cut by a branch of the Westfield river, hollows the center of the view, and on the farther rim are the slopes of Plainfield, where Bryant passed a portion of his school days. Winter lingers late on these high grounds, but in summer the landscape is glorious with verdure, and autumn here puts on imperial splendors.

From Northampton it is a twelve-mile ride, and even more, to Cummington and its single street shaded by elms whose curving branches make a temple arch more inspiring than any ever raised by man. The site of the house in which the poet was born in 1794 is not in

Cummington, but about a mile away at the junction of two roads. The house itself long since disappeared, and a shaft of granite, erected by Bryant's daughters, now marks the spot. Not far from this is the homestead in which Bryant spent his boyhood, and which, after it had been long in the hands of strangers, the poet bought back in his old age — a comfortable farmhouse now the property of his daughter. Here each year from 1864 until his death in 1878 he spent the months of August and September. The writing-room in which he composed some of his best verse and translated much of Homer's epics remains as it was in his last days of life. His bed-chamber is also unchanged and is never occupied. The furnishing of the latter apartment is of the plainest and simplest sort — a pine chamber set, a rug and a few engravings.

All about the Bryant homestead are objects which lent their influence to the poet's songs. Beyond a meadow to the south is the grove of maples nobly pictured in an "Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood," and underneath their shade blossoms in season the "Yellow Violet" which he enshrined in verse of classic simplicity. Further down the hillside flourishes in early summer the "Fringed Gentian," held in loving memory

by every student of Bryant, and a few rods in the rear of the homestead still murmurs "The Rivulet," which was the source of his childish delight and his boyish dreams. Again, a short stroll along the northward road carries one to a grateful solitude of forest and rock and swift-flowing stream, where "Thanatopsis" might have had its birth, and where again and again has sparkled the royal jewels portrayed in "A Winter Piece." Returning to the house and faring southward past the school building erected by the poet for the children of the neighborhood, and the grass-grown God's Acre in which his parents take their rest, one comes to a path leading down into the valley of East Cummington where, in a nook made by the winding Agawam, stands Bryant's best memorial — a stone library structure given to the town by him.

Bryant's early schooling was directed by his father, a physician and writer of no mean quality. When he was fourteen years of age he was sent to Brookfield, where he began the study of Latin with the Reverend Thomas Snell. The following year he took up Greek and mathematics under the direction of the Reverend Moses Hallock, of whose Plainfield school more will be said in another place, and at sixteen he entered

Williams College as a sophomore, but remained only seven months. He left at the close of his second term, intending soon to enter Yale, and to finish his course at that institution, but the narrowness of his father's means prevented him from carrying out his purpose. He had already produced much excellent verse, and to the period following his return from Williams belong his "Thanatopsis" and the "Lines to a Waterfowl."

The former was composed in the woods at Cummington in Bryant's seventeenth year and a little later he began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and on a December day journeyed on foot from Cummington to Plainfield to find what inducements the latter place held out for commencing there the practice of his profession. The world seemed to grow darker as he climbed the hills, and his future more uncertain and desperate. Halting to watch the sun as it sank to rest, he saw a wild duck flying across a sky of wondrous beauty, headed for the goal of which Nature had made it sure; and there was revealed to him a picture of the divine providence which gave him strength and courage. When he reached the house where he was to lodge he wrote the "Lines to a Waterfowl," noble alike in utterance and substance. Southey's "Ebb-tide"

suggested the form of the stanza, and the concluding verse shows how the bird had impressed upon him the lesson of trust in the divine goodness:

"He who from zone to zone guides through the sky thy boundless flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone will lead my steps aright."

Bryant resided at Plainfield only eight months, removing at the end of that time to Great Barrington, where he remained nine years. Great Barrington is one of the loveliest nooks in the Berkshires, a region famous for the picturesque beauty of its scenery. Through the fair meadows of a wide valley flows the curving Housatonic, bordered by densely wooded ridges and fertile farms. Monument Mountain and Green River, both celebrated by Bryant, are close at hand, and to the southwest are the noble heights of the Taghconic range, among whose glens are the Bashbish falls, while a short drive takes one to the lakes of Salisbury, Connecticut. All around Great Barrington are charming bits of grove and glen and stream, and Bryant's verse clearly reflects the spell which from the first the beauty of his new home cast upon him. During the quiet yet not uneventful period which he passed

there he toiled diligently at his professsion. His heart, however, was not in it, and the years, as they passed, brought with them a growing distaste for the law, and steadily increasing absorption in literary pursuits. Many of the poems which he wrote at this period were published in the "United States Gazette" of Boston, and he also contributed "Green River," "A Walk at Sunset" and "To the West Wind" to Dana's "Idle Man." In Great Barrington, too, he composed his stately poem "The Ages," which, in 1821, he was invited to read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard. The same year he issued his first volume of verse, in bulk little more than a pamphlet but memorable as containing some of the best work that ever came from his pen.

The tradition of Bryant that yet abides in Berkshire paints a man who shunned society, had few intimates, loved out-of-door life, and lived much by himself and among his books. His recluse habits, however, did not prevent him from winning the heart of a gifted and gracious woman, and in June, 1821, he was married to Frances Fairchild of Great Barrington. No union could have been more nearly an ideal one than that of the lawyer poet and his bride. How close were the ties

that bound him to her who was in after years the inspiration of such exquisite lines as "The Future Life" and "The Life that Is," George William Curtis has told us in saying that "his wife was his only intimate friend, and when she died he had no other." The house in which they were married, a tree-girt structure dating back to colony times, still stands in the outskirts of Great Barrington, and time has also spared the ancient homestead in which the young couple began their married life.

Instead of taking the entire house, they hired two rooms, a chamber and a parlor, and shared the kitchen with the other occupants. The memory of those modest days never grew dim. Bryant's biographer writes that fifty-five years after his marriage, and a decade after his wife's death, the poet revisited the house where the marriage had taken place. He walked about for some time in silence; but as he turned to depart exclaimed, "There is not a spire of grass her feet have not touched," and his eyes filled with tears. Four years after his marriage Bryant finally gave up the law for letters, and, removing to New York, undertook the management of a monthly journal, the New York "Review." When at the end of a year the "Review"

went the way of similar ventures, he transferred his services to the "Evening Post," of which, in 1829, he became chief editor, holding that position until his death. Thenceforth his early haunts knew him only as an occasional pilgrim and summer sojourner.

The visitor to Bryant's country does well to shape his course through Plainfield and Lanesboro when journeying from Cummington to Pittsfield, and so into the heart of the Berkshires. It is the boast of the good people of Plainfield that their out-of-the-way hamlet, perched on a group of hills, alongside of the eastern boundary of the Berkshires, has sent forth more ministers, authors and editors than any other town of its size in the western world. William Richards, the devoted missionary, who began the work which made the Hawaiian Islands a part of the United States, was a native of Plainfield, and so was Charles Dudley Warner, while less than eight miles away Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke College, was born and grew into womanhood — "all intellect," they said of her. Samuel Shaw, for more than forty years the Plainfield physician, studied medicine with the father of William Cullen Bryant and married the poet's sister, a beautiful girl whose early death inspired one of her brother's sweetest poems, "The Death of the Flowers."

Plainfield's most cherished memories, however, have to do with the Reverend Moses Hallock, the first minister of the town, in whose classical school, conducted for thirty years in his own house, scores of young men were prepared for college and the higher walks of life. Bryant has been mentioned as one of Hallock's pupils, and among others who went forth from his roof to play an important and some a mighty part in the world's work were John Brown of Harper's Ferry fame, who ended his fight for the slave on the scaffold; Marcus Whitman, who took the first wagon train over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon; Pliny Fisk and Levi Parsons, early missionaries to Palestine, who brought that country nearer than ever before to Bible readers; and Gerard Hallock, the pastor's son, who in 1828 helped to found the New York "Journal of Commerce" and then conducted it with signal ability until his death. The elder Hallock takes his rest hard by the church where for forty-five years he preached to his people. His long time home yet stands in the main street of the village, surrounded by orchards and shade trees, but shorn of the roses which the parson loved to tend.

Lanesboro was the birthplace and now guards the dust of Henry Wheeler Shaw, the shrewd and kindly

humorist known to the world as Josh Billings. Shaw, who was born in 1818, came of a distinguished family, both his grandfather and father having been members of Congress. He was intended by his parents for the law, but ran away from home when a lad in his teens, long led a roving and checkered life in the West, and finally at the age of forty, poor in pocket but rich in experience, settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, in the business of auctioneer. There his ready wit and gift for saying wise things in a quaint way soon attracted the attention of the editor of the Poughkeepsie "Press," who asked him to become a contributor to its columns. He did so to the extent of about forty short essays, and so, without his seeking, found a literary career opening before him.

Shaw thought that his papers in the "Press" contained both humor and wisdom, but nobody noticed them outside of Poughkeepsie. One day he read a squib by Artemus Ward, then in the flush of his popularity, on a subject that he had treated in one of his own essays, and as he read he pondered the question why Ward's writings should be widely quoted and his own fall still-born from the press. "It is the bad spelling," he finally said to himself. Acting upon this conviction,

he took one of his essays, clothed it in cacographic dress, and, signing it Josh Billings, sent it to a New York weekly paper. The misspelled "Essa on the Muel," when republished, instantly caught the popular fancy, and ere long became a favorite with President Lincoln, who often read parts of it to his Cabinet, much to the disgust of the irascible Stanton. Thus encouraged, its author translated other of his essays into his peculiar phonetic system, and with their reprinting in another garb the fame of Josh Billings went out of our country around the world.

Shaw's writings were now eagerly sought by editors, and when, a little later, he went on the lecture platform he commanded large audiences. In 1871 he began publishing his immensely successful "Farmer's Allminax," and in his last years as "Uncle Esek" contributed pithy sayings to the "Century Magazine." He came to believe as time went on that it was his mission to put the common sense of all time in proverbs, and thus his essays, lectures and almanacs were mainly made up of epigrams and observations strung together with little regard to sequence. But how picturesque and full of homely wisdom some of his sayings are, as for instance, "One hornet, when he feels in good con-

dition, can break up a whole camp meeting"; "Some people brag of their great descent, when their great descent is just what ails them," and "I like to find a man just as honest when he is measuring a peck of onions as when he is shouting glory hallelujah." As a moralist, whose philosophy combined wit with wisdom, Shaw had no equal in his day, and he and his work are not likely to be soon forgotten. He died in California in 1885, but his remains, in fulfilment of his last request, were brought back and laid beside those of his parents within the shadow of his native hills.

Some one has said that thought thrives best amid the beautiful, and true it is that the Berkshire country, a region abounding in lakes and mountain torrents, green meadows and shaded glens, is rich in association with some of the most cherished memories in our literary annals. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Frances Appleton passed the first summers of their married life in a square, old-fashioned dwelling that yet holds its accustomed place in one of the elm-shaded streets of Pittsfield. South of that town on the way to Lenox stands the house, greatly altered by a later owner, which was for several years the vacation-time home of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who here found more

than one character and bit of scenery described by him in "Elsie Venner." Rose Terry Cooke, a verse-maker and story-teller of more than ordinary gifts, passed the closing years of her life in Pittsfield, and there, too, in an earlier time, Herman Melville had his home in a house facing Greylock and the nearer hills.

Melville is now half-forgotten, but fifty years ago the publication of a book by him was regarded both here and in England as an event of the first importance. The reasons for his early popularity and present neglect are bound up in the story of his life. The son of a New York merchant and born in that city in 1819, the death of his father compelled him while still a growing lad to make his own way in the world. For a time he taught a district school, but then shipped before the mast on the Pacific whaler "Acushnet," and at the opening of 1841 sailed from New Bedford on the voyage which was to give him material for his chief romances. "If I shall ever deserve," he afterward wrote, "any real repute in that small but high hushed world which I might not be unreasonably ambitious of; if hereafter I shall do anything that, on the whole, a man might rather have done than to have left undone, then I prospectively ascribe all the honor and the glory to whaling; for a whale-ship was my Yale and my Harvard."

The "Acushnet," after eighteen months' cruising, reached the Marquesas Islands, and there Melville, wearied with harsh fare and hard treatment, escaped from the whaler, only to lose his way in a forest on the island of Nukahiva, the home of the Typee cannibals, with whom he spent several months in virtual but friendly captivity. He was finally rescued by the captain of an Australian whaler, which had touched at Nukahiva, and shipping as one of her sailors in due time reached Tahiti in the Society Islands. Thence he sailed to Honolulu, where he joined the crew of the frigate "United States," and in the autumn of 1844 reached Boston. Two years later he published "Typee," describing his experiences among the Nukahiva cannibals; and this was followed in 1849 by "Omoo" — two books which interpreted the romance and mystery of the South Sea and its groups of islands as they never had been interpreted before, and brought instant fame to their author.

Thereafter for several years Melville's career was as brilliant as that of any prose writer who had yet appeared in America. "White-Jacket," based on his life aboard a man-of-war, was published in 1850, and in 1851 he gave to the world "Moby Dick, or the White

Whale," an account of the whaler's life which so capable a judge as Clark Russell places at the very head of his books, and in a class by itself. But with the completion of "Moby Dick," Melville's important literary work came practically to an end. Though his gifts were great, he had never learned to control them; henceforth he had nothing to say which the world cared to hear, and though he wrote and published other books all of his later writings were a puzzling mixture of philosophy and fantasy.

Melville was married in 1847, and for thirteen years following 1850 resided on a farm near Pittsfield, but in 1863 removed with his wife and children to New York, which thereafter remained his home. Though from 1866 to 1885 he was employed in the New York custom house, his last years were passed in a self-sought seclusion which made room only for his books, his family and a few old friends, and so long did he survive his early fame that when he died, in 1891, the men and women of a new generation learned for the first time that such an author as Herman Melville had once won and held the favor of his fellows.

Eight miles of hill and valley separate Pittsfield from Lenox, and if the visitor, making his way on foot

to the latter town, follows the shore of the Housatonic southward by October Mountain, through Lenox Furnace, and past Laurel Lake, the walk is sure to linger long and pleasantly in memory. Though Nature has bestowed her favors with lavish hand on all the towns of the Berkshires, none has received richer gifts than Lenox, once a quiet hamlet but now a summer capital of wealth and fashion; and even to those who have made briefest pilgrimage to it the name ever after recalls the vision of a noble country among the hills. "Here I am on the top of a hill in the valley of Lenox," wrote Fanny Kemble, in October of 1836, "with a view before my window which would not disgrace the Jura itself. Immediately sloping before me, the green hillside sinks softly down to a small valley, filled with thick, rich wood, in the centre of which a little jewel-like lake lies gleaming. Beyond this valley the hills rise one above another to the horizon, where they scoop the sky with a brown, irregular outline, that the eye dwells on with ever-new delight, as its colors glow or vary with the ascending or descending sunlight, and all the shadowy procession of clouds. Ever since early morning troops of cloud and wandering showers of rain and the all prevailing sunbeams have chased each other over the

wooded slopes, and down into the hollow where the lake lies sleeping, making a pageant far finer than the one Prospero raised on his desert island."

Lenox was the summer home of Fanny Kemble from 1836 to 1853, and there Charlotte Cushman, when her career on the stage was ended, purchased and occupied a cottage which still bears her name. William Ellery Channing passed several summers in Lenox, delivering his last public address in its village church; and a farm-house now gone from the crest of Beecher Hill, to the east of the town, was for a number of years following 1853 the summer home of Henry Ward Beecher. And it was just out of Lenox that Hawthorne lived during his period of greatest productivity.

The romancer and his family came thither from Salem in the spring of 1850, and took up their residence in a "little old red house" which, until its destruction by fire in 1890, stood within a stone's throw of the northern shore of Stockbridge Bowl, the name given to a tiny lake which nestles among the hills southwest of Lenox. The site of the vanished house overlooks one of the most picturesque of landscapes, and Mrs. Hawthorne's letters to her friends afford more than one delightful glimpse of the idyllic life she and her husband led in

their modest home. "Mr. Hawthorne has been lying down in the sunshine," she writes to her mother in the late summer of 1851, "and Una and Julian have been making him look like the mighty Pan by covering his chin and breast with long grass-blades, that look like a verdant, venerable beard. Sometimes we go down to the woods near, and baby sleeps in the carriage to the music of the pine-tree murmurs and cricket chirpings, and once in a while of birds, while Una and Julian build piles of tiny sticks for the fairies' winter fuel, and papa and mama sit and muse in the breathless noon. I am glad you can dwell upon my lot with unalloyed delight; for certainly if ever there was a felicitous one it is mine. Unbroken, immortal love surrounds and pervades me; we have extraordinary health, in addition to more essential elements of happiness; my husband transcends my best dream, and no one but I can tell what he must be, therefore. When I have climbed up to him, I think I shall find myself in the presence of the shining ones, for I can only say that every day he rises upon me like a sun at midnoon."

A goodly throng of friends came to visit or to call at the little red house by Stockbridge Bowl, among them G. P. R. James, the English historian and novelist,

who then lived down by Stockbridge on the road to Monument Mountain; and the yet more welcome Herman Melville, who often came from Pittsfield to walk and chat with his friend. But then as always Hawthorne lived much with his children, and the year and a half spent in Lenox remain one of his son's most treasured recollections. "He made those days memorable to his children," writes Julian Hawthorne. "He made them boats to sail on the lake, and kites to fly in the air; he took them fishing and flower-gathering; and tried (unsuccessfully for the present) to teach them swimming. Mr. Melville used to ride or drive up, in the evenings, with his great dog, and the children used to ride on the dog's back. In short, the place was made a paradise for the small people. In the autumn they all went nutting, and filled a disused oven in the house with such bags upon bags of nuts as not a hundred children could have devoured during the ensuing winter. The children's father displayed extraordinary activity and energy on these nutting expeditions; standing at the foot of a tall walnut-tree, he would bid them turn their backs and cover their eyes with their hands; then they would hear, for a few seconds, a sound of rustling and scrambling, and, immediately after, a

shout, whereupon they would uncover their eyes and gaze upwards; and lo! there was their father — who but an instant before, as it seemed, had been beside them — swaying and soaring high aloft on the topmost branches, a delightful mystery and miracle. And then down would rattle showers of ripe nuts, which the children would diligently pick up, and stuff into their capacious bags. It was all a splendid holiday; and they cannot remember when their father was not their playmate, or when they ever desired or imagined any other playmate than he."

When Hawthorne settled in Lenox, "The Scarlet Letter" having lately come from the press, he was in the first flush of assured fame and popularity; and the amount of work which he put forth at this period shows how stimulating to his energies was the air of successful authorship. Between September, 1850, and January, 1851, he began and finished his second greatest romance, "The House of the Seven Gables." Six months later he had completed "The Wonder Book," a charming adaptation of the classical tales of mythology to the understanding of the young, which, with its sequel, "Tanglewood Tales," has made him for half a century one of the authors best beloved by children. After

this he prepared for the press a volume of tales, "The Snow Image," which was ready by the first of November. But while the scenery of the Berkshires charmed Hawthorne, he found the inland air enervating save in the bracing months of mid-winter; and so before the end of 1851 he left Lenox to spend a few months in West Newton and then to settle in a house and home of his own in Concord.

Hawthorne justly heads the roll of Berkshire authors, but it was the writings of Catherine Maria Sedgwick which introduced the region to the world of letters. Miss Sedgwick sprang from a family long eminent and honored in New England, where her father and elder brother were leaders in politics and at the bar. Born in near by Stockbridge in 1789, she was carefully educated, and then for thirty years taught in her turn. Her long life of seventy-eight years was passed mainly in Stockbridge and in Lenox, where she joined with her sister-in-law in conducting a school for girls of such excellence that for more than a generation it drew pupils from all parts of the country. Her first book, "A New England Tale," published in 1822, made her a conspicuous figure in a day of literary beginnings, and "Redwood" and "Hope Leslie" which followed it

won her an army of admirers both in her own land and across seas. These books, with the briefer social tractates which came from their author's pen in her last years, are nowadays more often praised than read; but they are filled with faithful pictures of New England village life a century ago, and the historian will always prize them as human documents of the first importance.

The birthplace of Miss Sedgwick, a roomy square-roofed mansion, stands on the main street of Stockbridge, shaded by ancient lindens and set in a spacious lawn which reaches down to the Housatonic. Not far away is the site of the house which was for seven years the home of Jonathan Edwards, and in which he wrote his "Freedom of the Will." The Edwards house was torn down in 1900 to make way for a modern residence, — a great pity, for it well deserved to be preserved as a shrine of thought and letters, — but the preacher's study table is in the Stockbridge library, while near the church green stands a shaft of Scotch granite erected to his memory by his descendants.

Cherry Cottage, just out of Stockbridge on the road to Great Barrington, was the birthplace of Mark Hopkins, greatest of the presidents of Williams College; and on Prospect Hill, in another part of the town, the

visitor is shown the site of the house which was long the home of the elder David Dudley Field, pastor of the Stockbridge church from 1819 to 1837, and the father of a family of brainful sons, each of whom went forth from the Berkshires to play a large part in the affairs of the world. The younger David Dudley Field won a foremost place among jurists and did more than any other man of his time to modify and reform the judicial systems of America and England; Stephen Johnson Field helped to build the commonwealth of California, and then sat for thirty-four years on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, a term longer than that of any other member of the court since its creation; Cyrus West Field was the inspiring and directing spirit in the great work of laying the first Atlantic cable, while Henry Martyn Field, the youngest and now the only survivor of this remarkable group of brothers, was for four and forty years the owner and editor of the New York "Evangelist," but is now ending his days in honored retirement in his native town.

A westward drive of eight miles carries one from Stockbridge across the Housatonic, along the base of Monument Mountain, and so to Great Barrington, where Bryant served his long apprenticeship in law and

letters, and which in colony times was the home of that Samuel Hopkins whom Mrs. Stowe made the hero of "A Minister's Wooing." A native of Connecticut and born in 1721, Hopkins was for twenty-six years pastor at Great Barrington, thence removing to Newport, Rhode Island, where he spent the remainder of his eighty-two years of life in usefulness and honor. A man of great ability, he was the friend and biographer of Edwards, and himself the author of a bulky "System of Theology," which for three generations helped to hold New England faithful to the tenets of Calvin.

But Hopkins was gentler and more merciful than his creed, and, while nothing remains of his system of theology but a name, the world will not soon forget that his was one of the first earnest protests entered in America against the bondage of the negro, and that when to enter such a protest demanded moral heroism of the highest sort. He only assented to his State's ratification of the federal Constitution, which granted a twenty years' lease of life to the slave trade, because he preferred that to anarchy; and until the end of his days he ceased not to denounce the evil to his slave-holding congregation. He was also swift to atone for errors in his own conduct, and there remains an im-

pressive tradition of how he wrought the conversion of a skeptical brother-in-law by quick and frank confession of a fault. The two men parted at night in anger, but with the dawn of another day Hopkins knocked at and entered his kinsman's door. "Call your family together, brother Sanford," said he; and then followed a touching reconciliation, one of the results of which was the entrance of the brother-in-law, David Sanford, into the ministry, where for many years he served his generation. The Hopkins Memorial Manse, a splendid parsonage presented a few years ago to the church of which Hopkins was the first pastor, serves to keep the lion-hearted preacher's memory green in the field of his early labors.

The writer on leaving Great Barrington behind him shaped his way through Sheffield to the ancient town of Litchfield in Connecticut. Sleepy, elm-shaded Sheffield is the oldest of Berkshire villages, and was besides the birthplace of George Frederick Root, whose songs helped to fire loyal hearts during the Civil War. Root was born in 1820, passed his youth in Sheffield and North Reading, and in early manhood was a teacher of music in Boston, New York and the West. The echoes of Sumter had hardly died away before

Dr. Root thrilled the North with his song "The first gun is fired may God protect the right." Thereafter, as each event of the war was chronicled, he wrote other songs which ound instant path to the hearts of the people. One of these was "The Battle-Cry of Freedom," prompted by President Lincoln's second call for troops, which became almost in a day the most popular song of the war, chanted not only by the people at home, but also by the soldiers in camp, on the march, and even on the field of conflict. Among the countless anecdotes which cluster around it is one of an Iowa regiment which went into battle in front of Vicksburg eight hundred strong and came out with a loss of more than half its number; but the survivors, torn and bleeding as they were, issued from the fight waving their stained banners and singing: "We'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again, shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

Among Dr. Root's other war songs, superb in their expression of loyalty and courage, were "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Vacant Chair." Six and thirty songs in all came from his pen between 1861 and 1865, and helped, no less than sword and gun,

to assure final victory to the Union cause. But his muse was not always a militant one: he was the composer of many cantatas and operettas, and he also wrote a great number of still popular hymns and songs of home life — among them "The Shining Shore," "Hazel Dell," and "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." His last years were divided between Chicago and Bailey's Island, in Casco Bay, where he had his summer home. Death came to him at the latter place in August, 1895, and he was laid to rest in the old burial ground of North Reading. On the shaft which marks his grave might well be carved the lines:

> "The many may lead hosts to battle,
> To the many war's honor belongs;
> But the few touch the hearts of the people,
> The few give the people their songs."

Sheffield was also the birthplace of Orville Dewey, the eminent Unitarian divine. Dewey was born in 1794, and, early resolving upon a career in the ministry, was grounded in the theology of Calvin and Edwards by Dr. Ephraim Judson, for two and twenty years pastor of the Sheffield church. Dr. Judson was the most eccentric of old Berkshire worthies, — he often delivered his sermons sitting, and now and then on

sultry Sabbath mornings would announce a long hymn and while the singing was in progress seek relief from the heat in the open air, — but his orthodoxy was of the strictest sort, and by its very severity impelled his pupil to broader and gentler lines of thought. And so young Dewey, though he passed through Williams College and was duly graduated at Andover, soon forsook the creed of his fathers for Unitarianism. He served for a time as assistant to Dr. Channing in Boston, and from 1823 until 1833 preached to a Unitarian congregation in New Bedford. During his best and ripest years, from 1835 to 1848, he was pastor of what is now the Church of the Messiah in New York. He returned, however, to end his days in Sheffield, where a tasteful library building erected by his descendants now bears witness to his and their loving interest in the old town.

Litchfield like Sheffield is set upon a hill, and like Sheffield boasts a history of nearly two hundred years. Sturdy Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence, dwelt for many years in Litchfield, and was so fond a lover of his home that, when a British diplomat praised the wit and beauty of Mrs. Wolcott, declaring that she would be a brilliant figure at the court of St. James, the husband proudly made answer,

"She shines even on Litchfield Hill, sir!" Another long time resident of Litchfield was that stout soldier of the Revolution, Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, who served as aide-de-camp to Washington and as Andre's custodian walked with the latter to the scaffold. The former homes of Wolcott and Tallmadge are still standing in Litchfield, and so is the fine old house in which for nearly forty years Tapping Reeve, some time chief justice of Connecticut, conducted the first law school established in America. This institution drew pupils from every State in the Union, and numbered among its graduates six score congressmen, senators, governors, judges and cabinet ministers. John C. Calhoun studied for several years under Judge Reeve, and two elms which he planted before his departure from Litchfield have grown with the years into grand and graceful trees — a pleasant memorial of the great Southron.

Lyman Beecher, settling in Litchfield in 1810, at the age of thirty-five, preached for sixteen years to its people; and there his children, Harriet and Henry Ward, were born and passed their childhood. Mrs. Stowe's "Poganuc People," written towards the end of her literary career, is an engaging picture of her early days in the Litchfield manse; and her brother was never

more delightful than when recalling the incidents of his boyhood on Litchfield Hill, one of which deserves a place in this chronicle. The elder Beecher, so runs the story, when calling on a member of his congregation, expressed admiration for a fine calf and was told that he could take it home provided he could catch the lively creature. This he did at the end of a hot chase, carried it home in his wagon, and tied it securely in the barn. But when Henry heard of the new arrival, he sped from the house to the barn, and, curious to see if the animal was really as lively as described, untied the rope that bound it, when, like a flash, the calf dashed out of the door, and in another instant disappeared over the brow of the hill. Half a century afterwards the younger Beecher related the incident at an evening meeting in Brooklyn in illustration of one of the points in his discourse. "Yes, Henry Ward," interjected one of his auditors, in a jocular aside, "and that is what you have been doing ever since — letting loose that which your father thought he had made fast!" And there was a volume of truth in this witty rejoinder.

John Pierpont, preacher and reformer, was a native of Litchfield, and so was that far greater man and preacher, Horace Bushnell. Born in 1785 and grad-

uated at Yale in 1804, Pierpont in the course of his long life of eighty-one years was a teacher, a lawyer, a merchant, a minister, an army chaplain and finally a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. He is best remembered, however, for his fiery and unswerving support of the anti-slavery cause, which drove him, after a quarter of a century's service, from the pulpit of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, and for a volume of verses that prove him a poet of no mean order. His longest poem, "Airs of Palestine," first published in 1816, abounds in delicate imagery and in the sonorous rhyme that Milton loved, while many of his shorter pieces, such as "Passing Away" and "The Departed Child," are equal to the best work of most of his contemporaries. John Pierpont Morgan, the banker, is a son of Pierpont's daughter, and perpetuates in his own the name of the poet.

Horace Bushnell was born in 1802, and was the oldest child of a family which traced its descent through some of the first settlers of Saybrook to Huguenot refugees who had fled to England — a hardy, strong-limbed race from which he inherited that best of capital to begin life — a sound constitution. When he was three years old his parents removed from Litchfield to

the neighboring town of Preston, where his childhood and youth were divided between the schools of the countryside, and labor in the woolen factory and on the farm conducted by his father. He entered Yale in his twenty-second year, and after his graduation found employment on the staff of the New York "Journal of Commerce," soon, however, retiring from newspaper work to begin the study of law in New Haven. Then he accepted an invitation to become a tutor at Yale, and while thus employed completed the course for admission to the bar, intending ultimately to begin practice in the West. But his career was to follow widely different lines; during his tutorship a revival occurred among the students of the college, and before it ran its course he was led to reconsider the question of his calling and to decide that it was his duty to become a preacher. Accordingly, he entered the theological seminary at Yale, whence in due time he was graduated, and in May, 1833, as pastor of the North Church in Hartford, he began the work which has left so deep a mark on the religious life of his country.

Chapter XII

Connecticut Wits and Worthies

On the morrow of his visit to Bushnell's birthplace the writer stood before the site of his last home in Winthrop Street, Hartford. Bushnell dwelt in Hartford from 1833 until his death in 1876, and for twenty-six of these forty-three years preached from the pulpit of the North Church the sermons which still influence an uncounted multitude of men and women who never felt the charm of his spoken word. How great was that charm many who were moved by it in other days still survive to bear witness. "He can be fully appreciated," writes Dr. Munger, "only by those who heard him preach. Sermon and delivery fitted each other like die and image. The sincerity of the word was matched by the quiet confidence of his bearing, and the poetry of his diction was sustained by the music of his voice, which always fell into a rhythmic cadence. The flights of his imagination were not rhetorical strivings but the simple rehearsals of what he saw. His effectiveness was peculiar. If he gained

any hearing at all, he won the consent of the whole man, — not agreement always, but intellectual and moral sympathy. He was the most democratic and most human of preachers, and at the same time one of the loftiest and most spiritual. He spoke to men on equal terms and in a direct way, taking them into his confidence and putting himself in their place, feeling their needs, sharing their doubts, and reasoning the questions out as one of them."

The message which Bushnell thus delivered to his fellows breathed a regenerating spirit into the narrow theology of his day, and, though his splendid fidelity to the conviction that often doubt is the only way to reach an assured faith caused him to be put on trial for heresy, the charges fell through in the end, and henceforth he was for New England the prophet of that larger religious consciousness which has caused the Christian faith to bloom again in new forms of life and beauty. Nor was his the usual fate of the prophet, for in later life he was often invited to pulpits that had long been shut against him, and his last years of invalidism and weakness were cheered by the knowledge that many of those who once bitterly opposed him had come to see that he had torn down not for the sake of destroying,

but only to clear the way for a larger and nobler structure in which might be enshrined all that was true and lasting in the old forms.

The fame of the group of versifiers and satirists who flourished in Hartford during and immediately after the Revolution is now a faded one, but when Bushnell began his labors there the Hartford Wits, as they were called, still loomed large on the literary horizon. One of the members of the group was Lemuel Hopkins, a physician of high repute and superior natural parts who practiced in Hartford from 1783 until his death in 1801; another was Colonel David Humphreys, who survived a good deal of hard fighting under Washington, to become a maker of bad poetry and an excellent minister to Portugal; but the most considerable figures in this coterie were John Trumbull and Joel Barlow.

Trumbull was a Yale graduate and tutor, who studied law in the office of John Adams, and eventually established himself at Hartford, where he became eminent as an advocate and judge. His last years were spent in Detroit, and there he died in 1831 at the age of eighty-one. He began his literary career in 1772 with "The Progress of Dulness," a versified satire on the limitations of education and culture in the colonies,

and after his settlement in Hartford he contributed with Hopkins, Barlow and the rest to "The Anarchiad," the title given to a series of purported extracts from an ancient epic, which were published from time to time in a newspaper, and did good service in opposing and ridiculing the political follies of the period. Trumbull's chief claim to remembrance, however, rests on his Hudibrastic poem of "McFingal," begun in 1776 and completed in 1782, which was long regarded both at home and abroad as America's masterpiece in that class of literature. Though now more respected than read "McFingal" remains, the work of the publicists excepted, the most representative production of the Revolutionary period; and its pages, packed as they are with robust patriotism and boisterous wit, will never be neglected by those who wish to study at first hand the motives and passions which swayed men in the birth years of the republic.

Joel Barlow was born in 1754 in a house which within recent years was still standing in the western Connecticut town of Redding. Graduated at Yale in 1778, he served for a time as a chaplain in Washington's army, but soon withdrew from the ministry, and with his newly won bride settled in Hartford, where he be-

came a lawyer and editor, and, as one of the Club of Wits, practiced verse-making with such diligence that he was able, in 1787, to publish his "Vision of Columbus," a narrative poem of nearly five thousand lines. Then he sailed for Europe, and for many years resided in France and England, where he became the friend of many of the leaders of revolutionary thought, and wrote numerous political books and pamphlets, one of which, "Advice to the Privileged Orders," had the honor of being suppressed by the British government. At the same time, being a man of large practical talents, he acquired, through speculation, what in those days was counted a handsome fortune.

Finally, after eighteen years of absence, Barlow returned to America, built a beautiful country house near to Washington, and in luxurious retirement elaborated his "Vision of Columbus" into a colossal epic, published, in 1807, under the title of "The Columbiad." Four years later he again went abroad, this time as American minister to the court of Napoleon. He went, however, to his death, for journeying to meet the Emperor at Wilna, he was caught in the whirl and crash of the retreat from Moscow, and succumbing to fever and exposure, in December, 1812, found a grave

in an out-of-the-way village of Poland. The story of the life thus brought to an end is far more interesting than anything that ever came from Barlow's pen. He managed the heroic couplet with no small degree of skill, and lifted himself now and then into passages of dignity and strength, but "The Columbiad" as a whole is slow-moving, inflated and so intolerably dull that it tempts the reader to apply to it the curious declaration of its author that Homer's "existence has really proved one of the signal misfortunes of mankind."

Barlow, however, wrote one poem that has withstood the wear of the years — "The Hasty Pudding," a mock-heroic in three short and racy cantos, born of the fact that a dish of potenta served to him one summer day in Savoy recalled verse-impelling memories of the favorite dish to which he had long been a stranger. That, and his brave defense of Thomas Paine, when he stood most in need of defenders, should serve to keep Barlow's memory green, even though his heavy epic rests unopened on library shelves.

When Barlow edited a newspaper in Hartford he had for a collaborator a certain Noah Webster, who long afterward was to win fame as the maker of the first American dictionary. The elm-shaded house in which

Webster was born in 1758 is still standing in West Hartford, but shorn now of the broad acres of farm land which once surrounded it. He was graduated at Yale in 1778, and began life as a schoolmaster and maker of text-books, one of which, his "Elementary Spelling-Book," reached a larger sale than any other single work by an American author. After that he was a lawyer in Hartford, an editor in New York, and the holder, wherever he chanced to be, of original opinions on a multitude of subjects which he discussed in books, pamphlets and periodicals, with earnestness of conviction and shrewd practical wisdom. These discussions, however, brought him small return in money, and he was a poor man, chiefly dependent for support on the sales of his spelling-book, when, at the age of forty-eight, he sat down to the great work of his life — the compiling of a full and comprehensive dictionary of the English language. "However arduous the task, and however feeble my powers," he wrote in announcing his purpose, "a thorough conviction of the importance and necessity of the undertaking has overcome my fears and objections, and determined me to make an effort to dissipate the charm of veneration for foreign authors which fascinates the minds of men in this coun-

try and holds them in the chains of illusion. In the investigation of this subject great labor is to be sustained, and numberless difficulties encountered; but with a humble dependence on divine favor for the preservation of my life and health, I shall prosecute the work with diligence, and execute it with a fidelity suited to its importance."

This was a brave promise, and twenty years of heroic and almost continuous labor were expended by Webster, — labor performed in the face of the jeers and ridicule of those who saw in his self-imposed task only the impossible dream of a whimsical visionary, — before he was able to give to the world the first edition of his "American Dictionary of the English language," in two quarto volumes. He began compiling the dictionary in New Haven, continued it in Amherst, whence, in 1812, he removed for economy's sake, and completed it in Cambridge, England, whither he had gone to consult books not to be had in America. Published three years after his return, it passed through one revision at Webster's hands in 1840, and when he died, in 1843, he was still at work upon it. Great success attended it from the first, and it is still published, being revised from time to time and edited according to the principles

laid down by its originator. Webster's single-handed task was that of the pioneer, and full of meaning for the future. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the great works of a lexicographical and encyclopædic character which now witness to the world the enterprise of American publishers and the thoroughness of American scholars would have been impossible had not the Hartford schoolmaster prepared the way for them.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney, one of the most prolific verse-makers of her time, dwelt in Hartford from 1819 until her death in 1865, at the age of seventy-four. Her prose and verse fill nearly three score volumes, which in their collected form are the terror and despair of the modern reader, but the memory of her sweet, pure womanhood survives, and will long draw pilgrims to the stately house which was her home, and which, as of old, looks down upon Little River, coiling its way through the city, and upon the beautiful park named in honor of Horace Bushnell. George Denison Prentice, best remembered as the witty editor of the Louisville "Journal," also began his career in Hartford, and there, in 1828, set up the "New England Review," a literary weekly which at the end of two years passed under the direction of John Greenleaf Whittier. A

business structure at the corner of Grove and Main Streets, Hartford, now covers the site of the house which was for a year or more the Quaker poet's home, but one wishes it could have been spared by the years, for there he gave the finishing touches to his first volume of verse, "Legends of New England."

There, too, "a shy lad in homespun clothes of Quaker cut," Whittier saw the beginning and the end of the one romance of his life. Cornelia Russ was the youngest child of a leading citizen of Hartford, and a beautiful girl of seventeen when the heart of the poet yielded to her uncommon charms. On the eve of his departure from Hartford he sent her an offer of marriage. "I could not leave town," he wrote in simple and manly fashion, "without asking an interview with you. I know that my proposal is abrupt, and I cannot but fear that it will be unwelcome. But you will pardon me. About to leave Hartford for a distant part of the country, I have ventured to make a demand, for which under any other circumstances I should be justly censurable. I feel that I have indeed no claims on your regard. But I would hope, almost against any evidence to the contrary, you might not altogether discourage a feeling which has long been to me as a new existence. I would

hope that in my absence one heart would respond with my own, one bright eye grow brighter at the mention of a name, which has never been, and I trust never will be connected with dishonor, and which, if the ambition which now urges onward shall continue in vigorous exercise, shall yet be known widely and well, and whose influence shall be lastingly felt. But this is dreaming, and it may only call forth a smile. If so, I have too high an opinion of your honorable feelings to suppose even for a moment that you would make any use of your advantage derogatory to the character of a high-minded and ingenuous girl. I leave town on Saturday Can you allow of an interview this evening or on that of Friday. If, however, you cannot consistently afford me the pleasure of seeing you, I have only to resign hopes dear to me as life itself, and carry with me hereafter the curse of disappointed feeling."

The girl could not promise to become the poet's wife, — perhaps the stern creed of Calvin held them apart, — and two days after his letter was written Whittier left Hartford forever. Thereafter, the hopes that had come to naught filled a sealed chamber in his heart, while she whom he loved faithfully kept his secret. Though much sought by eager wooers, Cornelia Russ

died unmarried at the age of twenty-eight, a few months before Whittier wrote the pensive and beautiful poem of "Memories," of which she was the heroine. There is no evidence, however, that her lover ever heard of her death. He thinks of her in "Memories" as still among the living, and when, nearly half a century later, he placed the poem at the head of his "Subjective" verse, his heart was still true to her, but gave no sign that he knew hers had ceased to beat.

When Whittier was editor of the "New England Review" a boy was growing toward manhood in the village of East Hartford, just across the Connecticut from Hartford, who long afterward was to share with him the lyric laurels of the Civil War. Henry Howard Brownell was born in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1820, but moved at an early age to East Hartford, which ever after remained his home, and where, following a brief excursion into the law, delicate health and an instinct for letters impelled him to the life of a scholarly recluse. A volume of verse issued in 1847 reflects his tastes and environment, but the first shot of the Civil War changed him on the instant into an impassioned singer of battle lyrics. One of these, a rhymed version of Farragut's orders to his fleet, drew

the Admiral's attention to the writer, and led him to make Brownell his private secretary. And thus, an acting ensign on Farragut's flagship, the "Hartford," the bard of battle witnessed the capture of Mobile, and wove the fury and stress of that conflict into his splendid "Bay Fight." Brownell's "War Lyrics," published in 1866, contains this poem and a dozen others, which by their vibrant diction and breathless rush of incident prove Brownell a born ballad-maker. His singing, however, ended with the conflict that had been its inspiration, and his last years were mainly silent ones. These were passed in his quiet riverside home, and there he died in 1872 after long and painful illness. His grave is in the East Hartford cemetery, and his former home, by a queer lapse of fate, has become the hotel of the village.

Harriet Beecher Stowe passed a portion of her girlhood in Hartford as a pupil-teacher in the school conducted by her elder sister Catherine, and more than thirty years later she returned, with her husband and children, to spend her remaining days in the town. A grove of oaks on the bank of Park river, in the section of Hartford now known as Glenwood, had been a favorite resort of her girlhood, and there in 1862 she

planned and built a picturesque, many gabled house, which afforded, with its wealth of shade and shrubbery, a charming place of residence. There she passed ten happy years, and there were written a number of her six and thirty volumes, among them "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," and "Old Town Folks," which, considered as pure literature, was, perhaps, the best book that ever came from her pen. Soon, however, the needs of the growing city caused factories to spring up in the neighborhood, and to escape their encroachments in 1872 she bought a house on Forrest Street in which she dwelt during the rest of her life. The once beautiful home at Glenwood, after long and hard service as a tenement, has now become a storage-house for the huge factory which dwarfs and shadows it.

Mrs. Stowe's last home in Forrest Street is a modest structure of brick, with a gable rising from its center roof, and dormers looking out on either side. It faces the east and the sunrise, and the lawn which separates it from the street is planted with shrubbery, and in summer is bright with flowers. Here she brought her career as an author to a close, with "We and Our Neighbors," "A Dog's Mission," and "Poganuc Peo-

ple," and here she laid down her pen to charm with it no more. Her husband died in 1886, and thereafter, tenderly cared for by her children, her own life became only a patient waiting for the end. "My sun has set," she wrote to a friend as the shadows gathered about her. "The time of work for me is over. I have written all my words and thought all my thoughts, and now I rest in the flickering light of the dying embers." Later still she became "like a little child," and the final summons was but the release of a spirit that had long been asleep. She died on July 1, 1896, at the age of eighty-five, and, as we know, was buried beside her husband and the children who had preceded her in the burial ground at Andover.

During the greater part of her residence in Forrest Street Mrs. Stowe had Charles Dudley Warner and Samuel Langhorne Clemens for her nearest neighbors. Both of these gifted men were also Hartford authors only by right of adoption. Born in 1829 in Plainfield, on the edge of the Berkshires, Warner passed his early youth in the neighboring town of Claremont, where he experienced the incidents and lived among the scenes that he afterward described in "Being a Boy." He was graduated at Hamilton College in 1851, and

during the next few years tried his hand at many things, choosing the law at first as his profession and opening an office in Chicago. He was soon drawn, however, to the vocation of a journalist, and in 1860 became one of the editors of the Hartford "Press." A little later he was made its editor-in-chief, and when in 1867 it was merged with the older "Courant" he went on the staff of the latter journal, continuing his association with it during the remainder of his life.

Warner's more distinctly literary career began in 1870 with the publication of "My Summer in a Garden," which chronicled with original and playful humor the experiences and misadventures of an amateur gardener. The immediate success of this first venture in authorship established him as a popular favorite, and was followed by a number of agreeable books recording travel-experience at home and abroad, and by "Back-Log Studies," "Baddeck and That Sort of Thing" and other volumes of essays filled with delicate yet thoughtful humor and the flavor of a delightful personality. He also wrote a life of Captain John Smith, and began the series of "American Men of Letters," of which he was the first editor, with a sympathetic study of Washington Irving. Late in life he turned his hand to

fiction, and wrote in quick succession "Their Pilgrimage," "A Little Journey in the World," "The Golden House" and "That Fortune." These four volumes, the last of which was finished in 1900, a few months before his death, show easy command of the story-teller's art, and keen and kindly insight into human life and nature.

The world prefers to remember Warner, however, as an essayist, in whose writings wit and humor were happily wedded to high and earnest thought; and it is safe to predict that in his goodly list of books the ones that will longest find readers are "My Summer in a Garden," "Back-Log Studies" and "Being a Boy." These were his distinctive contribution to our literature, and give him a place in its history close to if lower than those of Irving and Holmes. The house which made him the neighbor of Mrs. Stowe, — a roomy structure, colonial in style, and standing uninclosed among trees, — was Warner's last home. His earlier home, which also was the birthplace of "My Summer in a Garden" and "Back-Log Studies," was a modest brick cottage in a remoter part of Hartford, where the town looks into the country.

If Charles Dudley Warner was a fine exemplar of

New England breeding and scholarship, Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better known to the world as Mark Twain, is an equally typical product of Western life and conditions. He was born in Florida, Missouri, in 1835, left school at twelve to enter a country printing-office, and at twenty-two became a pilot on the Mississippi. This calling he followed for four years, but abandoned it at the opening of the Civil War, and a little later became private secretary to his brother, then territorial secretary of Nevada. The two crossed the plains in the overland coach, and the younger brother had no sooner reached Nevada than he dropped clerical work to go into mining. His ventures as a miner, however, yielded him little profit save in experience, and in 1862 he became local editor of the Virginia City "Enterprise," to which he contributed, under the pen name of Mark Twain, the old Mississippi boatswain's call for two fathoms — twelve feet.

Two years later Clemens was called to San Francisco as city editor of the "Morning Call," and in 1866 visited Hawaii as correspondent of the Sacramento "Union." He took to the lecture platform on his return from the islands, and then, journeying East by way of the Isthmus, in 1867 joined an excursion to

Europe and the Holy Land as correspondent of the "Alta California" of San Francisco. The party visited the principal ports of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, and from this trip grew "The Innocents Abroad," a volume of extravagant humor which when published in 1869 won for its author instant recognition as a literary force of the first order. A hundred thousand copies were sold the first year, and it still remains his most popular book. Following close upon this success Clemens married, and in 1871 he took up his residence in Hartford, living first in a hired cottage in Forrest Street, but soon removing to a house of his own in Farmington Avenue. This house, a multi-gabled, many-chimneyed structure of brick laid in fanciful courses and at various angles, was built from the author's own plans, and so is as unique and individual as its builder. It stands on a knoll well back from the street, and reaching out from it on the west, and sloping down to a little valley, cut in twain by a diminutive river, stretches a grove of fine old chestnut trees.

Here Clemens lived for three and twenty years, and here, or in his earlier Hartford home, were written "Roughing It," "The Gilded Age," "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper,"

"Huckleberry Finn," and the other books which bore eloquent if mirthful witness to his gradual but sure development from a maker of rough and ready humor into the philosopher and prophet of humanity. The list of his published works now numbers a score of titles, and on the eve of old age his pen is still a busy one. How a series of luckless investments swept away the savings of half a lifetime, and left Mark Twain at sixty loaded by debts incurred by others; how by heroic efforts they were paid to the last dollar and a second fortune earned in the years when most men have ceased from labor — these are things whose adequate recital must be left to him who in future years shall set forth the full story of a career which has been justly termed one of the romances of American life and letters. And to the future also and properly belongs the final estimate of the worth and quality of his work as an author. Such an estimate may deny him a place among the great humorists of all time, but the years can hold no greater surprise than that Mulberry Sellers and Huckleberry Finn should be forgotten.

The last of the journeys which gave excuse for these pages carried the writer out of Hartford, down the western shore of the Connecticut, and so to New Haven,

and to the house in Water Street, that city, which was in turn the home of Benedict Arnold and of Noah Webster. Arnold built the house in question a few years before the Revolution, when he was a prosperous New Haven merchant, and a brilliant figure in the business and social life of the little college town. It was confiscated with the rest of his property after he attempted to betray his country, and in 1798 passed into the hands of Webster, who owned and occupied it for fourteen years. There the self-willed scholar labored on his dictionary; there he planned the revision of the Bible which he fondly believed would constitute his surest claim to remembrance; and there, no doubt, he often gave welcome to another scholar whose thirst for knowledge equaled his own.

This was Timothy Dwight, the hero like Webster of a career possible only in the America of a hundred years ago. A grandson of Jonathan Edwards, Dwight was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1752, graduated at Yale at an early age, and for several years was a tutor in that institution. When the Revolution broke out he entered the patriot army as chaplain, but his father's death compelled him to resign his commission in 1778, and for five years he helped his mother to

manage her estate. He hesitated for a time between the law and the ministry as a permanent vocation, but finally chose the latter, and in 1783 was settled as pastor of a church in Greenfield, Conn., where he soon proved himself an eloquent and profound preacher and also made leisure to conduct a successful school and to put forth several volumes of verse. Before he turned forty he had become the best known divine in New England, and when in 1795 the presidency of Yale was left vacant he was promptly chosen to fill it. The choice was a wise one, and until his death in 1817 he directed the college with such large and sure grasp of affairs and such eminent and abiding success that the place it now holds in our educational system is due in chief part to his labors.

It was, however, as a verse-maker that Dwight was regarded by men of his own time as most deserving of honor. He began his career as a poet with "The Conquest of Canaan," a long epic written while he was a tutor at Yale, but not published until 1785, and during his Greenfield pastorate he composed and gave to the world two other elaborate poems, "The Triumph of Infidelity" and "Greenfield Hill." All three contain passages as good as most of the decasyllabic

verse of that period, but on the whole their dulness is accurately proportioned to their length; and the modern reader turns their pages with growing wonder that they should have once been hailed as proving their author the greatest of American poets. Along with Dwight's "Theology Explained and Defended," in five portly volumes, they are now deservedly neglected save by students. There are, however, two productions of the worthy doctor which have happily survived the blasts of time — his hymn "I love thy Kingdom, Lord," and the four volumes of his "Travels in New England and New York." The latter work, published a few years after his death, is the homely yet delightful record, rich in local history and diverting anecdote, of the energetic president's vacation-time travels in his gig. It has long been out of print, and the publisher who gives it a new dress and a new lease of life will deserve well of his day and generation.

Farnham College in 1860 displaced the house which was Dwight's New Haven home. Dwight, with other of the presidents of Yale, takes his rest in the Grove Street cemetery, an ancient burial ground that separates the college buildings from the business section of the town; and there also are the graves of Lyman Beecher

and Noah Webster, and of Leonard and Delia Bacon. Leonard Bacon was the son of that David Bacon who planted the first settlement of New England men in the Western Reserve of Ohio. The elder Bacon had been in a yet earlier time a missionary to the Ojibbeway Indians, and the son was born in 1802 in that part of the wilderness of the Northwest Territory where now stands the city of Detroit. Leonard Bacon's youth, however, was passed mainly in New England. He was graduated at Yale in 1820, entered the ministry, and in 1824 became pastor of the First Congregational Church of New Haven.

Thenceforth and until his death in 1881 Bacon was a dominant and masterful force in the religious thought of his time, the defender, both within and without the church, of every cause that made for liberty and progress. His convictions were a part of his being, to be surrendered only with his life, and in the pulpit, on the platform, and in book, pamphlet and periodical he gave them earnest and trenchant expression. No man, indeed, more effectively voiced the awakened consciousness of the North to the wrongfulness of negro bondage, and a collection of papers to which he gave the title "Slavery Discussed in Occasional Es-

says" perhaps did more than Garrison's "Liberator" to assure the final extinction of the evil. One of those who read this book when it came from the press in 1846 was Abraham Lincoln. The young Western lawyer found in its lucid arguments and moderate spirit the light he long had been seeking; and its influence upon him, and thus upon the history of a critical and eventful era, can be easily traced in his great debates with Douglas. "When, many years after the little book had been forgotten by the public," writes Bacon's son, "and slavery had fallen before the President's proclamation, it appeared from Lincoln's own declaration that he owed to that book his definite, reasonable, and irrefragable views of the slavery question, my father felt ready to sing the *Nunc dimittis*."

The memory of this great and good man will not grow dim with the years; but even more interesting to the literary student is the life story of his gifted and unfortunate sister. Delia Bacon was born in Ohio, in 1811, and passed her girlhood in Hartford, where she was for several years a pupil in the school conducted by Catherine Beecher. The daughter of a widow with six children, she was compelled at an early age to gain her own living, and, though her first efforts to do so

with her pen were failures, success came to her when, following the example of Margaret Fuller, she began to hold parlor receptions, where pupils who had finished their regular courses of instruction could be directed in their future studies. She brought to this work agreeable gifts of person and power to impart her own enthusiasm to others, and for a number of years at New Haven, Hartford and Cambridge she reigned the intellectual queen of New England drawing-rooms. "Her pupils had no books," writes one who heard her, "only a pencil and some paper. She sat before them, her noble countenance lighted with enthusiasm, her hands now holding a book from which she read an extract, now pressing for a moment the thoughtful brow. She knew both how to pour in knowledge and how to draw out thought." Audiences of a hundred often gathered around her to receive instruction, and her courses were the means of quickening the brightest women of her time.

These were the golden days in the life of Delia Bacon. They came to an end about 1852, and thereafter her thought was more and more directed to the misguided theory that Shakespeare did not write the plays attributed to him, until to prove it became her

absorbing purpose. In 1853 she went to England to prosecute her studies in this field, and four years later, through the aid of Hawthorne, then consul at Liverpool, found a publisher for her "Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," a stout octavo of nearly seven hundred pages, but dealing with only a single phase of her attempted redistribution of the authorship of the plays. Before this her scanty funds had given out, and, estranged from her family by her great delusion, her living expenses for many months were mainly discharged by Hawthorne, who was never more kindly and noble than in his relations with this ill-starred child of genius. Soon after her book appeared her mind, long strained to the breaking point, also gave way, and she was placed in an asylum at Henley-in-Arden, only a few miles from the tomb of him whom she had done most to honor by trying to show that his work was utterly beyond the capacity of any one man. There a nephew found her, and, in April, 1858, brought her back to her own land. Death came to her in the autumn of the following year, and so, a victim to singular self-deception, sadly and prematurely perished one of the most brilliant women of her generation.

In the same ancient God's acre in which Delia

Bacon takes her rest is the grave of James Abram Hillhouse, a once lauded but now forgotten verse-maker. Born in New Haven in 1789, Hillhouse was duly graduated at Yale, and, save for a brief excursion in trade which carried him to New York, passed all of his fifty-two years in his native town. His home was a fine old mansion at the head of the elm-shaded avenue which bears his name, and there in the leisure which an ample fortune assured to him, he wrote his sacred drama "Hadad" and the other poetical works which in their collected form fill two goodly volumes. He was capable at his best of verse which falls little short of poetry of an elevated and smoothly flowing kind, but his inspiration was unequal to sustained effort, and, despite the extravagant praise of his contemporaries, — Halleck described him as one "whose music, like his themes, lifts earth to heaven," — he long ago fell into his rightful place among those who are honored for brave failure rather than successful accomplishment.

A man of other mettle and larger gifts was James Gates Percival, who like Hillhouse spent nearly all his days in New Haven. Percival was twenty years old when, in 1815, he was graduated at Yale first in his

class. During the next dozen years he taught school, studied medicine and served as a surgeon in the regular army, but in 1827 returned to New Haven, and a little later found congenial employment as state geologist of Connecticut. He was a hard-working, many-sided scholar, learned in all branches of science far beyond the ordinary standard of his day; but he was at the same time one of the most eccentric of men, holding aloof from his fellows and leading a hermit's life in bachelor rooms. One who was then a student at Yale recalls him, a singular and solitary figure, "scudding through the streets, his shoes unblackened — untied perhaps; other garments dilapidated and rusty; with a scant old camlet cloak in chilly weather drawn close about him. A cantankerous man," adds the same authority, "taking everything hard, except the minutiæ of learning; most contented and easy when working till midnight on recondite phrases and philologic puzzles; but in every-day matters, impracticable, disorderly, carping — sometimes ugly."

This is Percival's portrait as sketched by a not unfriendly hand; and yet the crusty recluse was the most prolific verse maker of his time, capable at rare moments of producing a really beautiful song or lyric.

A number of these are to be found in his last poetical volume, "The Dream of a Day," published in 1843, and in his earlier volumes are many odes and ballads which prove him a poet of genuine if limited powers. Had he written less his verse would now find more readers, but the sin of copiousness may be forgiven the author of "To Seneca Lake," "The Coral Grove," and the stirring lines "O, it is great for our country to die, where ranks are contending!" which became one of the favorite battle songs of the Civil War. Percival left New Haven in 1854, and died two years later while serving as state geologist of Wisconsin.

Ill-balanced gifts thwarted the brilliant promise of Percival's opening years; the larger hope bound up in Theodore Winthrop's youth was brought to naught by his early death. Sprung from an honored and historic family, Winthrop was born in 1828 in a house now gone from Worcester Street, New Haven. Graduating at Yale at the age of twenty, he then spent two years in Europe, where he met William H. Aspinwall who made him the tutor of his son, and a little later found a place for him in the employ of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company at Panama. He did not remain long on the Isthmus, but in 1854, after a visit

to California and Oregon, returned to his mother's home on Staten Island, and in the following year was admitted to the New York bar. Literature, however, was more attractive to him than the law, and while waiting for clients he toiled faithfully at the novels and sketches which, though he could find no publisher for them at the moment, were later to win him fame.

Then came the opening of the Civil War. On the day of Lincoln's first call for volunteers, Winthrop enlisted in the Seventh Regiment of New York, and when that command returned home at the expiration of the thirty days for which it had taken service, he joined the staff of General Benjamin F. Butler. A night attack on Big Bethel was planned, and Winthrop, then stationed at Fort Monroe, sought and obtained permission to accompany the expedition. When near the enemy's lines, in the early morning of June 10, 1861, two companies of Union troops fired upon each other through a mistake. This alarmed and aroused the Confederates; the expedition was repulsed, and Winthrop, while rallying his men, was shot through the heart. His body was left in the hands of the enemy, but a week later was delivered to his friends under a flag of truce, and, after a military funeral in New York

City, was finally laid to rest in his native New Haven.

Winthrop's gallant and untimely death, one of the earliest sacrifices in the Union cause, deeply moved the popular heart, and upon the appearance of two articles which he had contributed a short time before to the "Atlantic Monthly," wide-spread attention was drawn to his literary ability. Publishers were now quick to recognize the merit of the manuscripts which they had previously declined. Winthrop's novel "Cecil Dreeme," to which his friend George William Curtis prefixed a memoir, was published in the autumn of 1862; and was quickly followed by "John Brent" and "Edwin Brothertoft," and by two volumes of sketches, "The Canoe and the Saddle" and "Life in the Open Air" — all of which met with wide circulation at the time, and still find admiring readers. They deserve them, for they are charged with strength and sincerity, and give evidence of a distinct vein of original genius which, one loves to think, needed only the chastening influence of time and experience to have given Winthrop a place among the makers of masterly fiction. More precious, however, than anything that he ever wrote was the lesson of a life which, to quote his own words, proved "how easy it is for noble souls to be

noble," and by its gallant ending forever enshrined him among the nation's heroes.

The journeys which began at the birthplace of Longfellow may fitly end for the moment at the home of Donald Grant Mitchell, who in hale and kindly age binds the busy present to a lettered past of which he is himself a part. A Yale graduate, Mr. Mitchell studied law but did not like it; and then, with "Reveries of a Bachelor," which proved him a loving and gifted disciple of Irving, made a successful entrance into authorship. This book and its delightful successor, "Dream Life," were written in New York City, but in 1855, at the age of thirty-three, Mr. Mitchell bought a farm of some two hundred acres lying midway between New Haven and the village of West Haven, and transformed it into a charming country seat to which he gave the name of Edgewood. There he has ever since had his home, and thence in the course of half a century he has sent forth book after book to win the hearts of their readers with their delicate fancy, their quiet humor, their wholesome humanity, and the mellow English in which they are written.

Edgewood, though not far removed from the city's life, has the peace and quiet of a sheltered country

nook. Wood and stream and grassy terrace surround the house which thirty years ago took the place of the one described in "My Farm at Edgewood" — a roomy dwelling of wood and stone of rustic design and last-generation suggestion. Purple hills close in the landscape, while to the south there is a welcome glimpse of the waters of the Sound stretching away to the shadowy Long Island shore. And in this place, says its white-haired master, it is always summer.

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